



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

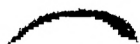
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

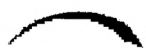
The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs

APR 29 1938



ZLM





THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

AN AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF THE
POPULAR LITERATURE OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION

Published in the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart
(Apostleship of Prayer) and other Societies, and of the
North American Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

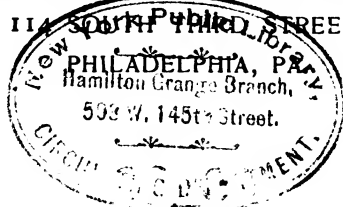
FIFTH YEAR—VOL. V.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1889.

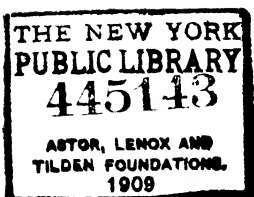
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART,

114 SOUTH PHILADELPHIA STREET,



Digitized by Google



COPYRIGHT, 1889,
BY REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

INDEX

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART)

VOLUME V—1889.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART (Apostleship of Prayer).

GENERAL INTENTIONS, 1889—	PAGE
January—God's Rights in the World.....	32
February—The Victims of Pride.....	64
March—The Victims of Sensuality.....	96
April—The Victims of the Love of Riches.....	128
May—The Conversion of the Jews.....	160
June—The Spread of the Spirit of Prayer.....	192
July—The Confessors and Directors of Souls.....	224
August—The Abolition of Slavery.....	256
September—The Oriental Churches.....	288
October—The Humiliation of the Church's Enemies.....	320
November—The Atoning Governments of South America.....	352
December—The Preachers of the Gospel.....	384
The Jubilee Mass of the Sacred Heart: Decree of Leo XIII., for December 31, 1888.....	25
Thy Kingdom Come, <i>by an American Lawyer</i>	58
Letter of an American Lawyer.....	89
Consecration of Families to the Sacred Heart: official announcement for the year 1889.....	93
The Consecration of Families: <i>Answers to inquiries</i>	122
The Intentions of the Sacred Heart, <i>by an American Lawyer</i>	156
The Holy Childhood: Transfer to <i>Messenger</i> office.....	174
June Devotions: Promoters' Consecration; The Novena, Feast, and Month, of the Sacred Heart.....	183
The Consecration of Families, of June 17, 1889.....	215
Caution: The Apostleship of Prayer—The League of the Sacred Heart.....	287
The Consecration of Families of 1889: <i>notice of Closing of Lists</i>	347
The Heart That has so Loved Men, <i>by an American Lawyer</i>	375
CORRESPONDENCE:	26, 60, 90, 123, 185, 253, 283, 349, 377, 381

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE—

The Shrine in May.....	154
The Shrine at Auriesville.....	181
Our Lady's Calendar.....	213, 251, 282
A Visit to Auriesville, <i>by Father Currier, C.S.S.R.</i>	278
The Year's Pilgrimage.....	281
The First Philadelphia Pilgrimage to Auriesville: <i>Messenger Staff and Young Men of League (August 18th)</i>	307
Contributions to the Shrine.....	24, 57, 88, 121, 181, 214, 281, 346

BIOGRAPHY—

The Dying Saint and the Pope.....	112
The Saint of the Confessional.....	142
A Saint's Wonderful Communion.....	172
An American Death-bed Two Hundred Years Since.....	178
Robert Brooke, Maryland, October 2, 1667.....	
A South American Saint.....	205
Charcoal-Burner, Bishop, and Saint.....	236
Father Isaac Jogues (<i>from the London Month</i>).....	244, 273
The Poor Man of Anderlecht.....	263
An Apostle Among the Cannibals.....	301
One Saint's Trials.....	332
Slave and Apostle, St. Christina, <i>by George O'Connell, S.J.</i>	369

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—

The Diploma—Its Necessity.....	19
The Diploma—Its Explanation.....	51
Its Formation—Special Work.....	82
Its Organization—Officers and Council.....	115
The Reception.....	146
Essentials of Reception—Conditions for Membership.....	176
The Certificate of Transfer.....	209
Qualifications for Membership.....	242
Factors of Success.....	271
In Colleges and Academies.....	305
For Young Men.....	336
Its Progress During 1889.....	367

DEVOTIONAL.

PAGE

CALENDAR ARTICLES —from January to June—with <i>Illustration-pieces</i> , 2, 33, 65, 97, 129,	161
A July Talk of Saints, with <i>Illustration-Piece</i>	196
An August Talk of Martyrs, <i>Initial</i>	225
Heroic Virtue in September.....	257
Holy Women of October, with <i>Illustration-pieces</i>	289
High Priests of November, <i>Initial</i>	321
Crowned Virgins of December.....	355

MISSIONS.

How They Live in Tsong-Ming, by <i>Father Speranza, S.J.</i>	9
The Black Old Man and the White Old Man.....	38
A Winter of the Olden Time.....	53
Two American Martyrdoms of March.....	84
Discovery of a Japanese Saint's Descendants.....	106
Our First Martyr.....	117
Patrick Ambimoyo, The Slave—An African Missionary's Story.....	137
Church-Building in Southeastern Kansas.....	148
Twin Flowers of the Wildwood.....	189
Our Mission Works.....	208
A Legend of the Tadoussac, by <i>Kathleen</i>	211
Black but Beautiful, by <i>Father Slattery</i>	219
The Sacred Heart in the Rocky Mountains.....	238
Our Mission at Tsong-Ming.....	266
An Apostolic College.....	304
The Indian Advocate.....	335
The First Japanese Nun.....	372
Mission Contributions.....	57, 88, 154, 241, 270, 304, 346

NARRATIVE.

What Came and Went with the Pious Pictures, by <i>M. L. Meany</i>	5
The Blooming Mimosa, by <i>Quatrelles</i>	17
An Angel's Visit to Pompey Hill.....	36
St. Bridget in the Woods.....	49
The Sequel of a Flogging, by <i>Father J.</i>	69
A Book, for Pearls, by <i>E. Carmel Hendry</i>	101
At St. Michael's Fair, by <i>Mrs. Jane Cave</i>	132
An Agnostic Lady's Conversion.....	158
A Mass in the Reign of Terror.....	165
The Fates of the Rose and the Lily.....	196
The Bishop's Brother—A Tale of Ireland before the Emancipation.....	198
From Soul to Soul, by <i>E. Carmel Hendry</i>	228
A Saving Sneeze, by <i>a Sister of Mercy</i>	253
What George Saw at His Prayers, by <i>L. W. Reilly</i>	260
"My Friend": The Little Sweep of Lourdes, by <i>Mrs. Jane Cave</i>	294
A Kingdom Won, by <i>E. Carmel Hendry</i>	325
An Interesting Conversion, <i>From the Notes of Father de Smel</i>	328
Lourdes and the Rosary, by <i>Mrs. Jane Cave</i> (with <i>Illustration-piece</i>).....	358
A Wanderer, by <i>M. E. Bither</i>	358
Pray for Them! by <i>Mrs. Jane Cave</i>	364

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Little Messenger of the Virgin and Child, with <i>Illustration-piece</i>	1
Why the Blessed Virgin Mary is Our Lady.....	21
An Oneida Eclipse of the Moon.....	23
Address to the Catholic Young Men of America, by <i>Rev. J. R. Slattery</i>	76
St. Patrick's Staff of Jesus.....	79
What a Picture said to a Child.....	121
Association, a Power—Instance of the Johnstown Tragedy.....	216
The Sacred Heart's Crowning, Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston.....	286
St. Louis Bertrand's Childlike Faith.....	345
Greeting.....	353
The Sacred Heart Almanac for 1890.....	363

POETRY AND MUSIC.

Atoning Love, by <i>Sr. M. de L.</i>	50
Snowflake and Dewdrop.....	63
The Call of the Divine Reaper, by <i>Eleanor C. Donnelly</i>	79
The Shamrock's Speech, by <i>P. J. C.</i>	81
St. Patrick's Day, by <i>M. L. M.</i>	114
From the Deep.....	136
Sweet Virgin Mary, by <i>E. V. N.</i>	154
The Fairer Gift, by <i>B. A.</i>	164
A Vision of the Sacred Heart, by <i>Father Gavan</i>	215
Rest, by <i>Mary A. A. Conroy</i>	218
The Assumption, by <i>Mary A. A. Conroy</i>	282
Peace, by <i>Marie Regina Colgan</i>	374
The Morning Offering, by <i>S. A. P.</i>	380
Blessed Margaret Mary's Hymn, <i>Words from Original French, Music by R. Holaind, S. J.</i>	319

READING ROOM
THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS
(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

JANUARY, 1889.

No. 1.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE
VIRGIN AND CHILD.



Among green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.
Here oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.
Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a Child like him.

Only it is among Christmas snows that the PILGRIM, with the New Year, sets before its readers an image, not marble at all, but made of the smoke-begrimed cannon of the Crimean war, purified as they were melted down into the gigantic statue of Our Lady of France. At her feet, standing high up against the sky on the rock of Puy, the Apostleship of Prayer began its many *Messengers*. Like the boy of the graceful legend, so prettily versified by the friend of children, Mary Howitt—who, by the way, had the great grace of conversion in her old age and died a Catholic in the year just closing—may the readers of the PILGRIM be when their last New Year shall come :

And thus he spoke, in dying :
" O mother dear, I see
The beautiful Child Jesus
A-coming down to me !"

JANUARY.

(See *Messenger Calendar*.)



FEASTS OF OUR LORD.

A befitting feast for a new life is that of the Circumcision, New Year's day itself. Our new-born Redeemer submits to this painful rite to show us how true is His fellowship with us and how eager He is to fulfil, by the shedding of His precious blood, His office of Saviour of men. On Epiphany (6th) Christ *manifested*

Himself—as the name implies—to all the world. At Bethlehem, He showed Himself to the Three Wise Kings, who *offered Him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh*¹, to betoken His Royalty, Divinity, and Humanity. At His baptism, the Holy Ghost descended on Him in the form of a dove, and the Eternal Father declared from heaven: *This is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased*²; and at Cana, in changing the water into wine, Christ *manifested His glory and His disciples believed in Him*³. The second Sunday after Epiphany is devoted to reflection on the *Holy Name of JESUS*, that is, of SAVIOUR, which our Lord received at His circumcision. *Thy wife shall bring forth a Son*, said the Angel to St. Joseph, *and thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins*⁴. We know with what infinite sufferings Christ realized the meaning of that Name.

FEASTS OF OUR LADY.—It was on the Epiphany that the *Magi found the child with Mary, His mother*⁵. From her house at Nazareth, Christ went forth to be baptized, and on her petition at Cana, though He said: *My hour is not yet come*⁶, He anticipated that hour and wrought His first miracle. In the mystery of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin (23d) with her chaste husband, St. Joseph, we admire the providence of God in thus giving His sacred Mother to the last of the Patriarchs as a guardian of her

¹ St. Matthew, ii. 2.

² St. Matthew, iii. 17.

³ St. John, ii. xi.

⁴ St. Matthew, i. 21.

⁵ St. Matthew, ii. 11.

⁶ St. John, ii. 4.

honor and a helper in her trials. *Mary was espoused to Joseph, says St. Matthew, her husband being a just man*¹.

MEN SAINTS.—Our CALENDAR this month is especially brilliant with hermits, men of God who fled from a world of danger to pray and do penance in the desert. St. Paul (15th), the first hermit, died aged one hundred and thirteen years, having spent ninety in the deserts of Egypt. The heir of his sanctity was St. Anthony (17th), called the Patriarch of hermits, who, in spite of the most fearful temptations and the continual penances he used in order to overcome them, lived one hundred and five years. He had amongst his thousands of followers St. Macarius the Younger (2d). St. Telesphorus (5th), the seventh Pope, had also been a hermit. It was he who first confirmed by a Papal decree the custom of preparing for Easter by the fast of Lent, who ordained the insertion of the *Gloria in Excelsis* in saying the Mass, and who instituted the celebration of three Masses on Christmas day. A brave champion against heresy and paganism, he finally, like his predecessor St. Sixtus and his successor St. Hyginus (11th), suffered martyrdom. January also celebrates the martyr Bishops, St. Timothy (24th), the disciple of St. Paul, whom the Ephesians slew with clubs and stones; and the illustrious St. Polycarp (26th); who, after governing the see of Smyrna seventy years, was tied to a stake and, when the flames miraculously refused to burn him, was pierced with a lance.

The apostolic spirit of the Irish from the earliest ages is well shown in the lives of Sts. Albert and Erard (8th), brothers, Bishops respectively of Cashel and Ardagh in the eighth century, who afterward shone as the apostles of Ratisbon in Germany. So, too, the renowned St. Fursey (16th), Abbot of Lagny in France and patron of Peronne in the same country, was first abbot of a monastery in Tuam, Ireland, and then, with his brothers, Sts. Foilan and Ulstan, of another at Burgcastle, England. St. Kentigern (13th), of Glasgow, suffered the heavenly peace of his soul to be so little disturbed by persecutions that the Scotch call him fondly "Mungo" or "the dearly beloved." St. William (10th), of Bourges in France, likewise owed his success in dealing with heretics and other sinners to his unalterable sweetness and that efficacy which God granted to his prayers in return for his many austerities.

¹ St. Matthew, i. 18, 19.

In the thirteenth century God raised up St. Peter Nolasco (31st), a French nobleman, to found the Order of Our Lady for the Redemption of Captives, whose members stoutly defended the Spanish coast against the Saracen pirates and ransomed from them and the Moors their Christian captives. The great Father of the Church, St. John Chrysostom (27th), Archbishop of Constantinople, received his surname, "the Golden Mouth," from his gift of oratory. He died in exile for his love of Christian virtue.

WOMEN SAINTS.—The Virgin Saints, Basilissa (9th), Tatiana (12th), Agnes (21st) and Martina (30th)—Agnes being but a child of thirteen—were so strong in their love of God as to endure the torments of fire, the rack, and the teeth of wild beasts, rather than deny God's name or sully their virginal purity. St. Basilissa and her spouse, St. Julian, reproduced in their married life the espousals of our Lady and St. Joseph, living together in perpetual chastity. Blessed Angela de Foligno (4th) had spent some years of her life in frivolity, but on the death of her husband she became a holy contemplative.

PROMOTERS PATRONS.—The Promoters of the Holy League are fortunate in beginning the year under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales (29th). He may truly be called the forerunner of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. In founding, with St. Jane de Chantal, the Order of the Visitation, some sixty years before the revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary, he wished its members, he said, to be *the Daughters of the Sacred Heart*. "May this Divine Heart," he exclaims, "always live in our hearts!" St. Genevieve (3d) has well deserved her title of the chief patron of Paris. She left it as a rich inheritance her example of patience under insult, charity to the poor and her enemies, and zeal for religion—special virtues of the friends of the Sacred Heart. Her fasting and prayers averted the scourge of the terrible Attila who was threatening it; while at the present day Paris commemorates on November 26th how, on invoking her aid, in 1129 the citizens were at once delivered from a fearful pestilence.

WHAT CAME AND WENT WITH THE PIOUS PICTURES.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By M. L. Meany.

I. The Beginning.

“**I** MISS your old paintings : what have you done with them? The Virgin and Child especially—if you believe me, I often coveted that.”

The speaker was a New England lady, on a visit to a Catholic friend whom she had not seen for several years. As she spoke she glanced round the handsomely furnished room with an air of disappointment bordering on contempt.

“Some I gave away, sold the rest,” replied the hostess, lightly. “They were so old-fashioned, and you remember old things are my abhorrence.”

“Yes,” said the guest smiling. “I remember we always exchanged characters on that theme. You were the New Englander, and I the Celt. I fairly dote on old things!”

“And I positively detest them! But partiality aside, those religious pictures were not exactly the thing for a parlor. They would adorn an oratory much better, you will admit.”

“Then why not have an oratory and place them there? I wish you had done that.”

“Degenerate child of the ‘reformation’! We’ll visit the churches in true artistic spirit. Several have been built since you were here before, and all have additional pictures.”

“That will be a treat, but still it is not like having them at home. They are so *restful*, you know. Now you are laughing at me, Mrs. Murey, but I am sure you feel just the same.”

“Not a bit of it, my dear Mrs. Stone. When I want rest I go to bed. In my waking hours these worldly pictures are much more companionable than the pious groups you are at home with.”

Mrs. Stone looked thoughtfully about her. “We always agree to disagree, but now be candid, and let your real self peep out from the mantle of perversity. Those Shakespeare studies are tame when one has seen his plays well acted; the landscapes,

beautiful as they are, only tempt a lover of nature to criticism; the groups are not arranged as you or I would have them, and the animals are animals—nothing more. Superficial, commonplace and therefore wearisome, all—nothing to inspire thought, arouse feeling, feed the intellect, or even rest the body.”

Mrs. Murey's face would have entranced an artist during this time, as she sat in pretended raptures, her merry gaze riveted on the speaker, and her hands clasped as in a very ecstasy of joy.

“When you have finished your monologue, my dear, we will go and dress for a walk,” she said at the first pause.

“You provoking creature!” was the merry retort, “but better call it that than a lecture, which I fear it resembled.”

The two ladies were devoted friends, so closely akin in all other tastes that Mrs. Stone wondered more and more how widely they had drifted apart in this. Once she said almost angrily, “You are only affecting this indifference to religious art; you were not so formerly”; and the reply, “I hope I am growing wiser as well as older,” perplexed her as was intended. For Mrs. Murey knew well the secret of her change, knew it was growth not in wisdom but in worldliness, and that of the worst sort, because voluntary and cultivated through fear of growing too pious.

“Our new minister is a man to my taste.” Thus wrote Mrs. Stone not long after returning home. “The last one was such a foggy! He could neither interest, rouse, or soothe his hearers. (If he saw this he would give me a grammatical lecture, for he was nothing if not precise.) But Mr. D—— has been abroad, and his ideas are so large, his tastes so elevated. It's a treat to hear him preach, though some things do sound strange from that old lumbering pulpit, which looks as if a Covenanter's ghost should come and hurl him out of it. Yet he tells Mr. Stone he is so fearful of giving offence that he has to check his warmth of feeling at every sentence. You ought to hear him describe your churches and all their grand inspiring ways. He says they would seem as new to Catholics in America as they were to himself. And he actually believes if they and their spirit could be transplanted here, there would be no Protestant Christians to be found in the next generation. What does my calm Catholic friend think of that?”

"She thinks the Inquisition was an excellent thing if it took charge of *fanatics*, in or out of the Church," was the brief reply.

On her next visit Mrs. Stone had a wonderful revelation to make. Rev. Mr. D—— had brought some paintings from Italy, amongst them the "loveliest Madonna," which now decorated her parlor.

"Exactly: decorated it, just as Kris Kringle will at Christmas, the Stars and Stripes on the nation's birthday. Our Lady is honored in having her turn in the fancy business."

"But I don't quite take your meaning." Mrs. Stone showed the perplexity into which mischievous Catholics like to throw matter-of-fact outsiders. "She is worthy of all honor, Mr. D—— says, being the Mother of God—"

"But hasn't your Bible always taught you she is only the mother of the man Christ? are you going to own a 'goddess'?"

"Oh, Mr. D—— says that is all a mistake—"

"What? your King James' Bible?"

"Yes—no—oh pshaw! But I never had a Christmas gift that pleased me so much. I could not help being glad that his loss was my gain, for he intended it for his library, but was afraid to give scandal when he found his people so awfully behind the times. Now what *are* you laughing at?"

"Never mind. When progress has landed all you crabs back into Popish abominations you will understand."

"You would agree with Aunt Rhoda. She is horrified at my beautiful Madonna."

"Please say 'my lady' once. No! Honest English shocks you, but isn't idolatry as bad in Italian?"

The conversation dropped at this leading question.

II. The End.

Times change, and we change with them. Perhaps the old saw might be truthfully reversed. Do we not make the changes as suits our caprice, and then blame them on time?

A relative whose opinion had once been highly prized by Mrs. Murey, could not help exclaiming when shown a new picture lately added to the parlor treasures: "Oh! A few years ago you would not have allowed such a thing in the house."

"Mock modesty, child," said Mrs. Murey. "You who are so pious ought to recollect 'to the pure all things are pure.'"

The visitor made no answer. It was plainly a hopeless case. Troubles came to Mrs. Murey, as they come to all, and were no longer met in the spirit that had once lovingly endured or sportively made light of them. Thus was the relative musing when her hostess suddenly exclaimed: "Here is something in your line," and tossed a letter into her lap.

It was one of Mrs. Stone's lengthy epistles, which her friend used to characterize as "diaries to be taken up on a rainy day."

"What do you think?" so ran the first pages. "Aunt Rhoda is actually a convert to your Church! gone over heart and soul, body and mind, an out-and-out, dyed-in-the-wool Papist! Can you believe it? I don't yet—such a shock. I have a curious feeling that the world and everything is turned upside down; or is it my own brain? Of all people! And she says it is my Madonna did it, and they all blame me, and say what could I expect when I set up a Romish idol in my house! I can't get in a word of explanation. They listen to nothing. It didn't make a Romanist of me nor my husband—not even of one of the children. ('They have better sense,' sneers Cousin Eunice.) And to think of her! Why every time she came to the house she fairly raved against it, wanted to tear it from the wall, and so forth; now she just worships it, talks to it as if it was a living thing, folds her hands and looks up—'O my beautiful Lady! my Queen! my Mother! to think there was a time when I did not know you. How did I live without my Mother? Yes, thanks be to God! in my lonely old age I have found my true Mother!'

"She is staying here now, for they all turned against her. I do, too, now and then, but my husband takes her part, and Rev. Mr. D—— looks at her with reverence. 'Of such stuff were martyrs made,' I once heard him whisper to himself. She, poor old soul, would be quiet enough if left to herself, but they all come and hold anxious meeting around her till I wonder she holds in as well as she really does. I know I wouldn't. Shall we all become Papists, I wonder? Brother Tom says so, and I could almost say, 'The Lord grant it!' I think I am just a little crazed at times."

The reader looked up for sympathy in her delight over this conversion, but Mrs. Murey had no feeling in the matter. The day for it was gone by never to return: as she lived so she died.

HOW THEY LIVE IN TSONG-MING.

*Island of Tsong-Ming, China,
February 14, 1888.*

DEAR REVEREND FATHER: We have just received your letter and the alms which we owe in a great measure to your charity. A thousand thanks to your Reverence for taking the initial step in the subscription, and a thousand thanks to the readers of the PILGRIM who have taken pity on our poor islanders. Our Lord Who has promised a hundredfold for the cup of water given in His name will lay up in the treasures of His divine mercy a recompense worthy of their charity.

I.

I know that one of the most agreeable ways of displaying my gratitude to the readers of your magazine would be to interest them by the recital of what is going on amongst their far-away protégés, and so I shall do so, beginning where I ended in my last letter.¹

That letter concluded with an account of the conversion of a pagan named Lien-zang-sen, who had once been a fervent adorer of the idols, and to-day is not less fervent in the worship of the true God, a man full of zeal for the conversion of his brethren. Satan, however, does not allow his prey to escape him without avenging himself in his own peculiar way, trying to strike terror into the hearts of the catechumens, whose number is increasing daily in the country, and with one blow to destroy a work which will, if successful, deprive him of thousands of souls.

Some time ago, in a room which served as a temporary chapel for our rising congregation, I was for the first time giving baptism to the little children of the Holy Childhood who had been brought to the new orphanage of Tsen-ka-tsen. Suddenly a low fellow of the worst kind in the town stalked in, and forgetful of the simplest rules of politeness in China, sat down amongst the women. Our catechist begged him to take a seat on the other side. He refused

¹See PILGRIM, April, 1887; and May, 1888. The Director cheerfully receives contributions for the Missions mentioned in these pages, and transmits them to their destination. Acknowledgment of such contributions is made at the close of the Mission article each month. In the last month fifty dollars has been sent to the Chinese Missions.

and the catechist promptly put him out of doors. He then flew into a rage, and grossly insulted the catechist, swearing that unless satisfaction was given he knew how to take his revenge. The catechist paid no attention to his threats, and the ruffian came and repeated them to me. He impudently accused the catechist of having abused and struck him, and added that if an apology was not made he would take summary vengeance on us and our house.

"My catechist did not strike you," I answered. "Calm yourself and go away quietly."

Hereupon he hurried back to the town in a fury and soon returned with a mob of about sixty men. At their arrival I was reading the words of St. Alphonsus Liguori on the protection bestowed by our Blessed Lady on those who devoutly recite the *Memorare*.

"Here is an instance, dear Mother!" I cried, as I read it. "Here is an opportunity of showing thy power. It will help to the glory of thy Divine Son and the salvation of souls."

I then presented myself to the ringleader and tried to pacify him. "My catechist did not strike you," I said. "He only took you by the arm and brought you to the door."

"No, no," he exclaimed. "He struck me. Just wait. If you want to know how he did it, look here"; and in presence of all he gave the catechist a blow in the face.

The man was patient enough not to retaliate, but contented himself with saying: "I did not strike you, but you have struck me, as everyone here can see."

"Come, come, be calm," I interrupted. "Neither my catechist nor I knew you. If we did we should certainly have given you a good seat to assist at the baptism."

This compliment won the fellow, and turning to his band he said with an air of triumph: "It's all right now!" and, lo! they all disappeared. Thanks to Mary, we had escaped. The ruffians would have been only too glad to do us an injury, and what would have become of the children committed to the orphanage, what of the orphanage itself, without her special protection?

We still felt, however, that this was only the prelude to an organized attack upon us. I told my misgivings to the Father Minister, who advised me to state the case to the mandarin.

That officer immediately gave an order for the arrest of the guilty parties. His guards set out for our town of Tsen-ka-tsen, but they were very badly received, and were even compelled to take to flight after being beaten by the populace.

The mandarin was furious, and repeated his order to the *tsong-ze* or magistrate of the town. This man, far from pleading the cause of right, tried to injure us by saying that these western devils were the guilty parties, that if there had been any disorders all the blame rested with them. His answer only caused the mandarin to revoke the order he had given him, and a second time to send his own guards to arrest the ringleader. As they were now more numerous, no attempt was made to drive them back. At the ringleader's house, the only person they could find was the woman who passed as his wife.

"Where is your husband?" they demanded.

"I know nothing about him," she replied.

"Oh! you know nothing about him, do you?" said they, and without more ado they thrust her by force into a wagon, and setting out for their own city sold her there for a hundred piastres [about as many American dollars]. We must not forget, you know, that we are in China, where they sell women as well as justice. You might imagine that the mandarin had resorted to this mode of punishment in order to satisfy the demands of justice, but it is very probable that he knew nothing about it. These guards are a detestable brood, whose only anxiety is to get money by any means in their power.

Our friend was wild when the members of his gang told him that the guards had broken into his house and taken away his wife. He cried with rage. But this was not the end of his woes. The *tsong-ze* and the *pao-tsang* (or policeman of the place) now dragged him to our house and there this proud scoundrel, the chief and driver of the mob of the town, was forced to abase himself—to go down on his two knees before the Father Minister, implore his pardon, beg him not to push the matter any further, and to sign a paper attesting his fault and his repentance.

What a blow to his self-love! On returning to the town, he who had once been the terror of the country now finds himself disgraced and despised by everyone. Rude indeed the lesson was, but its effect was to deprive the fellows of his kind, so

numerous in the town, of all anxiety to annoy our Christians again.

I profited by the effects of his punishment to ask His Lordship the Bishop permission to erect a chapel at once for our rising congregation, near the orphanage which had recently been opened. The chapel has already been finished, thanks to certain alms which have reached us from Europe, and the congregation already numbers eighty Christians, besides quite a number of catechumens.

II.

Meantime the devil did not think himself vanquished by this first defeat. Several months after the erection of the chapel, he excited another formidable tempest against us.

You must first know that in China the most terrible vengeance that one can take upon his enemy is to go and commit suicide at his door; others commit suicide in their own house but take good care that all shall know that they do so because such or such an individual has rendered their life insupportable. It is the financial ruin, if not worse, of him against whom such vengeance is taken.

"There is a corpse at your door," the mandarin will say; "then you must be the murderer." No denial is possible to the antecedent; the conclusion is certain for the mandarin. "This man has committed suicide on your account. You are therefore to blame for having driven him to such an extremity." If one has money, he can easily escape; if he is poor, his head will soon pay the penalty.

Now the daughter of our zealous Lien-zang-sen was married to a pagan, but through her intercourse with her excellent father and the other converts in the family, she had come to know the truth and desire baptism. Her husband, however, opposed the idea most obstinately. Falling seriously ill, she longed for means to procure the sacrament of regeneration, but her relations, who suspected her intention, kept vigilant guard at her bedside. The directress of the orphanage, because of her knowledge of medicine, had, it is true, obtained admission to the sick woman, but she was always closely watched. The wife could only await her chance and pray.

One day the directress was as usual visiting the sick woman.

The person who was on guard for the time was inspired by the good feelings of her heart, and said: "If this woman wants to die a Christian, I do not see why anyone should prevent her." The directress of course seized her opportunity. She at once prepared the sick woman for several minutes, baptized her, and then departed.

The affair was soon known through the house. The husband was exasperated and proceeded to poison himself by swallowing crude opium, while the mother-in-law threw herself into the canal. You can imagine our position if Providence had not come to our aid; we Christians have been held accountable for the two suicides. His friends, however, were able to administer a counter-poison in time to the man and thus prevented his death. The mother-in-law also was fished out of the canal in time, for the water was so shallow as merely to give her a cold bath. But all was not over yet.

The husband was saved, but his wife died and her Christian parents wished to render her the last duties according to the customs of Holy Church. The pagans violently objected, and went so far as to take away the bridge that gave access to the house.

The Father Minister was aware of everything. He saw that a serious storm was threatening, and resolved to avoid it. With this intention, he gave orders to one of our catechists who serves as procurator to come to Tsen-ka-tsen and there play the part of a very important personage. This would not be a very difficult matter as he was given his title of procurator, and the great god of the Chinese is Mammon. He was then to install himself in the apartment of the missionary, and there gravely and publicly hold an examination into the threats and misdemeanors of the pagans, after which he would write down with much deliberation the names of those who were charged with being party to the disturbances.

The catechist played his part admirably, and wrote down sixteen names. Then he sharply rebuked the guilty for their manner of acting and without saying anything further, returned to Kong-sou.

The pagans were greatly alarmed and on the following day sent two of their number to Kong-sou to see whether the catechist was really as great a personage as he had appeared. On seeing them, the procurator again played his part so well that they

returned thoroughly frightened and sought an interview with the Fathers. They protested they would disturb the Christians no longer and besought the Father Minister not to push the affair any more. The Minister refused to receive them, which of course frightened them still more.

At last after a great deal of parleying, they came and declared that they would not prevent the Christians from rendering the last rites to the dead woman, but that they could not prevent her friends from calling for the pagan bonze [or priest] afterward.

"Let them do what they wish with the body afterward," said the Minister, in a way that they could understand; "that will not bring either heat or cold to the dead woman."

In this way the affair ended. The Christians performed the ceremonies in their best style as to both appearances and numbers and sang all the usual prayers. As they went away they saw the bonze arrive with his paper money, his incense sticks, etc.

Nothing more was done against the Christians. The Father Minister said very truly that it would have been useless to inform the mandarin of this second affair. He would not have dared to risk his authority again in this evil town. So once again—thanks be to God and His holy Mother!

Things changed very much after a while. The *tsong-ze* who had threatened us in full court now openly declared himself our friend. The pagans came in a crowd to visit the chapel, the orphanage and especially the missionary, and behaved themselves very politely and even in a friendly way. If we could only open a school here shortly, we should have not only the Christian children but certainly great numbers of the pagans, and no one would hate us any longer.

III.

In passing I may remark that our new orphanage has in no wise injured the orphanage previously established. In our first year, we received one hundred and sixty-six orphans, and in the first six months of the second year more than one hundred and thirty. Last year 2,420 orphans had been received in the whole island of Tsong-ming, without speaking of other children in danger of death baptized by our doctors and pious young women. On this point I have an edifying story.

I was recently visiting one of our parishes when two young women came to salute me and said :

"Father, there is a child of five years dying near here. How shall we baptize him? His parents are fanatical pagans and will never allow it; so we must use a little cunning. Have you got a small sponge that you could give us? It is a thing unknown in this island, and they will think it is some kind of medicine; so we can use it without their suspecting anything."

"Alas!" I answered, "I have no sponge"; but I recalled another expedient employed by a devout woman in a similar case, and added :

"Take a small anodyne plaster with you and put it on the child's forehead. Then tell the parents seriously to moisten it with water from time to time; 'and to show you how to do it,' say to them, 'bring a little water now and I shall do it once in your presence.' Then while you are moistening the plaster, recite the formula of baptism in a low voice with the intention of baptizing."

They were well pleased with the plan, but to be still more certain of success asked me for some kind of medicine. I gave them a few sugar-plums and they went away. On their return I asked them how the child was.

"Baptized, Father," answered one of them. "My companion acted like a person who knew all about medicine. When she saw the child was in his agony and unconscious, she took a needle and stuck it lightly into his feet. Then she asked for some lukewarm water. They brought it to her immediately, and with it she bathed his body briskly here and there till she came to his head. Then she quietly baptized him, without anyone suspecting. That evening heaven gained another little saint."

IV.

I shall conclude with some words about our different works. You know already our extreme poverty. Never have I seen poverty so great and so widespread, and here it is that we find the principal reason why the infants are abandoned in such numbers. The parents have nothing with which to nourish them. How heartrending this is!

A few days ago, a poor woman died "of cold as much as of

sickness," they told me, "and hunger, too, perhaps is not a stranger there." On going to see her, I found her in a little hut of reeds, stretched out on a pallet, her head protected against the wind by means of a rough piece of cloth. This old woman, almost seventy years of age, who had lived only on alms, had been lying three days on her pallet without anyone dreaming of giving her something to eat.

Another family sold all their land to buy a coffin for their dead father. If God grants health and strength to the survivors, they may find enough to live on from day to day, but if the sickness continues they are likely to die of starvation.

A great many of our young men are unable to marry for want of money. Would that we could obtain for our poor islanders something like what exists in other missions! Would that some charitable souls would procure our young people the means of marrying! Our Christian families would thus be augmented rapidly. Here a wife does not cost much.—Do not be scandalized at the expression. Religion has greatly softened the lot of Christian women in China, but as yet we cannot abolish completely the customs of the country.—Sixty francs [about twelve dollars] is the price amongst the poorer families. Add to this the same amount to purchase a little piece of land, and a family is nicely established.

And the old men who have been abandoned—would that they could find in some small hospital their passport to Paradise! It would cost from thirty to forty centimes [about six or eight cents] each per day. But—being in a country so extremely wretched, it certainly is not our poor islanders who can come to our assistance. Would that St. Joseph, the special protector of the Celestial Empire and the Foster-Father of the Holy Family, would raise up generous souls for us.

Do you think that the sixty thousand young souls who have taken their flight to heaven since our Fathers first came to Tsong-ming will forget their benefactors? Nor will their little brethren on earth forget you in their prayers; nor the poor missionaries who are spreading the Gospel in this island.

In union with your Holy Sacrifices and prayers,

Your most humble servant in Christ,

S. SPERANZA, S. J.

THE BLOOMING MIMOSA.

WHILE the great Saint Honoratus, the father of the monks of Lerins, was living on his island, his sister, Saint Margaret, came to live on a neighboring island, which to-day bears her name. She held her brother in the greatest esteem, and visited him as often as she could. As she had no boat in which to make the journey, she threw her cloak on the waters and kneeling down upon it trusted herself without fear to the winds and the Mediterranean, and they never disappointed her confidence.

But Saint Honoratus soon discreetly gave his sister to know that she should let more time elapse between her visits.

“Good-bye,” he said to her. “You see now winter is coming on and your journey by sea is becoming too great a trouble. Do not, therefore, put yourself about in order to pay me a visit. I shall pray for you, and so be at ease. My blessing will lose none of its power by coming from a distance. Farewell, sister Margaret; take good care of yourself, and return when the mimosa is in bloom.”

Saint Margaret went away with her eyes full of tears. Her neighbor had been to her like a guard on the stairway to heaven. When by and by she saw his feast-day approaching, she could restrain herself no longer. One night she found herself unable to sleep and rose from her couch all in trouble. Lighting a taper, she hastened to the chapel, and throwing herself on her knees at the foot of the altar, with her arms crossed and her eyes raised to heaven, she cried:

“My Lord God, I come to tell Thee my grief. Thou art more powerful than all the Saints, than the greatest emperors, and, though they lend an ear only when we have importuned them long, Thou art at all times ready to listen to us. I long to enter Paradise by the straightest way, and I protest to Thee that for that end the advice of my brother Honoratus is most necessary.

“But he believes me much braver than I am, and at our last meeting, said to me: ‘Farewell, sister Margaret; take good care of yourself, and return when the mimosa is in bloom.’ O Thou Who didst cause the rod of Aaron and the staff of Josue to bud,—if it is not too much to ask of Thee—make the mimosas of my island blossom now just a little, so that I may bring a branch all

fragrant to my brother whose feast-day is the 22d. Then he will know Thou dost approve of my visits, for it is Thou alone, O Lord, Who dost decide when the flowers shall bloom."

As soon as her prayer was ended, Margaret hastened to the garden. It had been freezing hard all the night. The sharp cold wind benumbed her fingers and brought the tears to her eyes, but she was not discouraged. Her teeth chattering with the cold, she came to the sea-shore where she knew there was a thicket of mimosas. Hardly had she reached it, when she felt her cheeks fanned by a breeze as soft as that of springtime. The warm air was filled with the richest perfume. The boughs of the trees, flexible and bending at her touch, were drooping under the weight of their golden clusters.

Saint Margaret plucked an armful and knelt down in ardent thanksgiving to God.

Then she threw her cloak on the water and stepped upon it, radiant and hopeful. It was six o'clock in the morning. The gray dawn was just silvering the crests of the waves, and the Saint glided over the waters and left behind her a furrow of perfumes. She herself was enveloped in the odors of spring.

Honoratus was at his prayers, his face turned toward the east, when he beheld a white form emerging from the mist and coming toward him.

"Good-morning, my brother; it is I, Margaret. I come to bring you on your feast-day a branch of blooming mimosas; and by the good pleasure of God I come to make my confession. Will you not hear me?"

We can imagine the welcome this envoy from our Saviour received. Margaret returned to her island that evening deeply consoled and pure and white as a lily.

Every month afterward a breath of springtime would blow through the garden of Margaret, and every month the loving Saint would bring her brother Honoratus a branch of blooming mimosa in exchange for his pious counsels which assured her of heaven.

For the Little Messenger, QUATRELLES.

Our Lady of Martyrs.



OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, near Auriesville, N. Y., is an American sanctuary of our Lady, under the titles of the Faithful Virgin, Queen of Martyrs. It is intended as a commemoration of the historic Mission of the Martyrs, founded on this spot, and of the servants of God connected with it, many of whom were slain for the Faith, as Father Jogues and René Goupil, and others eminent for sanctity, as Catherine Tekakwita, the Iroquois virgin (A.D. 1642-84); and, particularly, as the restoration of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, formerly existing in the Mission in connection with the venerated statue of *Notre Dame de Foye*.¹ A memorial cross and a small chapel (August, 1885) and a Calvary and Stations of the Cross (August, 1888) have been erected there. The chapel is temporary, and is to be replaced by a suitable church as soon as the necessary means are obtained. It has been the scene of annual pilgrimages since its erection. It is under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.²

THE DIPLOMA.

IN churches, convents, or schools where sodalities exist, there is hung up in a frame near the sanctuary or at the end of the church or chapel—less properly in the sacristy—or also in sodality meeting halls, a Latin document referring to the Sodality. It bears the signatures of the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus and of his secretary, showing that the document has crossed the ocean. This is technically called the Sodality's *Diploma*.

It certifies that the Sodality has been duly erected, giving at

¹ The history of the shrine is given in detail in the *PILGRIM* for 1885 (bound volume, 75 cents).

² The origin, success, rapid growth, and great men of the Sodality were given in the *PILGRIM* for 1888, pages 131 and 157.

the same time the diocese and church, and affiliated on a date given to the Roman *Prima Primaria* or head Sodality, canonically erected under the title of the Annunciation in the Roman College by Gregory XIII., December 5, 1584. It tells also the feast or mystery of the Blessed Virgin under which our Lady claims special honor from the sodalists, and the Saint who has been chosen as the patron of the Sodality.

To what does this diploma entitle the members of the Sodality?

It gives a certain class of persons—men, young men, boys, women, young women, girls, or persons of both sexes and of like or different ages, as the case may be,—the right of forming an ecclesiastical association, having corporate rights and privileges; in other words, of forming a *sodality* under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and rightfully claiming the recognition and protection of the Church.

When merchants go together to form a company, they appeal to the State for a charter of incorporation. This allows them to unite their forces and transact business as a body, and accords them the protection of the law as well as certain immunities and exemptions. What the State charter grants to a civil corporation, the canonical diploma grants to the Sodality on the part of the Church. The rights and privileges conferred by the diploma are given to the Sodality as a body, so that union and combined action are essential.

What is the difference between ERECTION and AFFILIATION?

Erection is nothing more than the act of the Bishop, or proper authority, forming the Sodality. The organizing or bringing together persons into a sodality is quite different from erection. Young men may unite in some town to form a political club, but it will have no official existence till the chairman of the county committee has recognized it.

Affiliation gives the Sodality its character and communicates the privileges and Indulgences of the Roman *Prima-Primaria*—Head and Mother of the Sodalities of the world. A parochial temperance society is none the less a temperance society for being merely parochial, but it can not enjoy the privileges of the diocesan union till authoritatively admitted.

Who grants the diploma?

Only the Father General of the Society of Jesus, who, as Moderator of the Roman Primary, has supreme direction of the Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Before granting the diploma, he requires the approbation of the Bishop. Usually, the Bishop gives his consent to the applicant to have the sodality erected and affiliated, and the one diploma obtained will both erect and affiliate it.³

Only after the Sodality has received its diploma of affiliation, is it entitled to draw on the treasury of Indulgences. This brings it into the grand union of kindred societies, making it one of the vast network that has its centre in the Primary Sodality of the Roman College. It gives it life, stability, strength, uniformity of aim and direction, of which it would be deprived were it outside this union, or of merely local origin.

WHY THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY IS OUR LADY.

CATHOLICS everywhere speak of the Blessed Virgin Mary as *our Lady*—*Notre Dame*, *Madonna*—just as they call her Divine Son *our Lord*.

In England, even after the Catholic religion had been all but crushed out by fire and sword, the people still kept the name in their homely language. Perhaps many English-speaking Catholics do not recognize the memories of this name of their heavenly Queen in the *Lady*-bird among gay flying insects, and among flowers in the green *Lady's*-mantle and the crimson *Lady's*-slipper, and the yellow *Lady's*-bed-straw by the roadside. *Lady*-day, also, is the name still given in England to the feast of the Annunciation on the 25th of March, though perhaps it is most associated in the people's minds with the quarter-day for paying rent. In Ireland *Lady*-day more commonly means the feast of the Assumption on the 15th of August.

There is a reason why our *Lady's* title should linger on so obstinately among those who are taught not to love her. It bears witness against them that, sooner or later, they must cease to love our Lord or take His Mother to their hearts along with Him. We can also find a reason for this in our homely speech of every day.

³ The MESSENGER office acts as intermediary in procuring diplomas, supplying papers for the Bishop's signature, leaflets of instruction, etc.

But first, let us hear a little story which shows how all who love our Lord Jesus Christ yearn in their hearts to be the true sons of His Blessed Mother.

The poet Keble was an English Protestant clergyman, closely connected with the movement which led our venerated Cardinal Newman and many others after him into the Catholic Church. "He was on a tour in the Highlands. The son of the gentleman with whom he was staying came suddenly into the room where he was and, looking about him, sorrowfully exclaimed, 'My mother is not here.'"

The poet's weary heart was drawn at once to his own soul orphaned by his cold and mutilated religion; and he wrote on the occasion sorrowful verses to which he gave the name—"Mother out of sight."

If the heavenly Mother had kept her place in English hearts, perhaps we should not now hear such harrowing tales of the sufferings of the English poor. For it is certain that heartlessness came in when the love of Christ's Mother was lost among men. And, in all the stinging poverty of Ireland, the beads of the Blessed Mother have brought warm comfort to many a faithful heart.

But let us see what the words every day upon our lips will teach us.

Lady, the learned tell us, was in the beginning nothing more nor less than she who kneaded, or *dug*, the *loaf* of bread in the house. In the old Saxon tongue, she was the *hlæf-dige*, which the centuries have softened down on our lips to *lady*. And as the maker of bread was the mistress of the house, so its master was the *Lord*, that is, the *loaf-ward* or keeper—*hlaf-weard*—the dispenser of bread.

How wonderfully is all this verified in our Lord Jesus Christ and our Lady Mary, His Mother!

I am the Bread of Life, Jesus says of Himself. *This is the Bread which cometh down from heaven: that if any man eat of it he may not die. I am the Living Bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever: and the Bread that I will give, is My Flesh for the life of the world.*

So it is Mary who has prepared for us the Bread of Life

which is her Son, the true God ; and He, Jesus Christ our Lord, gives Himself—the true Bread of Life—to us in the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus, when suffering on earth—in the Blessed Sacrament where He now dwells among us—the King in heaven whence He shall come to judge us—is always what St. Elizabeth called Him in the Scriptures, *the Blessed Fruit of Mary*.

A holy priest of the last century—Blessed de Montfort, who for his labors was beatified in the year just past—says :

“Devotion to our Lady, after devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, is the holiest and solidest of all devotions. So that if any one of the faithful has Jesus Christ formed in his heart, he can say boldly, All thanks be to Mary : what I possess is her effect and fruit, and without her I should never have had it.”

These are a few of the high and holy thoughts that make the title of our Lady dear to us. Most of all, when we are at Holy Mass we must remember what share she has in our Redemption.

AN ONEIDA ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

IN the year 1674, Father Millet was the Jesuit missionary in residence among the Oneidas, the second Iroquois nation west from Albany in the present State of New York. He knew that on the 21st of January an eclipse of the moon would take place. Perhaps no astronomer ever made a more artful use of his knowledge in a righteous cause, namely, to reduce to silence false pretenders to science.

—I had been speaking about this eclipse to our Oneidas for a long time, and from the beginning of the new moon I gave a challenge to the ancients, and in particular to certain jugglers who do their divining for them, to tell in how many days it would come. They all lowered their heads and were forced to confess their ignorance.

“But how is that?” I said to them. “These people who say they come from heaven do not know what passes up there? These professional diviners cannot even foretell something which may be known naturally? These men who are so wise in fabulous stories; who tell extraordinary things about the sun and the moon; who take them for their gods, and offer them tobacco to have good

luck in their wars and on their hunts; are they ignorant as to when the one or the other is to be eclipsed?"

The more I pressed them, the more silent they kept.

"Is it this moon that is beginning now," they asked me, "which is going to be eclipsed?"

"Yes," I answered, "it is this moon, and the only question is to know when it will happen. Take courage, consult among yourselves, and let us see a little the truth of your art of foretelling the future."

The poor fellows acknowledged to me that this was beyond them, and they asked me to come and give them notice of the time of the eclipse. After this confession of their ignorance had been repeated several times on Sunday after Mass, I said publicly that the eclipse would be the following night; that they should remember to look out for it if they were awake. Luckily the sky was very clear, and as soon as I noticed the eclipse beginning I went and found the orator of the country and a few others of the chief men, who got up and coming quickly out of their cabins saw the eclipse, which was already very apparent. On the spot they set up their whoop in the midst of the fort and all around.

I told them it would not remain where it was but would go on increasing, so that scarcely the twelfth part of the moon would be visible.

They asked me if it would never appear again. These good people believed the moon was almost done for.

"It will come out all right," I told them, "when it will get to such a part of the sky; for it is always moving on, and as you see it decreasing now little by little so you will see it increase in the same way."

As everything happened as I had announced, they were forced to acknowledge that we knew things better than they. On my side I took great advantage of it.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since November 1st:

Rev. J. C. Dion, Highland, Vincennes, Ind.,	\$5.00
A Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Anon., New York City,50
Child of Mary, Washington, D. C.,	1.00



THE JUBILEE MASS OF THE SACRED HEART.

DECEMBER 31, 1888.



A DECREE of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, bearing the date of November 1, 1888, has just been published in the official papers here, whereby the Holy Father, in compliance with the earnest supplications of numerous members of the Catholic hierarchy, appoints December 31, 1888, as the day of celebration of a solemn act of thanksgiving, to take place in all the metropolitan, collegiate, and parish churches throughout the world, to render thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the special graces received during this year of the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII.

The course of services appointed is Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, during which five decades of the Rosary will be publicly recited, followed by the *Te Deum*, the *Tantum Ergo*, the Orationes *Deus cujus Misericordiae*, *Concede nos*, the Collects, *pro Papa* and *pro Ecclesia*, and Benediction. To this is attached a Plenary Indulgence, applicable likewise to the faithful departed, to be gained by all Catholics of both sexes under the usual conditions.

The Sovereign Pontiff reserves to himself the consideration of the further petition of the episcopate aforementioned relative to the elevation of the annual feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to the rank of double of first-class for the entire Church.—*Roman Correspondent of*

Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

SOME TIMELY LETTERS.

A SACRED HEART CENTRE IN MONTREAL, CANADA.
 Many years ago Archbishop Bourget, of blessed memory, requested the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to erect a church adjoining their college in Bleury Street, Montreal, which by its splendid proportions, as well as by the grandeur of its ceremonial, should attract in the first place men, in the second those outside the pale of the Church.

The ground for the proposed structure was obtained in an almost miraculous manner, in consequence of a vow made by the Fathers, that the future church should be consecrated to promoting the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It was named the *Gesù*—Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The present Archbishop of Montreal, Monseigneur Fabre, in his turn some years ago set apart the *Gesù* as a place of pilgrimage to the Sacred Heart for the whole of Canada.

In 1879, at the urgent request of Archbishop Fabre, Pope Leo XIII. canonically erected in the Church of the *Gesù* an Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart under the Roman Primary Archconfraternity, with authority to affiliate similar confraternities in Canada.

“We desire,” says the Sovereign Pontiff, 14th May, 1879, “that these present letters shall be valid and efficacious for the present and for the future, that their fullest effects may be obtained, and that the fullest countenance shall be given to all who may now or hereafter interest themselves in the work. We regard as null and void whatsoever may be done in opposition to these letters, knowingly or through ignorance, whatsoever its authority.”

Meanwhile the Director General of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, had also placed in the College the Central Direction of this other and more popular association of the Sacred Heart, with the power of granting the diplomas and inaugurating the branches of the League in that region. How warm and how constant has been the encouragement given by our present illustrious Pontiff to this vast union of mutual prayer, it is unnecessary here to repeat. The League would seem to be his work of predilection, with its Three Degrees of easy and elementary Catholic devotion securely organized and kept in

working order by the masterly system of lay Promoters. Without these lay Promoters, who are always chosen and guided by a priestly Director, and the Three Degrees which they are intended to organize and keep alive, the Apostleship becomes like one of those dry branches, described by St. Augustine, which necessarily wither and die.

A Centre of the League for the French had been in operation for many years, but it was not until the beginning of 1888 that an English branch was organized by Rev. J. Connolly, S. J. He has already accomplished wonders. Not only are the Associates great in number, but conspicuously fervent; nearly all of them practise the Three Degrees. They are, of course, divided into their bands of fifteen, with a Promoter at the head of each to distribute the Rosary Tickets and remind the Associates of the General Communion of Reparation.

The Promoters meet the Director every month to discuss all plans for the good of the work. Like arms stretching in all directions they penetrate all classes of society, even where it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a priest to reach.

The chief fruit of the new organization is the great increase in the number of monthly Communions. On the day of general Communion, the rails are thronged with men of all classes and women of all social grades, every one proudly displaying the Badge. Each time the number of communicants is greater, besides all who are unable to come to the Gesù, but who faithfully observe the day in their parish churches.

In many of the large factories or warehouses "the Sacred Heart day," meaning that for Communion, has become an institution, and the same idea has gone upward through the various classes.

The holy contagion has spread into adjoining parishes, and authorized Centres have been established in some of them. In other churches, the pastor has warmly advocated the League. Bishop Dowling of Peterboro, Ontario, recently invited our Local Director to found the League in his Cathedral. Centres have also been formed in Campbellford, Lindsay, and Oshua of the archdiocese of Toronto, and the Ladies of Loretto, who conduct some of the most flourishing Academies in Western Canada, have decided to introduce the League into all their schools. [The

MESSENGER readers will remember other flourishing Centres in Ontario.—EDITOR.] So the fire which our Lord came upon earth to kindle is spreading fast.

But all these results have not been attained without opposition, as is always the case with works specially favored by God. Sometimes it is tolerably enlightened Catholics who dislike external devotions, forgetting that in our own day no others have any effect. "It is a time," cries one of our Bishops, "which calls for an open profession of our faith."

Others find fault with the system of Promoters, because they do not recognize therein the strength of the League, whereby it enrolls the body of the faithful as sharers in the apostolic work. Sometimes, perhaps, it is press of parochial work or the welfare of confraternities, that is objected. But the League, as has been frequently explained, interferes with none of these, as it is neither a confraternity nor sodality, but only a close union of mutual prayer between the Religious Orders and all the faithful, for the intentions of the Sacred Heart. Its obligations are light and its workings informal: here in the Gesù, as we have said, it exists side by side with the Archconfraternity. It is, in fact, the great antidote specially provided against secret societies and the other evils of this day. It is destined to revive the dying faith and still more the feeble charity of the nations.

A Christian who fails to encourage it seems but too plainly to work against one of the most mighty and most merciful designs of Providence. When at the last day, the opposition the League has had to encounter will become fully known, it will be, we may humbly hope, neither Directors nor Promoters who shall have cause to mourn. They having labored hard to secure many graces, many Indulgences for their fellow-beings, shall rejoice that they have had their part in this modern crusade against impiety and indifference, and have *publicly* enlisted themselves under the banner of the Sacred Heart.

Already touching stories are told here in Montreal of Associates having realized in their dying moments that most precious promise of our Saviour to Blessed Margaret Mary: *My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in their last moments.*

So, with the warm approval of our Holy Father, the sanction of our own Archbishop and of nearly all the Bishops of Christen-

dom, with the active co-operation and communion of prayers and good works and merits of the principal religious communities, the Promoters and Associates of Montreal are determined to be faithful to their mission of working in this practical manner for the highest interests of the Church, and undeterred by any obstacles, to earn the gratitude of the Heart of Jesus.

THE LEAGUE ON THE STAGE.—This afternoon I was very much edified by a call from two rather distinguished persons, the one an actor of no little note, and the other his talented wife, who also is a professional on the stage. Both were strangers in this place, and called at the parochial house to ask in regard to Confession and Mass for the First Friday.

Mr. J——, the actor, who is a convert to the Faith, is one of the most earnest patrons of the devotion to the Sacred Heart with whom I have come in contact. He solemnly but humbly declared to me that he never asked a favor of the Divine Heart which was not granted, and assured me that he could never allow the First Friday to go by without confession and Holy Communion.

I asked him to write an account of the many good things he received from the Sacred Heart, for the benefit of the MESSENGER readers, but, in his sincere humility, he did not think himself worthy even to speak of such things. Hence, I take on myself to send this note, and if you see fit to insert it in the MESSENGER, perhaps, with the grace of the Sacred Heart, it may wake up a good thought or a kind word in favor of our beautiful devotion of the Holy League.

Mrs. J—— is, also, an active and earnest member of the League; and so are others of their theatrical company. Thus the Holy League has its members everywhere, from the altar to the stage. All that is now needed is renewed energy and earnestness on the part of the Rev. Directors and the good Promoters who can do so much in the holy cause. May the League increase and multiply and fill the earth with its myriad members.

October 30th, 1888.

A DIRECTOR.

THE BADGE IN THE COLLEGES. *Grand Côtéau, La.*—Please send me more Badges. Our students use many of them.

They often lose them, but as they are attached to them, they constantly ask to have them replaced. It is really edifying on the First Friday to see all, or nearly all of them, receiving Holy Communion, many wearing on their breasts the Badges. When they go on the picnic in the neighboring parish, they will wear the Badge publicly and enter the church and sing the *Magnificat*.

Boston College, Massachusetts.—The League, as was to be expected, is doing well. I have twenty-one Promoters in the college. Yesterday the college boys visited the Blessed Sacrament in a body, and I recited with them the prayers set down in the Handbook for such meetings. They wore the Badge openly in the church. The reason for the visit just now was the fact that we have the Forty Hours in the church. I am thinking of having some such meeting every First Friday. Fr. S—— tells me that, counting the Sunday School, he has something like 220 Promoters.

CONVENT STORIES. *Jeffersonville, Indiana.*—We have been long silent, but the work of the Sacred Heart is still going on. Our dear school girls are our best Promoters, and give their parents and older brothers and sisters no peace till they join. We have now about 275 members, 160 monthly communicants. The greater number receive on the First Friday. Our first *general* Communion of Reparation was very consoling. It took place on the 15th of April. We have had some trouble in getting the League rightly established, but our dear Lord will make it succeed, though in His own good time. Our carelessness in sending the monthly intentions has had something to do with it, I think. We were a little discouraged.

I almost forgot to tell you about the beautiful death of our first Promoter. He was a student preparing for the Priesthood, but his health failed. During his illness he was a model of patience and resignation. His beads and the *Following of Christ* were his constant companions. His badge of the Sacred Heart always lay on his pillow, and often he would whisper sweetly "Thy Kingdom Come." He died on the eve of the feast of the Annunciation, and was laid out in cassock and surplice. With the crucifix on his breast, his beads twined around his hands, and the *Following of Christ* by his side, he bore a striking resem-

blance to St. John Berchmans, whose example he had so faithfully copied in life. He was only eighteen years of age, and had lived with the priest from the time of his First Communion until he went to college. He was always and everywhere an example of innocence and holiness. Everyone was charmed with his remarkable sweetness and modesty. He was never known to be disobedient or to show the least impatience. He had a great desire to do all he could for the glory of the Sacred Heart, and our dear Lord accepted his desire.

SR. P.

INDIAN PROMOTERS—*Avoca, Minnesota.*—At the end of this month, we shall be losing some of our Indian pupils. They have been with us more than three years, and are now able to make their homes happy and comfortable, being well versed in all domestic duties and being able to play and sing very well. They have formed the church choir here, and can comply with all that the services require, answering Mass in our little convent chapel and doing whatever was needed in taking proper care of the church. Two of them, Delphine Geroux and Rose Cournoyer, are anxious to receive the diploma of the Promoter of the Apostleship of Prayer. Both have been "Children of Mary" for more than two years, and for the last year held, respectively, the offices of President and First Assistant in the Sodality.

SR. M.B.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

God's Rights in the World.



THE year now opening is the 100th anniversary of the famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man" that led off the great French Revolution. The party of revolution and infidelity, which we rightfully associate with Freemasonry and its kindred secret societies, is preparing to celebrate this evil centennial, and all the governments of the world have been invited to take part in it. Many, doubtless, will fall into the trap thus set for them, though the so-called rights of man then declared are the denial of God's rights in the world, and would in the end ruin all human society. This has been acknowledged by the very infidels. It is right, therefore, that Catholics should bestir themselves and protest against this glorification of unbelief.

But the duty of Catholics does not end here. Through the early Christians the world was converted from paganism, and it must be through the Christians of our day that the world is converted back to faith and the Church. It is the special mission of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to make use of united prayer in obtaining the coming of His Kingdom. This is the end of our Apostleship of Prayer. Moreover, the devotion to the Sacred Heart has arisen in the world as a last effort of God's love to conquer the world to Himself. After a century of treachery and deceit and ruin resulting from the pretended rights of man, it is time for Catholics to unite in earnest prayer that God's rights may be restored in the world. God must be found once again in the laws and in the schools, in the prisons and in all public institutions of charity, and most of all in the hearts of men. We must not be deceived by the peace and prosperity which liberty has given us in the New World. In the name of liberty, even in countries called Catholic, God's rights are spurned and man's duty to serve Him denied. That man may know and practise his duties toward God will be the true restoration of God's rights in the world. It is the end proposed to our prayers and work and sufferings this first month of this anniversary year of evil.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 2.

FEBRUARY.

(See Messenger Calendar.)



FEASTS OF OUR LORD.

F—Holy Church begins her preparation for Lent on Septuagesima Sunday (17th). In the *Introit* of the Mass that day, she exclaims with the Royal Prophet, David, both in grief at the Passion of Christ and in penance for our sins: *The sorrows of death surrounded me; and the sorrows of hell encompassed me. In my affliction.*

*I called upon the Lord, and He heard my voice from His holy temple.*¹ These seventy days of mourning recall the seventy years which the Jewish people spent captive in Babylon; we, too, are exiles in this world and are longing to enter the heavenly home which our Redeemer has opened for us by His death. So on Sexagesima Sunday (24th) the Breviary recounts the story of the Deluge, to remind us not only of the malice of man and the punishment which sin by its nature deserves, but also the power of the just man's life, since, as with Noë, it saved the human race from complete annihilation. Noë is a type of Christ, Who by His life and death saved mankind from everlasting ruin.

On the 19th, we dwell upon our Lord's Prayer and Agony in the Garden (19th): *Father, if Thou wilt, remove this chalice*

¹ Psalm xvii. 5-7.

from Me; but yet not My will but Thine be done. . . And being in an agony He prayed the longer. And His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground.* In the commemoration of our Lord's Passion (26th), we epitomize all that it cost our Redeemer to restore us to the heaven we had lost: *He was offered because it was His own will. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises are we healed.*"

THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN (Candlemas Day).—After the forty days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished,⁴ our Lady entered the Temple and offered in sacrifice a pair of turtle-doves, one in thanksgiving for her safe delivery and one as a sin-offering. From her very conception, Mary had been free from sin; she had now given birth to the Author of all law; yet she seeks no exemption from this humiliating rite. She leaves to God alone her glory and reward. In this festival (Feb. 2) we likewise admire the mystery of Christ's Presentation in the Temple. From God Almighty thus submitting to be offered in His own Temple like a child subject to the law, Mary had learned well her lesson of sublime self-abasement.

We also celebrate here the meeting of holy Simeon with the parents of Jesus and his prophecy to Mary: *This Child is set for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce.*⁵ The blessing of candles on this day commemorates the special character of our Redeemer to which Simeon alluded in calling Him: *A Light to the Revelation of the Gentiles.*⁶

MEN SAINTS.—In the martyr St. Philip of Jesus (5th) we venerate a saintly native American born in Mexico; he there joined the Franciscan Order, and, being sent as a missionary to Japan, was crucified with five other Franciscans and three Jesuits. The martyr-bishop, St. Blasius of Sebaste (3d), is famous for the many cures which he works, especially in diseases of the throat. St. Simeon of Jerusalem (18th) was a nephew of our Lady and the longest-lived of our Lord's disciples, being crucified at the venerable age of one hundred and twenty. St. Andrew Corsini (4th), Bishop of Fiesole in Italy, had led a profligate life, till

² St. Luke, xxii. 42-44. ³ Isaiah, liii. 7, 5. ⁴ St. Luke, ii. 22. ⁵ ii. 24, 25.

⁶ Ibid., 32. For a further explanation of the Feast of Candlemas see the PILGRIM for February, 1887.

once his heart-broken mother told him how before his birth she dreamed she had been delivered of a wolf which afterward ran into a church and became a lamb. So deep a contrition seized him at her words that he entered the Carmelite Order and became a model of holy living.

The Doctors of Holy Church are represented by St. Cyril of Alexandria (9th), the champion of the doctrine of Christ's Incarnation against the heretic Nestorius; and St. Peter Damian (23d), Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia, the eloquent upholder of Church discipline and the peace-making pastor of souls. St. Matthias (24th) is the disciple whom the Apostles chose to fill the place left vacant by the treason and suicide of Judas; he labored chiefly amongst the savages along the Caspian Sea. In France, St. John of Matha (8th), with St. Felix of Valois, founded the Order of Trinitarians for the redemption of captives, just as, shortly afterward, St. Raymond of Pennafort (11th) and St. Peter Nolasco (Jan. 31) did for a similar order in Spain.

WOMEN SAINTS.—The life of the gentle St. Bridget, or St. Brigid (1st), with its wealth of purity and suffering, is a household story to millions; further on in the *PILGRIM* we tell one of the many touching stories with which her life abounds. The Nuns of the Annunciation celebrate on the 4th the feast of their foundress St. Jane of Valois, Queen of France; her marriage with Louis XII. had been declared void, because he had been forced into the marriage by his cousin Louis XI., but she submitted humbly and devoted the rest of her days to penance and works of charity. Another royal lady was St. Mildred (20th), a virgin princess, the first abbess of Minster, in England, whose brother and two sisters were also saints.

Sorrowing penitents have in St. Margaret of Cortona (27th) another patron like St. Andrew Corsini; the sight of the corpse of her lover already corrupting gave her so fearful a lesson in God's hatred of impurity and the foulness of sinful pleasures that ever afterward she led a life of unrivalled modesty and bodily mortification. We behold the very opposite phase of sanctity in the beautiful Saints Juliana of Nicomedia (16th) and Agatha of Sicily (12th), both of whom preferred to be horribly tortured and slain rather than tarnish their faith or their virginity.

PROMOTERS' PATRONS.—Those who persuade others to honor the Sacred Heart can turn with special sympathy to St. Ignatius of Antioch (1st); while going loaded with chains to be torn to pieces by lions in the Roman circus, he everywhere exhorted the Christians who came to visit him, as well as the various churches to which he wrote, to a close imitation of the life of Christ and, above all, of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, which he called “The medicine of immortality.” Not less a model is the famous Dominican nun, St. Catherine of Ricci (13th), who by meditation on Christ’s infinite love and suffering for us learned to embrace with eagerness the humiliations and physical sufferings which her Spouse, Christ Jesus, was pleased to send her. Two of her great principles were that we should fear to have our rewards in this world, and that love is no love which is not willing and glad to suffer.

AN ANGEL'S VISIT TO POMPEY HILL.

ONE wintry night some fifty years ago, when the snow had fallen deep and all was quiet in the little village of Pompey Hill, Deacon D——’s family heard a knock at the farmhouse door. It was a belated peddler asking for a night’s lodging, which the family at once were only too happy to grant him.

This Pompey Hill lies far away in the lake section of New York State—high above the surrounding country, where the scenery is exceedingly beautiful, and the whole face of nature smiles in the midst of comfort. But now it was winter and the good peddler was grateful for his warm place by the fire.

During the evening the family were startled at discovering that their guest was a Catholic. A Catholic fifty years ago in central New York, and especially on the heights of Pompey Hill, was indeed a curiosity to all, not to say an object of terror to many. The Deacon’s wife suggested in alarm that such a dreadful guest should be dismissed, but her natural goodness of heart overcame her first impulse of old prejudice, and the man was allowed to remain.

Bright and early on the morrow the peddler departed, but before he left he wanted to show his gratitude to Mrs. D—— and so made her a present of a book. She took it without suspicion

and promised to read it attentively. It proved to be none other than the famous Milner's *End of Controversy*.

Mrs. D——, however, and all her family read the book through, and we can imagine what a revelation it was to them. For the first time in their lives they beheld the Catholic Church as it really is, one and holy because God is one and holy, but maligned and persecuted as its Divine Founder, Jesus Christ, was maligned and persecuted. By the grace of God the family were inspired to seek further.

Other books were ordered all the way from Utica, and Mrs. D—— had about decided to embrace the Church *built upon a rock* when suddenly she encountered a stumbling-block. There fell in her way one of those bigoted works so common in former times and still so common nowadays. It misrepresented our Holy Faith in so gross a manner that the poor lady was completely turned aside from the truth. But God had not turned aside.

One day shortly afterward, as she was sweeping the floor, she accidentally caught sight of a piece of paper bearing an advertisement of a book in answer to the very one which had so misled her. She promptly sent for this new work, and after reading it her last doubt vanished.

She was now fully determined to enter the Catholic Church, and yet how could she? She had never met a Catholic priest, at least to speak to him! and none of course was to be found in those days near Pompey Hill. The first priest Mrs. D—— ever spoke to was the one who came to baptize her!

The Deacon did not yield as soon as his wife. He continued reading two years longer before he came to the same determination, but then, like her, nothing could shake his conviction. He went to resign his deaconship at the Presbyterian church. He was asked to give his reasons, and he did so. Some of the members tried to answer him in arguments, and the meeting which began that day at ten in the morning did not close till ten in the evening. The Deacon was cool and clear, and fifteen of his hearers eventually followed him into the Catholic Church.

This good man was, I believe, a distant relative of Orestes Brownson. He was a man of great stature, with an intellectual head and an altogether fine and striking appearance. To see him pacing the room, discussing the Catholic faith with all the zeal

and energy of a happy convert, it would seem that his arguments must prevail.

From that time out, the Deacon's faith was his staff and his life. When he first decided to enter the Church, his thoughts naturally turned for a moment to the temporal disadvantages with which his family might meet. How would his daughter be provided for in life? He left all to God, however, and God cared for all. Contrary to the usual course of things in those days of sectarian bitterness, the religion of the D——s never seemed to be the slightest disadvantage. The daughters found every opportunity of making their way successfully in the world, and enjoyed moreover the happiness of seeing others of their relatives enter the true fold of Christ.

The dear old Deacon and his spouse have long since gone to their eternal rest. Some of their family have followed them to the same land of peace, while others continue happily in the land of our pilgrimage. One of their number is a prominent and valued member of a well-known religious community.

And the peddler—what of him? He could never be traced up in any way. No clue could ever be found to this messenger of God. Perhaps if the new-fallen snow had been examined on his departure, only the footsteps of an Angel would have been found.

THE BLACK OLD MAN AND THE WHITE OLD MAN.

I.

TOWARD the end of July, 1882, writes Father Fourcade, Missionary Apostolic in Pondicherry, Southeast Hindostan, I was making my regular visit to Sittamour, a village newly opened to the Gospel and where there were some four or five Christian families. From this village I often made excursions to Jelamangalam, three miles to the east. I had lately baptized ten families there, but, alas! the devil appeared to be keeping the two patriarchs for himself. These were the Black Old Man and the White Old Man.

The Black Old Man is a tall and broad-shouldered Hindoo with well-shaped features and small but energetic eyes. Several of his children had talked of becoming Christians, but he had

always strongly opposed their resolution and the whole family still remained pagans. One day the missionary was called to the village to administer Extreme Unction. The White Old Man was absent, but the Black Old Man saluted him with marked politeness and very kindly conducted him to the couch of the dying person. His courtesy, however, did not prevent him from pointing out the houses of the Christians as they passed and remarking: "See what your neophytes have gained by embracing your religion. Their houses are in ruins, while mine is magnificent! Our god is not, then, powerless, but has taken revenge upon them for their desertion."

The missionary tried to show him that his gods were only senseless idols, but it was in vain that he sought to introduce a word into the midst of his rapid discourse; and, as night was advancing, with a long journey homeward, he was obliged to leave him for the day.

The White Old Man has really nothing white about him except his snowy hair and beard, from the beauty of which, however, he well deserves his name. He is now some eighty years of age, of middle height, rather stout, and Father Fourcade says, decidedly the handsomest Indian he ever beheld. Nothing could be sweeter than his look, or more courteous than his words, or more attractive than his smile. Two of his sons had embraced the Faith during the famine without arousing any great opposition on his part. It was while they were catechumens that the missionary became intimately acquainted with him and his still pagan children, all of whom were endowed with a charming disposition.

When the old man was asked, however, to become a Christian himself, he never refused but always evaded the question. The missionary had shown him many little favors during the famine, and had hoped thereby to win his heart to God, but apparently in vain.

The conversion of the sons, Soudiran and Ananden, both of whom were married men, had taken place in the previous June. They came to see the missionary one day, but on his asking for their father, said that he had just undertaken a piece of work which prevented him from leaving his town. They listened very attentively to the exhortations, though without making any promises.

They were present at Mass shortly afterward, and as Father Fourcade was making his wonted tour of the village, their elder sister, an excellent Christian, approached him exclaiming triumphantly:

“Father, I have gained a great victory.”

“What is it?” asked the priest.

“Ask Soudiran and Ananden, why they have come here?”

The priest did so.

“To study your religion,” they answered, smiling.

“Is it possible?” the priest exclaimed. “I can hardly believe it.”

“It is really true, Father,” they continued.

“When will you begin to study?”

“Next Wednesday.”

With their wives and children this would make fourteen persons in all. The priest had no time to lose. Not having money enough to buy the wood needed for a pavilion to serve as a school-room, he begged the assistance here and there of some of his poor and devout converts. They readily cut him some stout palm trees for the purpose, and had everything in readiness for Wednesday morning.

Soudiran and Ananden arrived early and very cheerfully spent that day in making the final preparations of the *pandel* or pavilion, and on Thursday the beautiful voice of the aged catechist of the village was heard repeating to a very attentive audience the touching prayers of our holy religion.

At Sittamour, it may be well to remark, as throughout all Hindostan, there is the village of the higher caste, the *naïnars*, as they are called, who are the proprietors of the land, and the village of the lower caste or the *pariahs*, who are the slaves or laborers of the *naïnars*, working daily for a *pahdy*, a small measure of corn.

When the village catechist began to recite the prayers, great numbers of these *naïnars* drew near in bands, and, seating themselves on the neighboring rocks, listened with marked respect to all he told them of the attributes of God, of the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Creed*, the Ten Commandments and the Precepts of the Church. Some pretended that their own poor paganism had similar mandates and similar prayers, but they continued to attend the instructions as long as the missionary remained at Sittamour.

The missionary added to his pious attractions some beautiful stereopticon views of the mysteries and ceremonies of Europe and of the great cathedrals of the world. The latter especially struck them with amazement. They were confounded to see the temples of the Christians so much loftier, grander, and more splendidly adorned than their pagoda, which they had fondly believed the only marvel of the world.

But explain the religion as he would, the missionary as yet could make no converts. The nâinars admired, but they thought themselves dishonored in abandoning their superstitions.

On Friday, however, a pagan pariah of Sittamour, with his family of seven, placed themselves under instruction. They were followed on Sunday by two new recruits from Jelamangalam. These were two brothers, the elder of whom had espoused the daughter of the Black Old Man. The latter had made the strongest opposition to the conversion of his daughter, but the husband held firm, and in Hindostan when the husband falls into trouble the wife is bound to follow him. She herself, however, was very happy to be a catechumen.

On Monday, another pariah of Sittamour presented himself and his two children. The good example became contagious. The *pandel* was soon unable to hold the numerous applicants. The missionary then became rather anxious about their support. His purse would not allow him to support so many for two whole months, and yet as the pariahs lived only from day to day, there was nothing for him to do but to provide for them while on their probation. He accordingly wrote to Mgr. Laouénan, exposing his troubles and asking for assistance. The Bishop had just received from Europe a few days before a large donation for the instruction of the catechumens, and hastened to his relief. With this encouragement, the happy work was very successfully continued.

II.

A son of the Black Old Man came at last to Father Fourcade one lovely morning, and said that he had determined to become a Christian. His father had opposed his design in many ways, but he had determined to surmount all obstacles if the priest would receive him. The priest was only too happy to receive him, and he came on the morrow with his wife and two children.

This was like an entering wedge into the heart of the Black Old Man, and sure enough, he soon called at the mission and saluted the priest with Oriental courtesy. The priest would not be outdone in this respect, and returned his compliments with the deepest expressions of regard, said that he had frequently asked about his health, and more than once had been unable to sleep because he had not had the pleasure of seeing him.

This was not, indeed, the good Father's usual custom, but he knew the situation and felt what would be of most avail. At every word, the venerable Hindoo's face grew more and more radiant. The two visited the church together, walked through the grounds, and chatted about the rain and the crops, but still the old man clung to his first intention in making the visit. Seizing his opportunity, he said that his son had come here to be a Christian and he demanded to know by what right the missionary had received him.

"Did your son not ask your permission?" said the priest.

"Yes," said the old man, "but I persistently refused it."

"I advised him," continued the priest, "to take counsel with you beforehand, and I confess that I was hardly right in admitting him without your permission. But nothing has yet been lost. Let us go and call him, and you can reclaim him if he will consent."

"Yes, yes, I will reclaim him," said the other, "this child whom I have overwhelmed with kindness! Oh, that you knew how much I have loved him, and to think that he should now abandon his father and embrace a despised religion and one which honest people dare not follow!"

For half an hour he poured out his troubles in this strain, weeping, reproaching, and threatening, when Father Fourcade said in a sweet voice:

"Do not worry any longer now. Let us ask your son whether he wishes to go away with you."

The son came on being called. "Your father," said the missionary, "has come to find you. You came to my house of your own free will, but I cannot restrain you; so if you wish to go away with your father, I leave you altogether free. What will you do?"

"Father," was the answer, "I have reflected seriously, and

I am still determined to be a Christian. I know very well what the step will cost me, but I am prepared for everything."

He had hardly said this, when his father broke out into a storm of entreaties and reproaches which lasted fully a quarter of an hour. Then he declared that if his son remained obstinate he should never set foot in his house again.

"You may do what you wish, father," said the son respectfully but firmly, "but I cannot help embracing that religion which alone is true, and I beg to assure you that after my baptism I shall be the most fortunate of all your children."

This answer served only to excite new insults from the old man, and the missionary thought it best to close the interview and to tell the young man to return to his studies. On his departure, the old man again besought the missionary to help him.

"Listen, my dear friend," said the missionary. "I have a kind father and a kind mother, brothers, sisters, and many friends. I love them tenderly, but I determined to leave them in order to come and preach the true faith in this country. At the separation, I felt my heart pierced a thousand times, and yet I made all these sacrifices to bring you the true religion, and now when your son comes to me to embrace that religion, you would have me send him away! Tell me whether this is reasonable. I make you the judge yourself."

"What you say is true," replied the other; "you are right; but I am also right."

"No, no," said the priest, "you are wrong." To prove his error, he showed him, first, the absurdity of paganism and the unworthy conduct of the gods whom he adored, and then the surpassing beauty, consolation, and truth of the Catholic religion. The exposition had lasted for almost an hour when the cook came to announce dinner. In the etiquette of the country, no one but the cook could be present at the meal, lest anyone, according to a pagan prejudice, should cast an evil eye upon the meats. The old gentleman, therefore, made a promise to return soon, and with a profound salaam retired.

At three o'clock, he was back again, but this time accompanied by his friend the White Old Man. The latter seemed very anxious to meet the missionary.

"Father," he said, "are you satisfied with me? I have sent

you all my children except the eldest, whom I wish to see married. I am going to get him a pagan wife, and, once the marriage is performed, I shall send you both of them. Meanwhile, I present you the two sons of my elder brother; make them study, and baptize them. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied?" said Father Fourcade. "I have the branches now. That is, of course, a great deal, but now I want to have the trunk as well."

"You will have the trunk very soon," said the worthy Hindoo; "do not trouble yourself about that, but, *in coming to cast myself at your feet*"—these are his very words—"I want to bring with me this old man here, who has been my friend from infancy. But he is a wicked fellow. I have advised him earnestly to come to the church, but he has a head of iron and can understand nothing. I do not want to embrace your religion without him, for if I did he would never stop making sport of me."

"As for that," interrupted the Black Old Man, "you can become a Christian at once, if you wish. But I never will. I give you my word for it."

"I have always been the same as you up to this," said his friend, "but I have changed my views now, and you ought to do the same. Father, this man ought to be beaten soundly if he does not come to cast himself at your feet. Did you ever see such an obstinate fellow?"

"Do what you wish," the Black Old Man persisted; "let the Father beat me as much as he can, but I shall never yield. I have been pained enough already in seeing one of my sons come here, but I am going to bring him back."

"Look at that, Father," said the White Old Man, excitedly; "what an old fool!—Your son has become a Christian. Then leave him in peace."

"I will not. I will drive him out of the house; I will have nothing more to do with him; I will make his life a misery."

The missionary now interfered and said smilingly: "The God of the Christians is all-powerful; He turns all hearts as He wishes. I shall ask Him to convert you both, and He will do so. You have already resisted Him long enough, but He will give you no rest till you cast yourselves at His feet. For my part, I

shall never stop calling you, because I love you too much to let you remain in the power of the devil. I want to bring you to heaven, where you will be happy forever."

The two old men were great talkers, and kept the Father in conversation for a long time. He concluded at length by pressing them to come to the catechism class, and made them promise to return frequently.

The next day, the eldest son of the Black Old Man came to the church. He was a fine, handsome youth, even more gracious than his father. But, though he made no objection to his brother's studies, he could not be converted himself. He had still plenty of time, he said. Shortly afterward, his two other brothers presented themselves. They spoke very pleasantly, and avowed that, if it were not for fear of their father, they would soon become Christians. Even as it was, they expected to do so sooner or later.

III.

The White Old Man meantime often called to see the priest, whom he captivated by his charming discourses; but whenever the priest pressed him on the affairs of religion, he invariably answered:

"Do not be uneasy, Father. I am anxious to be a Christian, but you will do me a great favor if you will persuade the Black Old Man to do the same. If I should receive baptism before he does, he is wicked enough to ridicule me about it."

The following year, he made the same fair promises but nothing more, and as the missionary set out again to traverse his widely-extended parish, he was afraid that the poor Hindoo would die in his absence. But God ordained otherwise, and, in 1884, they met again.

"How is this?" asked Father Fourcade, determined to bring the matter to a close. "You are always deceiving me. You say you are anxious to be baptized, and yet you put the happy moment off month after month. Oh, if you could only know the pain you are giving me! I long to become your father, and you refuse to become my child."

The old grandee was overcome. "Father," he exclaimed, sinking on his knees, "what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come to catechism at once and learn your prayers."

"I am going, Father," he replied, and rising, he went immediately to the chapel of Sittamour. On the morrow, he sent an order to his family to come and join him. The missionary's face was radiant with gratitude as he beheld them all, one son, two nephews, and ten sweet grand-children, chirping, as he says, like so many beautiful birds and smiling like so many angels. At such a spectacle, another spring-time seemed to enter his heart.

The old gentleman, in spite of his eighty years, had preserved a clear, quick intelligence, and did not allow a word of the explanations to escape him. "When I hear these explanations," he said more than once, "it is as if I was tasting honey."

His wife was a woman of the greatest simplicity and artlessness and endowed with strong faith, with one of those peculiarly fresh and innocent characters which are seldom found except in the wild woods of Hindostan.

After a month of instruction, Holy Church admitted these tender souls into her radiant phalanx. For them as for all their fellow-catechumens, the day of their baptism was a day of the greatest piety, joy, and heavenly perfume.

Father Fourcade was, of course, delighted beyond expression, and everyone around him seemed to partake of his happiness—everyone except the poor Black Old Man. He still remained obstinate, and without his conversion the missionary's happiness was not complete. They met on several occasions, and the missionary exhorted him, as usual, but all in vain. Even his old dear friend urged him to follow the kindly light, but only to be answered with scornful raillery. One day, however, his oldest son came to the missionary and said in a tone of sorrow:

"Father, all our village is becoming Christian. We alone, on account of our aged father, continue pagans. But I have now come to throw myself at your feet. Will you receive me?"

"I would receive you, my dearest son, with the greatest pleasure," said the priest, "but you have need of sturdy courage. You know the terrible assaults your younger brother had to suffer on the part of your father, and the same will doubtless follow you. Are you willing to meet them?"

"I am, Father," was the heroic reply.

"Then, in God's name, come," said the priest.

At the news of this occurrence, the Black Old Man again

broke out into tears and invectives. Then he came to demand that the missionary should order his son away. His son had been deceived, he cried, he had been deceived, he had been overcome by witchcraft, but his god would be sure to reclaim him.

Not many months later, a Christian named Foplan, of the same village, asked the Black Old Man to consent to a marriage between his daughter and Foplan's son. His offer was at first treated with contempt, but he continued to insist. The interviews were long and frequent, and at length the Black Old Man relented far enough to allow of the marriage on condition that it should be made with only Hindoo rites. Foplan was still rude enough in his Christianity to consent to this unlawful ceremony.

On the priest's next arrival at Sittamour, he heard of the affair and immediately sent for Foplan.

"Is it possible," he demanded, "that you are a good Christian, and yet presume to marry your son to a pagan?"

"Father," said Foplan, "I am a good Christian, and I shall always remain one, but I cannot allow this Black Old Man to mock me and the other Christians and our holy religion. I wanted to play a trick on him, and close his mouth against us by the marriage of his daughter, because I knew very well that as soon as you came you would baptize the daughter and regulate the marriage. That would be another triumph for our religion."

"But," said the priest severely, "you have a style of spreading our religion which is against all rules. You have committed a great error, and only the good faith of a new Christian can excuse you. Go at once and find your son and his partner, and let us put them at their instruction, and afterward have the marriage celebrated as Holy Church commands."

At the same time, Father Fourcade sent his catechist to find the Black Old Man, who came immediately, blushing with shame.

"How is it," asked the Father, "that you who are such a friend of mine should impose upon a Christian the pagan rites of marriage? You have given me the greatest pain, a wound which has made my heart bleed."

The old man was deeply confused. He threw himself on his knees.

"Father," he said, "do not be angry at such an ignorant man as I am. I am ready to make any atonement you desire, as

soon as the marriage is performed. Call my daughter and marry her according to the rites of your religion. I will offer no obstacle."

The missionary had expected great resistance, but, seeing how reasonable the poor Hindoo had become, he readily granted him his pardon. "How," he says, "could I quench the smoking flax?" It was his duty to pardon much in the conduct of the pagans, that he might the more sweetly draw them to Christ.

God thus made the malice of man a means of His own glory, by gaining Sinamal, the daughter of the Black Old Man, to the true faith.

Unlike her parents, Sinamal is not tall, but of a slight and delicate frame. She is fifteen years of age, and walks with her eyes modestly cast down, but is not shy or disconcerted on being asked a question. She is extremely pious and amiable, and displayed an unusual intelligence in learning her prayers. Since her baptism, she has shown herself an exemplary Catholic, and Father Fourcade has urged her to pray unceasingly for the conversion of her father and all his family, which is very numerous.

If the Black Old Man could only be persuaded to follow her example, not a single pagan would long be seen in Jelamangalam.

It is painful to think that our story has not a fortunate ending. After the death of the Black Old Man, writes Father Fourcade, I shall certainly be able to baptize all his children, but he himself, alas! still remains obstinate. No good grounds of hope are yet apparent in regard to him, and the missionary sadly concludes by saying that he fears the unhappy man will never turn to the light.

But Monica prayed for Augustine for thirty years, and heaven, we are told, is taken by force and the violent shall bear it away. Here is an object of fervent prayer for our Associates. We beg them to join us in imploring the Sacred Heart to grant the one indispensable grace to the soul of the amiable though unhappy Black Old Man.



ST. BRIDGET IN THE WOODS.

WHEN the gentle St. Bridget—or St. Brigid, as she is now more properly called in Ireland—was a child, many were the crosses which she had to endure, and, strange to say, none more grievous than those inflicted on her by her step-mother.

This woman entertained an unnatural hatred for the sweet and lovely maiden whom God had given into her charge. One form her hatred took was to embitter against St. Bridget the mind of Dubthach himself, her father. Whatever the child might do, the step-mother declared was ill-done, wicked, and deserving of punishment, and many a stinging reproach and heavy blow followed her false accusations.

Poor little Bridget bore it all sweetly. She never retorted, she never complained; and yet no change came over her parents. They only grew worse, and finally their beautiful child was driven to tend the swine in the forest.

Noble little lady though she was, Bridget did not shrink from this degrading office. She knew that God would regard the humility of His handmaid, and so she went gladly into the woods and the fields with her repulsive herd, and thought only of thanking our Lord Who had thus deigned to grant her a share in His sacred sufferings. When her cruel step-mother had kept her in the kitchen at home, she had washed the dishes and done every other menial task with alacrity and holy joy; and so now she drove the swine hither and thither or checked their wanderings with no less happiness and care.

All the while, however, her heart was united to God. Here at the foot of a tree and there in the shadow of a rock, she would fall on her knees and thank Him for His mercies in creating and redeeming her, and would tell Him how she longed to merit by good works to see His adorable Face one day in eternal glory. This spirit of prayer God chose before long to make the means of revealing to her father how holy a child she was.

God permitted her once to remain so long abstracted in prayer that some of the swine roamed off a great distance without her knowledge. Two thieves chanced to pass at the time and, seeing their opportunity, forthwith drove two of the herd

away before them. They had not gone far when Dubthach drew near them, which so alarmed them that they abandoned their booty and fled.

Dubthach recognized the swine as two of his own herd, and in his wicked heart resolved to punish his innocent child.

He concealed the two swine, and, putting on a pleasant countenance, came where Bridget was sitting. After a few words of ordinary business, he grew very savage and demanded of her an account of the herd. She must let him see whether she had not lost some of them by her foolish devotions. She could never pray and tend swine at the same time.

Bridget, without a suspicion of ill, raised her heart as usual to God and then asked Dubthach whether he would not count the herd and see whether any were missing. Still full of indignation, the man did so, and, to his amazement, found the number correct, the two swine which he had concealed being miraculously restored. Again and again he counted, but always with the same result.

Abashed and awe-stricken, Dubthach then hurriedly withdrew to his castle, and so deep an impression did the miracle make upon him that for many a day afterward his sweet child was free from his persecutions.

ATONING LOVE.

O Victim of undying love!

Will no one share Thy grief?

And must Thou drink the chalice still

Of insult, unbelief?

And must Thy brow still feel the thorns?

Will no one watch with Thee?

And must Thy Sacred Heart still mourn

The souls It came to free?

O Christ, for us Thy side was pierced

On Calvary's crimsoned mount;

Thou only, of each gift and grace

Art the clear-flowing Fount;

Thou only canst each icy breast

With heavenly love inflame:

Oh, teach the knowledge of Thy Heart,

The glories of Thy Name!

SR. M. DE L—.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

THE DIPLOMA—ITS EXPLANATION.¹

THE diploma of affiliation which the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, as Moderator of the Roman *Prima Primaria*, sends to the new Sodality applying for affiliation, is in the form of a letter. Its opening words are these :

To all who read these letters, greeting in Him Who is the true and eternal salvation.

After showing from reason and experience how the Sodality fosters piety, and what great incentives to virtue the special protection of the Blessed Virgin and the practices of devotion made in common are to all the sodalists, the document cites the many Papal Bulls, Letters Apostolic, and Rescripts, by which the Father General has been constituted the chief Director of the Primary Sodality in the Roman College, with powers to make and modify its regulations, and authorized to affiliate other sodalities, giving them the same privileges, Indulgences,² and spiritual grants, which the Holy See has at various times bestowed on the *Prima Primaria*. It then concludes—

In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Whose Divine Majesty we humbly beseech to ratify and confirm in heaven this grant of ours ; and by bestowing His divine gifts upon the members to render them daily more and more worthy of Himself, and to make them at last participators of His divine glory, and admit them, after having well and faithfully served Him, to the everlasting vision of Himself and of the Most Blessed Virgin.

The Father General and his secretary sign this, and affix to it the seal of the Society.

On a second page, so arranged as to be easily separated and placed in a frame of equal size with the diploma, is a detailed list

¹ The necessity of the Diploma was explained in the January PILGRIM of this year.

² The late diplomas have the new Plenary Indulgence for the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, granted by Leo XIII., June 23, 1885.

of the Indulgences, plenary and partial, and the privileges of the sodalists and their Director.

What advantages does the Sodality give its members?

These are enumerated in the Letters Apostolic of the Sovereign Pontiffs, especially of Benedict XIV., himself a sodalist. These are: the special protection which the Blessed Virgin extends to those in her service; the efficacy of the prayers of the Sodality recited in private and in common for each other's needs; the observance of the rules, which exercises a gentle restraint on a sincere sodalist and is a stimulus to virtue; the grace that comes from the exhortations, admonitions, and instructions at the Sodality's meetings; the opportunities and inducements to receive the Sacraments often; the help given by the solicitous Director; and above all, the good example mutually afforded by sodalists at meetings and often even in their social relations. Not the least advantage is the assuring promise of St. Bernard: "A child of Mary shall never perish."

What are the Indulgences?

These are many, both plenary and partial. They are given in nearly all Sodality manuals. The *Sodalist's Memento*, issued by the MESSENGER office and sent to the Reverend Directors, contains an accurate list of them, as does also the *Sacred Heart Almanac*, the latter marking the Plenary Indulgences of the Sodality opposite the respective days on which they may be gained.

What are the privileges?

In the original grant, the sodalists were obliged to visit the church or chapel of the Sodality, to gain those Indulgences which required a visit to a church. Now, however, they may gain these Indulgences, no matter where they are living, at any church. All the Indulgences of the Sodality, even those of the Stations of the churches of Rome, which the sodalists may gain, are applicable to the faithful departed. Moreover, the Sodality altar is privileged. This privilege is given to all priests when they say Mass at the Sodality altar for a deceased sodalist. But priests who belong to the Society of Jesus, or who are themselves members of the Sodality, can celebrate Mass for a departed sodalist, with the same privilege, at any altar and in any church.

A WINTER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF FATHER PAUL LE JEUNE,
CANADA, 1633.

FATHER Paul le Jeune, a Jesuit missionary in Canada two hundred and fifty years ago, was anxious to learn the Algonquin language. Something of what this desire cost him we learn from one of his letters, written to his superiors in France, August 7, 1634.

In October, 1633, after the Indians had finished their eel-fishing, Father le Jeune set out on the St. Lawrence with twenty of them—men, women, and children—for their winter hunt. The provisions he took were a barrel of biscuits, a bag of meal, and some Indian corn, some prunes and some turnips. He was also, much against his will, prevailed on to take a small cask of wine.

This wine was the beginning of his hardships. At their first landing-place, one of the Indians opened it by stealth and made himself furiously drunk. He overturned their camp-kettle, scattered the embers of the fire, chased the women into the woods, and then seized an axe and swore to kill the black-gown. Night came on soon afterward and the Father sought a little repose in the cold forest. He knelt down for his prayers under a tree, after which a heap of leaves and twigs served him as a bed, and a sheet of birch bark as a blanket. The next day Father le Jeune threw the wine away.

Later on, the party spent eight days of intense suffering on a small island. It was night when they landed, and wind and rain combined to make them miserable. With difficulty they found five or six poles to help them in erecting their hut, and the hut was so small, narrow, and full of chinks, that, as the Father says, if he tried to escape one evil he fell into at least two others. He was compelled to roll himself up like a ball to escape scorching half his body with the fire, while at the same time his back was half frozen.

They took supper and dinner at the same time. It consisted of biscuits eaten dry, as the river water was salty, though on the morrow they gathered some rain water from the rocks, and drank it with as much relish, he says, as they could the wines of Aï in France.

They had tied their long-boat to the rocks, and wind and wave threatened to carry it off. The chief of the band made sturdy but useless efforts to save it by himself. He then called his brother, an apostate Indian, to his aid; but the wretch, who was notoriously lazy, said he was too tired, and refused to help him. Shortly afterward, the waves snapped the cable, and the long-boat was swept out of sight. Its loss meant that the party would, amongst other troubles, be obliged to carry the greater part of their baggage and children on their backs. Yet not a word of reproach or a sign of trouble was given by the savages. All the chief said was: "My brother has no sense; if he wanted to help me, this would not have happened."

Their little bark canoe was still left them, but the same night that too was torn from its fastenings, leaving them prisoners on the inhospitable island. No one cried, no one complained—not even the poor women, on whom the disaster fell most heavily. They were treated like beasts of burden, and would have to carry most of the baggage. On the contrary, everyone laughed. Their good temper, however, was rewarded the following day by finding both of the boats some distance away—the long-boat amongst the rocks and the canoe on the opposite shore—neither, to their amazement, being damaged in the least.

Another night, when most of the men had gone to visit a neighboring tribe, one of the women dashed into the cabin in great alarm and exclaimed that she had heard the *Manitou* or the devil—for it seems that this tribe did not apply the term *Manitou* to a good spirit. Terror was at once depicted on every face, and a profound silence ensued. Seeing a good chance to enlighten their darkness, Father le Jeune laughed, and, though the savages earnestly remonstrated, went out of doors. Here he shouted repeatedly at the top of his voice, in the Algonquin language, that he was not afraid of the devil and dared him to come near. He then walked slowly round the island several times and returned to the cabin.

"Don't be afraid," he said to the affrighted Indians; "the devil can do you no harm as long as I am with you. He fears those who believe in God, and if you also would believe in God, the devil would fly from you."

His hearers laughed and soon regained their courage. On

the return of the chief, he again explained how the Christians were helped by God, and how the devil had much more fear of them than they had of him. The chief listened very attentively and in great surprise, and thanked him heartily for the comfort he had given the frightened women and children. It was a pity, he added, that the Father could not speak the Algonquin more fluently, instead of having to use so many signs of the hands and eyes. Father le Jeune afterward had the consolation of instructing and baptizing this gentle savage and closing his eyes in a death of singular edification.

Father le Jeune says that at that time he pronounced the Algonquin as a German does French. This caused the savages great merriment. At a certain feast which the chief gave he was asked to make a speech, merely, he was sure, to make them laugh. He did not object, however, taking their peculiarly gross bantering in good part, and concluded by saying that he was as yet a child, and all children amuse their parents by their droll efforts to talk; but by-and-by he would know their language well and would then show them that they were really the children. Then he told them a hundred things about the sun, moon, and earth, until at last one of them exclaimed: "Well, you are certainly a wise man. You know quite enough of our language."

On such occasions, the poor Father would forget his hunger and cold and physical and mental sufferings, and would seize the occasion of speaking of the true religion.

These feasts were fearful scenes of gluttony. Etiquette obliged the guest to eat all that was given him, no matter how violent the stuffing should be—an ordeal which the missionary escaped only by the greatest adroitness. The evening would close with equally horrible noises of drums and gongs and savage songs. The Indians, however, were happy with their well-crammed stomachs and listened, as a rule, with moderate patience to the missionary's discourses.

"You see," said Father le Jeune one night, "how much I love you all. I have left my native land, which is beautiful and pleasant to live in, to come into your snows and vast forests. Now He Who has made all things has given me this affection for you. He it is Who created the first man, from whom we are all descended. We all have the same Father; hence we are all

brothers, and ought all to have the same Lord and Captain. We ought to believe in Him and obey His holy will."

Here the sorcerer of the party interrupted the Father by exclaiming: "When I see Him, I shall believe in Him; not before."

"But," answered the Father, "you believe in the Manitou and yet you have never seen him."

"Others have seen him," the savage retorted.

"But you cannot tell me when or how they did, or how he looked; while I can name the very persons who saw the Son of God on earth; I can tell you when they saw Him; where, and what He did and they did, and exactly in what part of the world He lived."

"Your God," said the sorcerer, "never came to our country, and so we will not believe in Him. Make me see Him, and I will believe in Him."

"Listen to me," said Father le Jeune, "and you will be able to see Him. There are two ways of seeing: with the eyes of the body and with the eyes of the soul; and you can be just as certain of what you see with the eyes of the soul as of what you see with the eyes of the body."

"No, no, I only see with the eyes of the body," said the other, "except when I am asleep, and you are not talking about dreams."

"But when you pass a deserted cabin and see the floor covered with pine branches and the fire still smoking, are you not sure that someone has been there recently?"

"Of course," said the sorcerer.

"Well, then," said Father le Jenne, "when you see the beauty and grandeur of this world—the sun revolving unceasingly in the sky, the seasons infallibly returning, and the stars of heaven keeping their order so perfectly—you see that men did not make these wonders, and that they have no control over them. Hence there must be Someone nobler than men, Who has founded and Who governs this great world. Now He it is Whom we call God, Who sees all things, though we do not see Him, but Whom we shall see after death, and with Whom we shall be happy forever if we love and obey Him."

"You don't know what you are saying," was the only answer. "Learn to talk, and then we will listen to you."

Such insults, with the ills of privation, sickness, cold, and starvation, Father le Jeune bore for five long months. He learned the language well meantime, and this fact and his many chances of giving spiritual counsel consoled him for all his sufferings. Much longer would he have staid, but the savages returned to Quebec in the following April.

A CONVERT HEBREW'S TRIBUTE TO FATHER WENINGER.

New Orleans, June 30, 1888.

To my sincere sorrow, I read in to-day's paper of the demise of Father Weninger, of Cincinnati. Not having had the pleasure of knowing him personally, I have learned to love him from studying some of his works, and it was for some time a favorite idea of mine, when passing through Cincinnati, to call on him and thank him for the great spiritual benefit I derived by perusing his books. His picture is hanging over my desk, and if the prayers of a poor sinful Hebrew convert, whom by his writings he has helped to find again the true and only way that leads to salvation, are acceptable toward the repose of his soul, I will thus try to show him my gratitude.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since December 1st:

"For the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y., as a little token of thanks in return for temporal blessings granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs to F. J. W.,"	
Helen Reno, Yazoo City, Miss.,	1.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
H. H. Townsend, Niles, Mich.,	.50
Mrs. Anne Smyth, New York, N. Y.,	3.00
"My little daughter," New York,	1.00
Rev. J. P. Dion, Vincennes, Ind.,	5.00
Friend,	10.00
—For the Chinese Mission:	
Friend,	10.00



THY KINGDOM COME.

By an American Lawyer.

IF a man of science should announce that he had discovered an infallible way to make the body invulnerable to physical hurts, and if the scientific authorities of the world had declared the discovery a true one; and still further, if the experience of mankind had sanctioned its certainty—who of those exposed to harm and danger would not at least wish to know this remedy and how to effect the result?

We all wish for security of soul amid the dangers of life—we all want happiness even here, and it is within our reach.

The way has been discovered and the Discoverer is God.

It is no hypothetical or figurative discovery. It is not a makeshift or an *ignis fatuus* to fool us onward. The voice of an infallible authority has confirmed the truth of that discovery. The experience of innumerable men of holiness and veracity has testified to it. And yet we hardly care even to know exactly how it is effected. "Oh! no doubt it is so," we exclaim; "we know all about it. If we are very good, we shall be happy; and that is all there is to it."

But the truth is we do not half believe that our being good would make us happy. That kind of happiness implies borrowing all sorts of trouble, making life ever so hard, killing off every satisfaction and every pleasure—and then calling ourselves happy on top of supreme, universal and life-long discomfort, deprivation and denial.

Is not that about our idea of God's discovery as to the means of happiness, what we really believe concerning the method which He and the Church and good people throughout the ages have

declared did bring peace of mind and soul, real and heart-filling happiness in all the vicissitudes of life?

Which is it; that we believe God, or that we do not? The trouble is that we neither believe, nor do we know just what He has said.

Who has written into His declaration the things we say about it? Christ said: *Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things will be added unto you.* But we seem to think that He meant: *and all these things will be taken from you.* He said that if we wish to be happy, we are to love God above all things. We say that this means we are to make ourselves as miserable as we can.

O Faith! what an idle word thou art upon the tongues of men!

Why will we make God a liar, instead of studying His word?

To love God is not to make life a burden, but to lift our hearts above our burdens.

To believe in God is to love Him above all things; to love Him above all things is simply to relegate other things to their true place and their minor importance, and thus to make ourselves superior to them.

If we believe wealth to be the supreme happiness, to be poor should make us unutterably wretched. If we do not so believe, poverty will only make us unhappy in the measure in which we hold wealth essential to happiness.

To seek God's kingdom first, is simply to seek things in proper order. It is to view things in the light of God's eternity and to make our souls, if not our bodies, impervious to the assaults of time.

If our bodies were made invulnerable, it would not necessarily invite, any more than it would prevent, the flight of missiles around us. But it would make us indifferent to them, and give us security, courage, and peace of mind in the midst of war's worst alarms.

To seek God's kingdom first, to strengthen ourselves with that aim and that resolution, is to make our souls serene in the midst of the trials and tribulations of life. It is not to borrow additional burdens, but simply to seek God's hand under them, and to invite the help, the refreshment, and the peace which He has promised.

Can we avoid trial and suffering by seeking temporal things first and above all—by making them the be-all and the end-all of our desires?

And has anyone tried to meet the trials that do come, in God's way, and found God to deceive? Will any soul that has tried piety, answer? And what do the others know?

For us, therefore, we will say, with deeper meaning: **THE KINGDOM COME.** We believe in the promises and the peace of Jesus Christ.

LEAGUE TIDINGS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*St. Ambrose's Church, Schuylkill Haven.*—I thank you very much for your kind wishes for the prosperity of our League. As long as our little congregation holds together and prospers, our branch of the League will also, I am sure, prosper. During the present month we are having meetings each Thursday evening, and immediately before benediction of the Blessed Sacrament some little instruction relating to the Sacred Heart is given. From every indication, devotion to the Sacred Heart will henceforth be thoroughly brought into the religious life of our people.

NEW YORK.—*St. Brigid's Academy, New York City.*—We received our Diplomas and Crosses on October 25th, the Rev. Father McSweeney officiating. In the course of the ceremony, the act of consecration was read by one of the Promoters, a hymn to the Blessed Virgin was sung, an instruction was given in which a detailed explanation of the League was made, and then followed a hymn to the Sacred Heart.

The *Morning Offering* is said every day in all the classes, then a hymn is sung, after which one of the Promoters reads the *intention* and *virtue* for the day. We seem to be doing very well since we joined the League.—A. M. F., *Promoter.*

MISSOURI.—*St. de Chantal Academy of the Visitation, St. Louis.*—Our list of Associates, including enrolments from without the Convent, numbers this month 122. We have five Rosary bands which seem to be well organized. The children use the *League Offering* for the class offerings, substituting the word "hour" for "day." On Fridays they are invited to special devotion to the Sacred Heart by a light which burns on that day

before a picture of the Sacred Heart exposed for their honor in a niche by which they frequently pass during the day.

On each First Friday—a day of exposition of the Blessed Sacrament with us—the pupils wear their Badges visibly all day, and each child has her turn for adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, notice of her rank being given at regular intervals by a signal for that purpose. The child who gives the signals is the one that has had the highest rank in conduct the previous month, and she wears a special crimson Badge with a silver Sacred Heart medal in token of her privilege. In the evening before Benediction we have a hymn to the Sacred Heart and an act of reparation.

DOWN IN OLD VIRGINIA.—I live in a country neighborhood where there are few Catholics. We have Mass, nine miles off, once a month. There is one family on our place who are Catholics. The children come to me for instruction, and I have been trying to interest them in the League of the Sacred Heart. This morning they said the whole family would like to join the League, as they could at least make the *Morning Offering*, so I forward their names hoping you may accept the few new lovers of the Sacred Heart, and praying that they may be blessed and enlightened by this sweet devotion.

OHIO.—*Good Shepherd Convent, Cincinnati.*—Our out-door Sisters report very consoling effects of the Holy League in the localities where they have admitted members. Several families, who neglected their religious duties for years, have approached the Sacraments. Two persons who had been out of employment have obtained good situations, which they are confident have been granted through the prayers of the Holy League.

NEW JERSEY.—*St. John's Church, Paterson.*—Please send to my address, twelve copies of the *Handbook* of the League. Several Promoters have asked for them and I hope soon to need more. The League is making rapid progress here under the direction of Rev. Father H——, who is untiring in his efforts to increase the number and earnestness of Associates. During this month the Communion of Reparation has been made by the members of all our six different Societies. Each member wore the Badge exposed during Mass, and the edification thus given caused many others to inquire into the nature of the League and seek admission. As soon as a

favorable opportunity presents itself, I shall try to procure a number of subscribers to the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. The monthly visit of this "little gem" will do much toward keeping life in the good work.

In mentioning the societies I must not forget the boys—the "Knights of the Sacred Heart"—who must not be slighted, for many of them, I trust, will be *live* Promoters some day.

KENTUCKY.—*Visitation Convent, Maysville.*—On the 8th inst. the ceremony of reception into the Holy League took place in our humble little chapel, Father Bealer officiating at the request of the pastor. After a touching address on the meaning of the League and the duties of its Associates, the Badges were given to the members of our community and to twenty-nine of the children, seventeen of whom chose the first Friday as the day for their *Communion of Reparation*. The ceremony ended with the Rosary and Benediction, which it has been our privilege to enjoy the greater part of the month.

In school, most of the children wear the Badge exteriorly, and it is gratifying to meet everywhere the image of the Sacred Heart. Next week the children of the parochial school hope to be received. The ceremony will then be performed in the church, and we trust the adults will be led to inquire into the devotion and thus spread it.

OUR COMFORT IN AFFLICTION—OUR REFUGE IN DEATH.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERR.—My mother has just died a lovely death through the merciful goodness of the Sacred Heart. She had been delirious for some time, and the doctor said that she would probably die in that sad condition. We made the Stations of the Cross in honor of the Sacred Heart and burned a blessed candle night and day before a picture of the Sacred Heart that such an affliction might be spared us. At length our dear Father N—— happened to come from Rawlins, and we sent for him. He came and laid his hands on Mother's head and prayed over her. About an hour afterward she recovered consciousness. The next day she received the Blessed Sacrament and died a beautiful death.

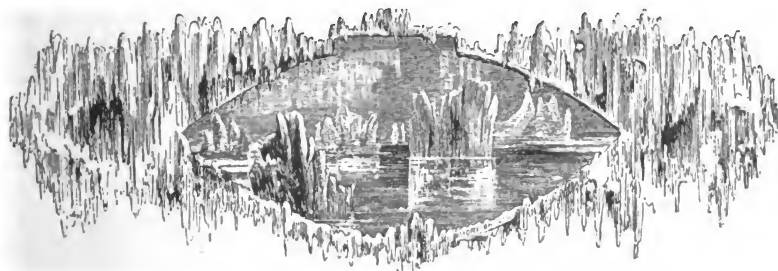
My sister died some time ago, leaving seven children. Two of those children were left homeless. We wanted to take them,

but we were not able to send East for them. We commenced a novena about the time my husband left home for Chicago. Shortly afterward we received a letter from him saying that business would compel him to visit Washington City, where the children were placed. Finally he went there and returned with the girls. We are very thankful to our dear Lord for His goodness to us.—M.

SNOWFLAKE AND DEWDROP.

As the silvery snowflakes, weary,
Hasten to the earth's embrace,
When the storms of winter dreary
Chill their own ethereal space;
So the soul, by sorrow bound,
Hastens to the Sacred Heart,
Seeking all that peace profound
Its own chill world can ne'er impart.
Yet the snowflake, frail and little,
Whirled upon the northern blast,
May it not, a thing so brittle,
Perish in the storm at last?

Wake, O Lord, from seeming sleep,
Take Thy pleading orphan in;
Hark, the storm roars loud and deep:
Change my winter into spring;
Stir my soul from wintry numbness,
Warm it at Thy Heart Divine,
Till it melts in love and fondness
In Thy golden summer's shine!
Even so when all these hours
Of the winter cold are past,
Shall the snowflake, 'mid the flowers,
Shine a dewdrop at the last.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Victims of Pride.



PRIDE—the deliberate self-complacency and self-sufficiency resulting from a feeling of one's own excellence—has been common enough always. But nowadays there seems to be a consecration of pride, in the public as in the private life of men, which threatens the whole race of man. Pride of heart is the general foundation of all sin: the truly humble soul would not dare to lift itself against the Most High, and the truly meek would not wantonly offend the Father of all. So, when pride walks in high places and becomes a daily example to the little ones of Christ's flock, it is time for Christian souls to take alarm.

In what, then, is the pride of this generation shown? In its constant demand of rights and its as constant refusal of duties. *I will not serve*¹ is its motto, as it was the cry of the rebel angel when sin first came into God's creation.

This is taught by the public men who are preparing to glorify the French Revolution and its pretended "Rights of Man." Man indeed has his rights, sacred and given him by God, and inviolable by king or republic. For it is not kings alone that violate consciences. Everywhere nowadays the principle is preached that the majority of votes may determine right and wrong. Divorce and godless education are made the right of the State, though they violate the law that is written in the hearts of all men and break asunder the very foundation-stones of all human society.

And this spirit flows down from public into private life. Catholic children lose that fine obedience which was once their choicest gift; grown Catholics no longer respect the decisions of the Church, the moment they do not chime in with their own hasty and self-confident opinions. Perfect license is given to read and see and hear whatever is going about. How many, therefore, are the victims of pride in our day because of these peculiar temptations of our day! For these we are to pray in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so averse to the spirit of pride. *Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of Heart.*²

¹ Jeremiah, ii 20.

² St. Matthew, xi. 29.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 3.

MARCH.

(See *Messenger Calendar*.)



EASONS of fasting, such as Lent, are set apart by our Mother the Church, that, by sorrow and penance for sin, and by meditation on the sufferings of our Saviour, we may prepare for His feasts of triumph. Thus Advent precedes Christmas, and Lent, Easterday. *Christ therefore having suffered in the flesh,*

says St. Peter, be you also armed with the same thought. If you partake of the suffering of Christ, rejoice, that when His glory shall be revealed you may also be glad with exceeding joy.'

On Ash Wednesday (6th), sorrow and humiliation are signed with ashes on our heads, while the priest repeats: "Remember, man, that *dust thou art, and into dust shalt thou return,*" words that God addressed to Adam after his fall. On the 8th, the Mass honors the Crown of Thorns, which Pilate's soldiers placed upon the head of Christ, with *a reed in His right hand; and spitting upon Him, they took the reed and struck His head;*¹ on the 15th, the Lance, which opened the side of Christ, when *immediately there came out blood and water,*² and the Nails, which *pierced His hands and feet;*³ on the 22d, the Holy Shroud, concerning which it is said that Joseph of Arimathea wrapped the body of Christ *in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new monument,*

¹ I. St. Peter, iv. 1, 13. ² Genesis, iii. 19. ³ St. Matthew, xxvii. 29, 30.

⁴ St. John, xix. 34.

⁵ Psalm xxi. 17.

which he had hewed out in a rock;,* and on the 29th, the Five Wounds which our Lord suffered on the Cross in His Hands and Feet and Sacred Heart.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.—This (the 25th) is properly the feast of the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the prayer of the *Angelus*, which, after Holy Scripture, Catholics recite at morning, noon, and night.

The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary; and she conceived of the Holy Ghost. Ave Maria.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word. Ave Maria.

And the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us. Ave Maria.

ST. JOSEPH.—The feast of the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin and the Patron of the Universal Church (19th) falls in Lent. He did not live to see the actual Passion of Christ, but he had a foretaste of it such as none but he could have had, in his trouble of heart before the Angel had revealed to him the Incarnation of our Lord in the womb of Mary his trusted spouse; and again at the sudden bidding of the Angel in the middle of the night, to *arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt*; and in the last act of his life revealed to us in the Gospel, when he returned from the solemn day of the Pasch, *and the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem and His parents knew it not*, and even the Blessed Mother uttered his grief for him: *Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing.*⁸ All this was the sorrow of the Cross, which Christ our Lord brings with Him to all whom He loves—for their salvation.

THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (18th).—The name Gabriel signifies *Strength of God*; he is the Angel of the Redemption; it was he who taught the time of the coming of the Saviour, who announced to Zachary the birth of the son of his old age—the forerunner of Christ, St. John the Baptist,—and to our Lady that she was to be the Mother of the Redeemer, to the shepherds that Christ was born and lying in a manger, and to St. Joseph that Herod sought to slay the Child Jesus.⁹

* St. Matthew, xxvii. 59, 60.

⁷ St. Luke, i., St. John, i.

⁸ St. Matthew, i. 20, ii. 13; St. Luke, ii. 43, 48.

⁹ Daniel, ix., Gospels.

MEN SAINTS.—The three following Saints are Doctors of the Church, the two last ranking also among the Fathers or early writers who are the Church's accredited witnesses of her teaching and primitive practice. St. Thomas Aquinas, called the Angelic Doctor, (7th) is the renowned Dominican so justly regarded as the chief Doctor of philosophy and theology in the Catholic schools. St. Gregory the Great (12th) from chief magistrate became a monk, was illustrious by his writings, his love of the poor and his many other virtues, and was in time raised to the chair of Peter. He is specially dear to the English because of the interest he took in the conversion of their country. St. Cyril of Jerusalem (20th) after suffering persecutions and exile, was privileged to witness the awful miracle by which God defeated the efforts of Julian the Apostate to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem; fire, lightning, and earthquakes, as pagans and Jews alike testify, harassed and burned the workmen and destroyed their labors, and luminous crosses appeared on their garments and bodies and in the sky, till they were forced to desist.

~~—~~ St. Aengus the Culdee or worshipper of God (11th) was Bishop, Abbot, and Anchorite in Ireland in the ninth century; he is known chiefly for a work on the many holy people who lived before him in the Isle of Saints. St. Finian Lobhar or the Leper (16th), also an Irishman and founder of the beautiful abbey of Innisfallen, resembled Holy Job in the patience with which he bore a long and grievous disease. St. Patrick (17th) by the providence of God was carried captive to Ireland when still a youth, about the middle of the fourth century, that the six years he spent there might enable him afterward to return as an envoy from Pope St. Celestine I., and bring his captors and all their people to the true Faith, whence he is rightly styled the apostle of that country.

St. John of God (8th) founded the Order of Charity for the relief of the sick and the poor in Granada, Spain: his rule is still followed in our day. The Forty Martyrs of Sebastè (10th) were soldiers of the "Thundering Legion" who for their faith, in the depth of winter, were exposed on the ice till they were frozen to death.

Blessed Clement Hofbauer, (15th) a saintly Redemptorist Father, was distinguished for the almost incredible number of

souls whom he attended in their last agony. St. Benedict (21st) is the Patriarch of all the Western monks, and his monastery of Monte Cassino is, with reason, called the mother-house of modern civilization.¹⁰ St. John Climacus (30th) is a spiritual writer still often quoted. He was the enlightened director of the numerous Christian hermitages of Mt. Sinai, in Arabia, where Moses received the Ten Commandments from God.

WOMEN SAINTS.—This month we have two of the early Empresses of Germany: St. Cunegunda (3d), the wife of St. Henry, King of the Romans, with whom she led a life of perfect chastity; and St. Matilda (14th), wife of Henry the Fowler, King of Germany, and mother of an Emperor (Otho) and a Saint (Bruno of Cologne).

St. Colette, Virgin, (6th) is renowned for her zeal in establishing a love of religious discipline among the Poor Clares, of whom she was thus a second foundress. St. Catherine (22d), daughter of the great St. Bridget of Sweden, whom she accompanied in her pilgrimages, also lived with her husband a married life of perpetual chastity.

The Virgin-Martyr St. Eugenia (26th) flourished as the lily among thorns in the midst of Moors of Spain, where, rejecting the law of the False Prophet Mahomet, she was cast into prison and decapitated. St. Gundelinda, abbess (28th), was trained in the ways of holiness by her aunt, St. Odile, the patron of Alsace.¹⁰

PROMOTERS' PATRONS.—St. Joseph (19th) may be invoked with supreme confidence by the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart, of which the motto is—*Thy kingdom come!* He witnessed the first coming of the King—the Child Jesus—and for many years guided His infant hands and feet, and he must still have authority with his Foster-Child in the kingdom of His glory. The holy widow, St. Frances of Rome (9th), found her greatest delight in visiting churches, relieving the sick and the poor, and practising the greatest bodily austerities; yet when her family duties called her from these employments, she obeyed with promptness, saying, in words suitable to many Promoters: “A married woman, when called upon, must leave her devotions to God on the altar to find Him amid her household affairs.”

¹⁰ See illustrated articles in large MESSENGER, February and March, 1888.

THE SEQUEL OF A FLOGGING.

By Father J—.

HAVE you ever heard of a fight between two lads leading to a conversion to true religion and a sweet and happy death?

Not unfrequently we ascribe an effect to an inadequate cause, especially in the affairs of the soul. Still we have all read: *My thoughts are not your thoughts: nor your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are My ways exalted above your ways, and My thoughts above your thoughts.*¹ Having listened to my account, I think you will say that this consoling event was brought about by the love of the Heart of Jesus.

I.

More than thirty years ago, there lived in one of those well-built, comfortable dwelling-houses in South Third Street, Philadelphia, most of which have been razed to the ground to make room for the encroachments of money-making, a highly respectable family of the name of V—. Papa V— was what I should style a law-conveyancer. In my many talks with him, I ever found him a gentleman.

Mrs. V— managed well her household. No waste there; a place for everything was there and everything was in its place. On the cold, so cold, nights of January, when returning from a sick-call down near the wharf, it made a Father feel almost warm to see the light of fire and lamp in her cosy parlor, through the rich lace curtains. The steps so milk-white and the door-brasses so brilliantly polished—why, the danger was, when glancing at your face in the door-plate, you might grow vain!

Then, in the cool summer mornings, when coming to Holy Mass, to see Maria wash the pavement as Amanda took in the sweet milk and light crisp bread—the very sight gave one a healthful appetite. Nor did she neglect her family. Her children seemed refined, perhaps æsthetic. They attended a high-priced private school, had teachers for music, vocal and instrumental, harp, piano, lute, and guitar, for drawing and painting, crayon, water, oil, etc.; and, though evangelical, both girls and boys were taught to dance.

¹ Isaiah lv. 8-9.

A well-kept and comfortable house was hers—a loved and loving household; and yet, wherever she walked, wherever she stood, wherever she sat, she was always looking around for a fearful monster—a Catholic—oh! horrible! perhaps, an Irish Catholic!

I remember her, as in the quiet mornings after a substantial breakfast of buckwheat cakes and Jersey sausage with accompaniments, with daughters twain and Thomas Jefferson, Oliver, and John Hopkinson, she started for her “constitutional.” Ma was never high-toned, yet had a sharp, shrill voice.

“Clara Louisa, why, how dare you smile at ignorant Popes?” She meant Catholics. Clary seemed to be—at least the boys thought she was—what we then termed the “Tom-boy” of the family.

“Bessie dear (Elizabetha Regina), do not soil your shoes by walking on that dirty! Catholic!! Irish!!! pavement.”

“Oliver Cromwell, and you also, Thomas, I’m ashamed of you. I’ll ask your father to chastise you, if you stand there talking with those Irish nig—negroes.”

Often did we at the Jesuit school enjoy ourselves, before the morning studies, in watching Ma, and Madame the governess, and the five young V——s, walking off the somniferous effect of spare-rib, griddle-cake, and marmalade. Annoying as was Ma V——, she was still, with her auburn cork-screw curls, not a little amusing, and I rather liked her children. But the terror of my life was Charley.

Charley was a V——, and yet not a V——. He styled himself a step-son. Some said he should have been called Moses, as one morning early he was found, in a basket on the door-step, surrounded with a quantity of Jersey truck. I am inclined to think that the V——s took him when a mere child, to save him from vicious home influence. Howbeit, Charley never knew the name of father or mother. He was a grateful lad and had an idolatrous reverence for Ma and a fearful dread of Ma’s tongue.

Employed as errand-boy, etc., he often passed the College. He did not love the young Pope (?) with long black hair who gazed on him somewhat sternly through his glasses, as he sometimes stood at the door, but oftener looked through the windows. Charley was a pest; I sometimes felt inclined to call him an imp.

Anselm M—— may have been construing some difficult verses of Horace; Charlie D—— looking for roots in the noble Iliad; or George S—— engaged in some of his wonderful feats in mental calculation, when, looking round, there was the V——s' Charley, hanging by the window-ledge, grinning to think his gosling hiss had called attention.

"Who killed Lady Jane Grey?" he would ask, and, not waiting for an answer, continue: "Bloody Mary, the Maid of Kil-larney."—"Who cut off the head of James the Second—Scotland's noblest son? The Bloody Tips from Galway—Irish Papes born in France."

I bought a cow-hide, but the lawyer's clerk knew I dare not use it, though if he saw it coming he would jump down nimbly and invite me to kiss the Pope's toe. Often I spoke of a constable, but constables then, like policemen now, are not around when you need them. I even threatened to go see Ma; but Charley winked and scratched his nose.

II.

The afternoon had been very close, the boys restless and troublesome, and not the least so was poor Harry M——. Kind-hearted and even willing to oblige was Harry, but to-day with others he was detained after class-hours to study penance-lines.

All the past night I had paced the floor with a racking headache, and I was sick and weary. The boys, over sixty growing lads for nearly three hours in a rather small room, would not keep quiet. Some careless parents had come during the dinner recess to complain that their boys were not careful and did not study at home. Oh, how I longed for some excuse to let those dear careless boys go home! If Father B—— would only come and beg them off! But when least I could bear it, there was Charley, the picture of good nature, showing his clean white teeth like a teasing pussy-cat. I ordered him away. He mewed, snarled, and hissed. I said I would call that very afternoon on Mr. V——. I said I was sick and tired, and that Catholic boys and Irish boys were kind to the suffering.

"Bow-wow-wow, whose dog art thou?" he answered.

Perhaps I was not angry—but I think I was.

"Harry," said I, "go out and give that nuisance a flogging."

It was just what Harry had been longing to do, and he waited not for a second bidding.

Charley was fifteen, large and muscular for his age; Harry was only twelve, and never became very strong. Yet, before I realized how improperly I had acted, I heard: "You let me alone—I didn't do nothing to you."

"You did; you insulted our teacher, and I'll pay you for it."

At once I put out my head to call Harry in, and in he came—but not as quickly as he went out.

III.

In course of time, the V——s moved to the western part of the city, and, if I mistake not, now occupy one of the most desirable pews of one of those costly churches on West Walnut Street; and gradually I forgot to think of Charley. I offered the Holy Sacrifice in the morning for sick and poor, had my regular hours for class, as if none but a scholastic's duties were mine, went to most of the sick calls, and would, on a Saturday, sit in the confessional for eight or ten hours.

On one very, very hot day during vacation, I had paid many visits to the sick and given Holy Communion to not a few, and when I returned, I thought I would just look over *The Ledger* and then prepare a sermon for next Sunday. I sat near the window to catch the breeze, if any breeze there was. Down, down they crept, those poor aching eyelids, when suddenly Brother K—— announced through the open door:

"There's a sick man dying round in Fifth Street, below Spruce. He wants you. He's not a Catholic, and the man who comes for you is a Protestant."

Again went on that heavy coat. I took my oil-stocks, and descended two flights of stairs.

Carrying with me the Bread of Life, I took the shady side of the street to No. —, South Fifth Street. I went up into a dark third-story room of a kind of European hotel or New York lodging-house, and there I found a young man of about thirty years, lying on what was soon to be his bed of death.

Would you think it? Though I knew it not, it was Charley!

Weak and sick as was that young fellow, a winning smile was on his pinched but pretty features. There he lay, unable to move, whose feet so often had led him into mischief, though never into malicious mischief. How painful to hear those hacking coughs, and be unable even to suggest relief!

Poor boy! How petty seemed his annoyances at this solemn moment! I would gladly have suffered far, far more to lessen the suffering of a fellow-man who had never seen a fond father's smile nor felt a mother's warm kiss of love.

In his intervals of quiet, I learned that he was well instructed in the tenets of our holy religion. So far as he knew, he had never been baptized, and for years had been praying to her who never fails us, that he might receive the Holy Baptism and then die a Catholic.

In the short space of less than an hour he had received conditional baptism and penance—made his first Holy Communion as Viaticum, been anointed and enriched with the Indulgence *in articulo mortis*.

Happy, happy Charley, thy name may be read in the Baptismal Register of old St. Joseph's Church.

When these so important duties had been thankfully performed, I lingered for awhile and endeavored to cheer him who had given me so much consolation, with my poor words of sympathy. Cheer him? Oh, how happy was Charley!

IV.

"Father," he said—may God bless him for the look of grateful filial love he gave me—"you do not know me."

I shook my head.

"Can you imagine what has brought me into Jesus' Church?"

"I cannot, my son," I said.

"Father, I am the V——s' errand-boy, and it was the flogging I got on the pavement of St. Joseph's Church, which has made a Catholic of me."

Perhaps I smiled at the recollection of that, to me, so funny incident.

After a protracted spell of coughing, he continued: "I began to think there must be some reason and truth in a religion, when

punished boys would fight so boldly for its priests. I began to read Catholic books. The first I got was a Catechism, given me by little Susie who lived in Pear Street. You remember her, do you not? She went to Sunday-School. Then I bought a *Catholic Christian Instructed*, at the stand, back of St. Mary's Grave-yard. I have read other Catholic books. I loved to read them. When the V——s moved from Third Street, Mrs. V——, who had taken a great dislike to me, said I was old enough to do for myself; and so I was discharged. Since that time, until lately, I have kept a paper-stand. I have often seen you pass and wished to speak to you, but you looked so solemn and sometimes so—so—so cross."

"So, Mr. Charley," I said, "you think that flogging, which, after all, was not a flogging, made a Catholic of you?"

"Yes," he replied, "and for five years I have felt certain that I would die one."

"How so?" I asked.

"One Sunday afternoon, about five years ago, I intended to go to Vespers, at St. Joseph's. I was standing, looking at the window where I used to annoy you so much, and was speaking with the little ones as they came out. You gave them pictures that afternoon, and I bought one from a youngster for five cents and a bit of chewing-gum. Since then I have said, many times each day, the beautiful prayer printed on the back. Father, if you will hand me that prayer-book, I will show it to you."

I know not where that simple little picture of Turgis is, but these are the words I read :

Sweet Heart of Jesus, I implore
That I may love Thee more and more.

"At once I determined," Charley resumed, "to enter the Church. Until this sickness prevented me, I have never missed Holy Mass; seldom have I staid away from Vespers. I wish I had spoken sooner to you; but I really feared that you hated me. I thought I would try and find out the boy who whipped me, and ask him to take me to you. But I never saw him; where is he?"

Poor Harry—I couldn't tell him.

"But to-day the doctor told me that I had not many days to live, and, if I wished, had better send for the parson. But when

I told him I wished to see a Catholic Priest, he said: 'I will send round for Fr. —'; for you, dear Father, whom I love so much."

I dried his tears as well as I could, and endeavored to direct his thoughts to Him Who alone is worthy of our love. Then I left him, never to see him again alive. With the Bishop's kind permission, I read the funeral-service over his remains in the parlor of the hotel. A carriage containing two gentlemen of the St. Vincent de Paul's Conference and a lad, now a Father of the Society of Jesus, followed Charley's remains to their resting-place in the old Cemetery on Passyunk and Washington Avenues.

Dear boy! he thought it was Harry's flogging that made him a soldier in Christ's army. I would rather think it was that sweet prayer, so often and so fervently said, which opened for him the fountain of Jesus' grace and led him homeward. Thus with a truly grateful heart, I now send up the aspiration:

Sweet Heart of Jesus, I implore
That I may love Thee more and more.

THE COLORED HARVEST.

[Last year we gave our regular missionary article for the month of March to a home-work in honor of St. Joseph. We are happy to come back upon it in its present developments, as given in *The Colored Harvest* for October, 1888. The recent Congress of colored Catholics in Washington should draw attention to the great need of work among them and the great fruit to be hoped for. Nothing could be sadder than to think that the Catholic religion in America had reared a selfish generation, careless of the souls of their fellow-men, even of those whom Providence has placed at their very doors.—EDITOR.]

THE CALL OF THE DIVINE REAPER.

[Written specially for *The Colored Harvest*.]

My Southern fields are rip'ning to the harvest,
But laborers are few;
Come, wander with Me through the golden meadows,
All wet with dew.

Come, follow fast, and join the happy reapers
Who humbly toil afield;
The seed within this virgin soil is precious,
And vast its yield.

Is it not sweet to quit a world of shadows,
 A world of sin and care,
 To track My foot-prints thro' these sunny meadows,
 So green and fair ?

Is it not sweet to hear My rustling garments
 Sweep thro' the sea of grain ?
 To meet My smile, and share with holy rapture
 My toil and pain ?

Here may we pass from Calvary to Thabor,
 And glowing love reveal ;
 Here, heart to heart and hand to hand, may labor
 With burning zeal.

The snowy souls behind these dusky faces,
 Cry out to us for aid ;
 Fair as the rose shall bloom the desert-places
 Now sunk in shade !

Haste, then, beloved—imitate St. Claver,
 Friend of the bond and free !
 Many are called—but few, ah ! few, are chosen :
 Come, follow Me !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Philadelphia, Sept. 9, 1888.

ADDRESS TO THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

St. Joseph's Seminary for the Negro Missions having been recently opened and placed under my charge, I desire to invite the young men of our faith to consider the missionary vocation to the colored people of the United States.

There are upward of seven millions of the African race in this country, less than two hundred thousand of whom are members of the True Church. More than half do not profess any sort of Christianity, and, of those who do, a great proportion have but low and superstitious forms of the more vulgar Protestant sects. Yet the colored people are naturally intelligent, have admirable moral qualities, and are remarkably gifted by nature with the religious sense, being fond of participating in public worship, easily led to accept the truths of revelation, and have a bright perception of the beauties of a moral and religious life.

Taken as a body, this people is not averse to Catholicity. On the contrary, the missionary efforts already made by our

Society have demonstrated not only the general religious traits I have just mentioned, but a particular aptitude for the Catholic faith and discipline. Wherever intelligent and zealous efforts have been made to evangelize them, these have resulted in conversions, and that is especially the case in localities where our holy religion had been before hardly so much as known. We have found the negroes easy to convert. We have found scarcely any difficulty in opening schools, to which non-Catholics willingly send their children and even pay for their tuition, in face of the certainty that they would be trained up there in the Catholic faith. In country places the Fathers of our Society have been able to gather about us numerous audiences of colored people, not one of whom was a Catholic, and to establish Catholic schools in their midst. Of course we have not been without opposition, but it has come for the most part from the white neighbors of the colored people, and even of them not all have been opposed to us.

In one word, there is a ripe harvest of converts ready at your very door. A whole race of men, newly elevated to the dignity of American citizenship, whose career in the world is barely beginning, are willing to hear the word of life.

The difficulty is to obtain apostolic men to preach that word. From every part of the South the loud call for negro missionaries comes to my superiors and to myself. The archbishops and bishops of the Southern States are asking for our Fathers to open churches and schools in their dioceses. The answer has always been—No. Every man we have is overworked. But by the providence of God this seminary has been established to supply this rich harvest field with apostolic laborers. Already a little band of young men is here assembled pursuing their course of divinity and exercising themselves in the virtues of their heroic vocation. Their hearts are afire with that flame of divine love for souls which our blessed Saviour came on earth to scatter among men, and which the breath of His Holy Spirit is daily enkindling in the choicest souls. I invite you to join them.

I cannot invite you to join us by promising an easy life in the priesthood. There is no such thing for any good priest, least of all for a missionary. But I dare affirm that the consolations of our life will give you a reward capable of compensating you for a thousand times greater hardships than it is possible for

man to bear. St. Francis Xavier wrote home from India that one minute of the divine joy that sometimes filled his heart amply repaid him for the dangers and sufferings he underwent in his long voyage from Europe. The noblest souls of the Catholic Church have gone before you in this royal way of the missionary vocation—are daily going this way from all the old Catholic nations of Europe. They bid adieu forever to home and kindred; they tear asunder the sweetest bonds of human attachment; they forsake their very names and mother tongues that they may bear the banner of the cross beyond the frontiers of Christendom. They combine in this the heroism of finely constituted natures with the supernatural graces of a high spiritual perfection.

And how much more perfect is the profession of piety when it enables one to rise superior to family, race, caste, and every other form of narrowness. When a man has risen above his own blood he has gone far in the conquest of self, and little remains between him and God. The young man who comes to our seminary with a sincere heart has put under foot one of the most powerful enemies of Christian charity—race prejudice. His faith is truly universal, strictly Catholic, and his charity tallies with it. The truly God-like man longs to be adorned with some divine mark of universality, and there is none more significant of predestination to eternal life than that of the missionary. He has a near view of the truth. He has a broad and loving view of humanity.

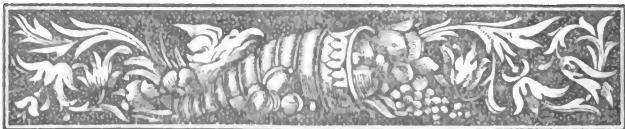
Therefore, my young friends, I invite you to consider the missionary vocation for the conversion of the negro race in America. Make it a subject of prayer. Ask the Holy Spirit to guide you. Take the advice of spiritual men. Implore the prayers of the Mother of God. Ask the intercession of St. Joseph, under whose invocation this seminary is dedicated to God.

If you have inquiries to make, I shall be glad to answer them.

J. R. SLATTERY,

[Baltimore, Md.] Oct. 1, 1888.

Rector St. Joseph's Seminary,



ST. PATRICK'S STAFF OF JESUS.

WHEN the young St. Patrick escaped to Gaul after his second term of captivity in Ireland, he heard in spirit the Irish people crying to him from the woods of Tirawley, in Mayo: "We beseech thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us and set us free."

Come, holy one, long preordained !
For thee the swans of Lir are singing ;
Come from the morning, orient-stained,
Thy Mass-bell thro' our valleys ringing.
Man of the hooded hosts, arise !
Physician, lo ! our souls lie dying—
Hear o'er the seas our piteous cries,
On thee and on thy God relying.¹

Moved by their spiritual wants, the devout youth at once began his studies to prepare himself for holy orders.

In the course of these studies, St. Patrick travelled much in France and Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. He stopped longest, perhaps, at the noble monastery of Lerins, shortly after the death of its founder, the great St. Honoratus,² and here he received his celebrated "Staff of Jesus."

He had had a vision in which an angel told him to repair to this island, and visit a holy recluse named Justus who was living there—doubtless the same as the Bishop Justus who assisted at the Synod of Arles in 450. St. Patrick eagerly sought him out, and noticed, by the way, that in a certain part of the island lived a number of devout men, some of whom were in the bloom of health while others were quite old and decrepit. Justus, he learned, had formerly been the leader of these men, but for some years latterly had retired apart for greater security in his heavenly meditations.

"Hail, servant of God!" exclaimed St. Patrick, on finally meeting the hermit at the door of his cell; "the peace of Christ be with thee!"

For a moment Justus looked astonished, and then, raising his hands in joy to heaven, cried: "Thanks be to God! Thou art Patrick, a messenger of Jesus Christ. Long, long have I awaited thy coming."

¹ From Thomas Darcy M'Gee's *St. Patrick's Dream*. ² See January PILGRIM, p. 17.

The two Saints spent some hours in spiritual conversation, hardly noticing the flight of time, so wrapt were they in God, when the deep shadows of evening began to fall about them. Hereupon Justus arose and begged St. Patrick to enter his cell and join him in his repast of cool spring-water and bread seasoned with a few small herbs.

"But stay, good brother," said St. Patrick; "who has told thee my name?"

"As we take our meal, I will tell thee," answered Justus, and as soon as they were seated he told him this story:

"My brethren whom you have seen," he said, "and I were from our youth, which was many, many years ago, devoted to works of charity. Our doors were always open, and no stranger sought our help in the name of Christ and went his way unaided. So it fell out, one night, that a footsore pilgrim asked us for food and shelter. He bore a long staff in his hand, and seemed to have come a long journey. We received him with warmest hospitality, putting him no curious questions and giving him the best that our means afforded.

"He seemed grateful, and on the morrow arose with a smiling face to depart; but, as we gathered round him to bid him adieu, a sudden transformation came over him. His garments turned white as snow, and his face radiant, though softer than the sun. A heavenly fragrance was diffused about him. We gazed at him only once, awe-stricken, and fell upon our knees in adoration. It was Christ Jesus whom we had sheltered.

"'Fear not,' He said in the gentlest accents, 'you have received your God in person this time, to reward you for the thousand times you received the poor and the sick and the tired in His name. And thou, Justus,' He said, bending over me, 'receive My staff and keep it till, after long years from now, there come to thee a pious pilgrim named Patrick. Give it to him, for he shall have a mighty mission to perform for Me.' So saying, our Lord ascended into the clouds before us. Ever since that day, we have retained our youthfulness and vigor, while our children who then were only infants have grown decrepit with age. As soon as I saw thee, my brother, I knew that thou wast Patrick, and, lo! I fetch thee thy staff."

St. Patrick humbly knelt to receive the heavenly gift, which he regarded as a divine symbol of his call to preach the faith in

Ireland. After lingering some days with Justus, he set out to throw himself at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, St. Celestine I.

Many were the miracles wrought by the sacred staff, and even the great St. Bernard tells us, in his life of St. Malachy, that in his own day it was held in highest esteem by the Irish as a venerable relic of their Apostle. A charter of Henry III., now preserved in the British Museum, confers "a Knight's Fee, at Inistioge, on John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, for guardianship of the Staff of Jesus."

But by and by thieves broke into the fold of Christ. The precious relics of Irish faith fared ill at their hands, and Browne, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, impiously ordered the sacred Staff of Jesus to be publicly burned with many other relics in High Street.

THE SHAMROCK'S SPEECH.

To see the King the stranger priest
Came up to Tara from the coast,
With speech of One Who in the East
Was slain by them He loved the most.

The white-haired Druids called: "A sign
Of Three in One, and One in Three!"
Then blossomed by the power divine
This emblem of the Trinity.

With hallowed fingers from the sod
That verdant bloomed about his feet,
Saint Patrick plucked the flower of God—
The little three-leaved shamrock sweet.

He held it up, and cried: "Behold
The triune sign of Christ's belief!"
Then Dubhthach left his harp of gold,
And King knelt down with slave and chief.

The lightning rived the Druids' oak;
The idols fell in house and hall;
And bowing to the Saviour's yoke,
The land from East to West was thrall.

Nor fire nor force of savage sword
Can change our Erin's faith and will,
While green, like God's undying word,
The shamrock grows on mead and hill.

P. J. C.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

ITS FORMATION—SPECIAL WORK.

How is the Sodality started?

Let us take the case where it is desired to form a sodality of young men. Naturally, the pastor will wish first to make his intention known. This can be done either by taking some of the prominent and energetic young men of his parish into his confidence and commissioning them to go among their friends and acquaintances and inform them of the proposed sodality, or—and this is a better method—of announcing his purpose at all the services on some Sunday and asking the young men to meet him in the evening for a conference on the subject. At the meeting the nature, end, regulations, and advantages of the Sodality will be explained.¹

The audience may then be invited to an interchange of views, or to propose questions and doubts. This will help to make clear the object of the Sodality, and when once the young men have grasped this, there will be no lack of enthusiasm on their part for the success of the work. This is the age of young men, and all they need is encouragement and counsel and some one to guide and work with them. The names of those who wish to enter the new sodality can be taken down before dispersing, and a day set for the next meeting. Thus a beginning has been made of the Sodality for young men, which is to prove a source of future blessings to every family in the parish. The result of the first meeting should be told to the congregation the following Sunday and a fresh appeal be made.

What is said of the young men applies, with modifying circumstances, to a sodality for married men, or young or married women, or to one embracing all classes.

When is the reception to be held?

The reception into the Sodality proper can not take place till the canonical diploma has been received. But whilst the applica-

¹ See PILGRIM for 1888, pages 131 and 157.

tion for the erection and diploma of affiliation is on its way to Europe, the Sodality is making itself familiar with the rules, holding its meetings, and organizing its offices. The new Sodalists enter at once on their probation and become *Postulants*. The reception as Postulants should be had at the second or third meeting. As the period of probation lasts two or three months, these will have finished their postulanship by the time the diploma arrives.

May there be more than one Sodality in the same city or town, or even in the same church?

Yes. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is not limited. The prescriptions of the Bull *Quæcumque*, of Clement VIII., allowing only one confraternity of the same name and like end to exist within a radius of three miles, do not apply to the Blessed Virgin's Sodality.² The decree of August 29, 1864, has authoritatively declared this. The reason of the exemption is the character and end of the Sodality, that all classes may have the privilege of enlisting under its banners. Mary Immaculate is the Mother of all. Humankind and its needs vary with the conditions of age, birth, color, education, nationality, profession, and social standing, and the object of the Sodality is to meet the desires of all who seek to cultivate a special devotion to our Mother.

Besides, the Sodality may interest itself in special works, adapted to the capacity of its members, like the noted Sodality of lawyers at Seville, Spain, which undertook to plead gratis the cases of the poor and strangers, or like two Sodalities of Cordova, the one having for its object the visiting of prisoners, the other the instruction of beggars and tramps. In the former Sodality of nobles at the Jesuit novitiate in the Faubourg Saint-Germain of Paris, a committee was appointed at each meeting to distribute alms the following fortnight in the hospitals. This is the same Sodality that had another formed for the footmen who, instead of idly lounging about during the two hours their masters were at the meeting, held their own meetings at the same time.

With us in America the Children of Mary—members of

² By the Rescript of March 21, 1885, Pope Leo XIII. has also taken away the restriction and allows several Associations of the *Bona Mors* in the same place.

convent sodalities and altogether like other sodalists, except in name—have in many cases taken up the work for poor churches as their special task. In one instance we know of, some of the members visit the almshouse to instruct the inmates, and supply them with Catholic papers and other material and spiritual comforts. So other sodalities may have their own special work.

TWO AMERICAN MARTYRDOMS OF MARCH.

FATHERS DE BRÉBEUF AND GABRIEL LALEMANT, MARTYRED BY
THE IROQUOIS IN CANADA ON THE 16TH AND 17TH
OF MARCH, RESPECTIVELY, 1649.

“**W**E treat thee as a friend, since we cause thee greater happiness on high. The more thou sufferest, the more will thy God reward thee. Thank us, then, for our goodness.”

It was the gibing of a band of Iroquois insulting a priest whom they were torturing at the stake. Full of Satanic cruelty, it was meant to add to his tortures; but it was as true as it was cruel, and its very truth gave to the priest his astounding intrepidity.

The priest was the Jesuit John de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission in Western Canada. The date was the 16th of March, 1649; the site of his tortures, the blackened and smouldering ruins of the mission of St. Ignace, not far from the present Georgian Bay.¹

Near the sturdy Father lay his delicate companion, Father Gabriel Lalemant, bound tightly in a coat of the bark of trees, and bleeding from a hundred wounds which the knives and hatchets of the Indians had inflicted on every portion of his body. Father Brébeuf had labored unweariedly amongst the Hurons for fifteen years, while Father Lalemant had scarcely been with them seven months; but God, in His inscrutable providence, was calling them both to their crowns on the same day.

The unfortunate Hurons had been harassed for many years by their implacable enemies, and the missionaries had been

¹ In the nearest present village—Penetanguishene—the Rev. Father Laboureau has for some years been building a handsome memorial church; we published his touching appeal for aid in the July PILGRIM, 1888 (page 162).

involved with them in their persecutions and privations. In 1645, however, a truce was agreed upon. The Hurons, many of whom were faithful Catholics, began to turn their attention to the arts of peace. The missionaries thought that their efforts would at last be unhampered, when, to their horror, a bloodier war than ever suddenly broke out. Late in 1646, the Mohawk Iroquois flagrantly violated the peace, murdered Father Isaac Jogues, and joining themselves to other Iroquois, especially the Senecas, advanced with fire, ambuscade, and butchery into the country about Lake Huron.²

In 1648, the Iroquois had reached the mission of St. Joseph and destroyed it utterly. The heroic Father Anthony Daniel had there been slain while baptizing his dying people, and the savages had washed their faces in his blood. They were bent on nothing less than the annihilation of the Hurons, and, elated at their success, pushed their dreadful work further and further. Yet they were not hasty. They were a thousand strong and felt that their prey was secure. Hence it was only the morning twilight of the 16th of March, 1649, when like so many demons they crept through the woods toward the unsuspecting town of St. Ignace.

The Huron braves of this town, with that incredible stupidity which marked the ruin of their nation, were out on the war-path or hunting, and four hundred old men, women, and children were left unprotected. The Iroquois stealthily examined the town. Its lofty palisades were protected on three sides by ravines, but on the fourth an entrance could be easily effected. Quick as thought the savages massed themselves there. Then with a devilish war-whoop that awakened every sleeper, they scaled the palisade or tore it down with their hatchets. The usual sickening slaughter followed. Men, women, and children, all were massacred except three, who managed to escape and fled wildly to give the alarm at St. Louis, three miles away. The Iroquois lingered only to wash their faces in blood, and then poured down upon St. Louis.

Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant were here. From the tale of the fugitives, and the recent memories of Fathers Jogues and Daniel, they foresaw what awaited them; but they stoutly refused the entreaties of the Hurons to fly. If it was not their place to use the gun or tomahawk, it was theirs to console and shrive the dying.

² See PILGRIM, 1885, and *Life of Father Jogues*, to be had at this office.

The Hurons made a gallant resistance, though not more than eighty of the seven hundred people were able-bodied warriors. Twice the Iroquois threw themselves against the palisades, yelling wildly; but twice the guns, stones, and arrows of the defenders repulsed them. Thirty of their number were slain and as many were badly wounded. A third time, however, they dashed up and tore open the palisades in several places with their hatchets. At every breach the desperate Hurons met them, but at last the full band forced their way in and fired the town amid a scene of dreadful carnage.

The two missionaries meantime had been hurrying to and fro, preparing the sick, the women and children, and the aged for what they knew was certain death. At times even they had mounted the palisades exhorting their faithful Christians to a noble resistance to the pagan and murderous Iroquois, though they themselves were careful never to handle a weapon. Everywhere they had been ministers at once of physical courage and divine consolation.

At last, the town was reduced to a heap of ruins, with many a helpless creature burned to death in his hut. Priest and Huron alike were stripped of their garments, bound fast, and dragged back to join the other prisoners who had been taken at St. Ignace.

As a token of what was in store for them, their nails were first torn from their fingers. They were then compelled to enter the village by running the gauntlet. Two rows of infuriated savages stood on either side of them and struck and stabbed them with every kind of weapon, till at the end their bleeding bodies were so many masses of wounds and bruises. A platform was next erected in the village—a scene so familiar to all who have read the story of Father Jogues—and there all the captives were bound for public torture.

The savages were especially delighted at having captured the priests, and the moment they heard the voice of Father Brébeuf exhorting the Huron Christians to courage and prayer, they began on his devoted body a series of tortures unparalleled even in the martyr days of Nero.

First they chopped off his hands and burned his body from head to foot with lighted torches. They watched his face intently

all the while to discover some show of weakness. The grand old missionary flinched not. On the contrary, high above their fiendish yells his voice was heard preaching to them and his fellow-captives. They tore away his under lip and drove a burning bar of iron down his throat. Not a sign of pain escaped him. For a while the savages were dumfounded at his supernatural endurance.

Then they dragged out Father Lalemant, covered with ghastly wounds and tied up with pieces of bark soaked in pitch, and forced the two priests to witness one another's torments. Lalemant threw himself at Brébeuf's feet.

"We are made a spectacle," he cried, "to the world, to angels, and to men."³

Enraged anew, the savages bound the young Father to a stake and fired the bark they had tied on his body. That instant God allowed him to feel how weak he was of himself. Naturally delicate and unused to the toils of the missionary life such as the hero Brébeuf had endured, the intense pain overcame him and with a shriek of agony he raised his hands beseechingly to heaven. The Iroquois were frantic with joy, but only for a moment. The sight of his Superior's calm face amidst tortures far more grievous, and the grace to suffer staunchly coming in answer to his prayer, Father Lalemant regained his self-command.

The savages now turned to wreak their final vengeance on Father Brébeuf. Dancing about him in a ring, they tore the flesh from his limbs and devoured it before his eyes. They drove red-hot hatchets into his arm-pits and hung a string of them round his neck. His unflinching bravery so exasperated them that they invented new torments to shake it.

"Ha! Echon," they cried, using his Indian name; "see how we love you; we torture you to make you happy. Let us baptize you."

This last suggestion was greeted with a yell of delight, and soon, tearing the scalp from his head, they three times poured a kettle of boiling water over him. The martyr's exhausted frame at last succumbed. Speechless but unshaken, after four hours of unspeakable torture, his head fell, and God received his noble spirit into everlasting repose. At once the torturers chopped off

³ Words of St. Paul, I. Corinthians, iv. 9.

his feet, and, tearing open his breast, drank his blood greedily, in the hopes of drinking in his courage. The final indignity was over when one of their chieftains, with the same object, tore out his heart and devoured it.

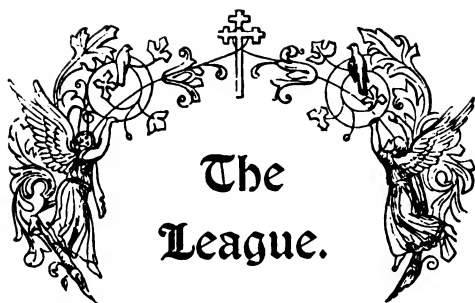
Father Brébeuf died on the evening of March 16th, 1649. Father Lalemant had been reserved for the morrow. All night long, he lay in the hut whither he had been taken, while his captors for scarcely a minute ceased to torture his delicate and quivering body. Not an inch of it was left unrent or unburned. Even his eyes were forced out and hot coals thrust into their sockets. The same scornful baptism was inflicted on him, and, before he was blinded, he too saw the Indians tear off his flesh and devour it.

Nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th of March found Father Lalemant still surviving, after seventeen hours of torment. Then the very Iroquois themselves grew weary of their cruelty, and clove his skull with an axe.

The missionaries at Sainte Marie received the news of the martyrdom on the 20th, and one of them was immediately despatched with seven French laymen to the ruins of St. Ignace. His road for three miles was strewn with corpses. It was not hard to distinguish the bodies of the priests, in spite of their awful disfigurement, and they were reverently carried back to Sainte Marie, where they were interred, "with such great consolation," wrote Father Ragueneau, the Superior, "and such tender feelings of devotion in those who assisted at the burial, that I know of none who did not sigh for, rather than fear, a similar death."

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since January 1st:

Mrs. Elizabeth Cotter, New York, N. Y.,	\$3.00
From sale of <i>Life of Father Jogues</i>	10.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Rev. E. Bononcini, Scammonville, Kansas,	3.00
Rev. A. J. Verberk, Little Chute, Wis.,	0.50
Friend, Marysville, Cal.,	5.00
Rosanna McDermott, Baltimore, Md.,	2.00
Rev. W. Gaston Payne, Norfolk, Va.,	1.00
—For the Chinese Children:	
Friend,	1.00
Joseph F. Travers, Jr., Boston, Mass.,	1.00



LETTER OF AN AMERICAN LAWYER.

I AM ashamed of our little progress, but you must know that we are in a very small and sporadic parish, having only a barn of a church.

You say that the value, if any, of the stray lines I send you is that they come from an "American lawyer." Well, let me say this from an American lawyer in full practice and who has been seventeen years at the bar.

I love the League. It seems to me, even humanly speaking, the most beautiful of ideas, this active, quivering, living union of hearts, joined to the Heart, the Fountain of love, of God Himself.

It is so simple in organization, so unburdensome, and yet you feel at once that you have joined a living association—a *league*—not a mere individual practice.

Then, again, it touches a vital part, the *heart*—not an intellectual abstraction—a thing of sympathy and feeling and action. It makes one feel like doing something: this something is so easy and yet so real.

Lastly it affects our *wills*—our acts—not merely our brain or our lips. It makes piety businesslike with a concrete object and a positive credit account, not a pure business of sighs. And it brings out spiritual union, the communion of souls, in such a *material, sensible* way, that it translates itself into a language we can all understand: it takes it down to our level, physical, material and vivid, by the image of the Heart of flesh in Which it is born and burns.

The love of God for man is *in itself* un-human or super-human, and, I fear, is not much more than a metaphysical abstraction with most of us. But the love of the Sacred Heart for us, loving us *after our fashion*, with pulsation and throbbing,

like a friend, like a brother—better than any friend or brother—*that* we can not only know but *feel*. And it is hard after this not to love those whom such a Heart loves, hard not to wish them well, to pray for them, to make some effort for them. It makes God our familiar, His friends our friends, and all of us a community of friends.

I feel as though I had personal acquaintance and fellowship with the last Chinese admitted to the League, and we had a mission together and common interests; and I would invite him to dine and talk over them with the greatest pleasure, and would wish him all good and all success, both body and soul. It is a regular Grand Army of the heart, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition, a glorious band with a standard and an object, a common tie, and a common conquest in sight.

BUSY WORKERS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*July 13, 1888.*—It is now about eight months since the establishment of the League in this place, and within that short time the Sacred Heart has wrought wonders, especially amongst the young girls and women of the parish. It is among the latter that we recruited our most zealous Promoters, some of whom are models of piety and devotion. Indeed it is in great part owing to their exertions that the League has spread so rapidly. We number now 260 Associates, most of whom have taken the 1st and 2d Degrees; whilst 109 have added the 3d and communicate, either on the first Sunday or the first Friday of the month. A certain number of the latter, won over no doubt by the victorious grace of the Sacred Heart, frequent the Sacraments once a week.

Our Rev. Pastor, himself much devoted to the Divine Heart, has consented to hear confessions on the eve of each First Friday, so that on that day we have the great consolation of beholding a little chosen band (which we hope and pray may soon swell) offering to our Divine Lord that special homage of reparation which He asked of Blessed Margaret Mary.

On that same day, the Promoters meet at the Convent and discuss together the best means of furthering the interests of the League; they conclude by making, in the Chapel, an act of con-

secration and reparation to the Sacred Heart. A general meeting of the League takes place on the first and third Sunday of the month, for the young girls, and on the second Sunday for the married women. This meeting is held in the school hall and is presided over by one of the Sisters. In a short time, we will endeavor to open a Treasury of Good Works for our Associates.

SR. J——.

NEW YORK.—*Convent of Mercy, Newburgh, Oct. 31st, 1888.*—On the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary we decided to have our boys receive the Badges, and, as this feast was that of the patron of the Sister who has immediate charge of the lads, we made a day of it. After Mass, which was said in the boys' chapel by our Reverend Chaplain, who is the local Director of the League, some Dominican Fathers, who were giving the mission at St. Mary's Church, drove up with the assistant priest and listened to some recitations and songs by our boys, and in turn addressed them. Rev. Fr. McKenna, O. S. D., and his companion remained for Benediction and the reception of the Badges. About three o'clock the Blessed Sacrament was taken from the Sisters' chapel to that of the boys and placed in the tabernacle when Fr. McKenna delivered a short and very impressive discourse suitable to the occasion.

After he had finished, the Sisters approached the communion rail two by two to receive the Badges, which had been previously blessed by the chaplain. Fr. McKenna gave them to the Sisters and women-assistants, and our chaplain bestowed them on his boys of whom he is justly proud. He has made them, by the grace of God, sturdy little men. Only the communicants, however, received the Badges. They number one hundred and thirty-five, making the sum total one hundred and seventy-five. The boys are working hard for the TREASURY.

OHIO.—*Ursuline Convent, Youngstown, June 30, 1888.*—Four hundred and eighty-eight children were received into the Holy League on the feast of the Sacred Heart, and the young ladies have taken seven hundred certificates of admission to distribute among the people. Rev. Father Mears appointed twenty-eight Promoters, and several will form Bands of Reparation. A very beautiful intention-frame, or rather calendar-frame with

box for Intention sheets attached, was placed in the vestibule of the church this week; and the Director's Diplomas were framed and placed in the sacristy. Within a few weeks I hope to have the Council with President, Secretary, Treasurer, etc., formed. I am anxious to have the League well established here; and as I am to return to Toledo about the end of July, I shall do all I can before that time. Another Directress will be appointed for the • Young Ladies' Sodality, and will undoubtedly be zealous for the success of the League.

SR. M. M. A.

A WORKING GIRL'S THANKSGIVING.—*Toledo, Ohio.*—

A working girl in the St. Vincent's Hospital here, who had been suffering from consumption, had arrived at what was believed her last hours and had received the Sacraments of the dying. On the eve of the first Friday in October, the priest, fearing she would not live till Sunday, when she was to receive with the Children of Mary as one of them, suggested to her to receive on the first Friday. In order to disguise his apprehensions, he added that perchance by the bounty of the Sacred Heart she might recover health; and in case of obtaining the favor, she would publish it in four different MESSENGERS and spend the remainder of her life in the service of God.

Though she longed rather to die, as she was prepared, yet to comply with the priest's suggestion she consented. From the very first Friday she began to rally, and this so rapidly that not many days after she was up and about, doing even some little work; and on All Saints', and All Souls' day (the first Friday in November) she received in the Chapel.

She is not completely restored; she had, of her own accord, asked only for a little more time for doing good, and especially for obtaining by suffering the grace of conversion for her father who is not a practical Catholic.

Perhaps the readers of the PILGRIM will be induced by this account, to help her by their prayers to obtain the conversion of her father and, please God, to recover completely the health she so generously offers for the return of a sinner.

I must not omit to say that, along with devotion to the Sacred Heart, confidence in Mary had its share in the favor.

CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES TO THE DIVINE HEART OF JESUS

UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

Explanation.

ALL Christians say daily to God our Father, in the prayer His Son our Lord Jesus Christ has taught us,—*Thy Kingdom come!* The Kingdom of God is in the hearts of men, *individually*, when their wills are obedient to His will, so that Jesus Christ is their true King. It is in the *societies* of men—families, communities, or nations—when they are ruled by God's law. *Thy Kingdom come!*—is the motto of the universal League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, called the Apostleship of Prayer; and it is the chief fruit of all true devotion to the Divine Heart to draw men's wills lovingly into obedience to the most holy Will of God their King.

On the 17th of June, 1689, our Lord Himself, in one of His revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary, asked for this *social* consecration of Christians to His Divine Heart. France then called itself the most Christian kingdom, but the invitation was unheeded. One hundred years later, day for day, on the 17th of June, 1789, began the great French Revolution, which has led the nations of the world to regard only the so-called Rights of Man and to neglect the law of God.

A second century, ending this present year, 1889, has not, generally at least, brought nearer the *official* consecration of *nations*, though the South American Republic of Ecuador, in the midst of civil and religious conflict, has proved a most happy exception. But the wide spread of the devotion, and of different associations, rendered possible the official consecration of nearly all the *dioceses* of the Christian Church, with the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., in 1875—the bi-centennial year of the great revelations concerning the Sacred Heart. May it not be hoped that this centenary of our Lord's appeal to the *societies* of men will at least find an answer in the consecration of Christian *families* to His Divine Heart? To realize this end, the following Act of Consecration is proposed to all Christian families.

ACT OF CONSECRATION.

Divine Heart of Jesus, behold us prostrate before Thee, in deepest gratitude for all Thy blessings and with fervent love for Thy unspeakable goodness.

To make answer to Thy call, and to hasten in our land the social rule of Thy adorable Heart, O Jesus, we consecrate to Thee, under the protection of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the patronage of St. Joseph, our entire family. May our home, like that of Nazareth, be the lasting abiding-place of honor, faith, charity, labor and prayer, and of household order and peace. Be Thou the Sovereign Rule of all our actions, and the watchful Protector of all our interests.

We consecrate to Thee, O Jesus of love, the trials and the joys, and all the happenings of our family life; and we beseech Thee to pour out Thy best blessings on all its members, absent and present, living and dead. We entrust them forever to the watchfulness of Thy Divine Heart; and, if one among them should ever have the unhappiness to grieve Thy holy love, we now make atonement for the sin. In the name of Thy Sacred Heart, O Jesus, accept our reparation and grant him mercy.

We pray Thee, also, for all the families of the world: guard the cradle of the new-born, the school of children, the vocation of youth; be strength to the weak, a staff to age, support to the widow, a father to orphans; do Thou Thyself watch in every home at the pillow of the sick and the dying.

But most of all, O Jesus, Thou fulness of mercy and of love, we beseech Thee to aid us in the hour of death; then more closely than ever before unite us to Thy Divine Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Thy gracious Mother; be our shelter and our refuge, and our resting-place; and when, one after the other, we shall have fallen asleep in Thy blessed bosom, O Jesus, may each of us in Paradise find again all his family unbroken in Thy Sacred Heart. *Amen.*

Notes.

1°. This consecration may be made by families at any time, either in common in church, or in their private houses;

2°. Families that desire can have their name inscribed on special *Lists*, which will be sent to their address on demand;

3°. The Lists having the names of families thus consecrated are to be returned to the Head Director of the League, to be handsomely bound up into the *Golden Books of the Sacred Heart*;

4°. These *Golden Books* will be deposited in the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial, where the great revelations of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary took place;

5°. In memory of this consecration, each family can procure at the office of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, at a very low price, a fine *engraving* suitable for framing. Such a picture of the Sacred Heart, religiously kept in every household, will make lasting the memory of the family-consecration.

May this *Consecration of Families* become truly popular and reach every Christian home. The families of poor and rich alike will find therein strength and consolation, and choice favors from the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary. *Mothers*, most of all, cannot too often repeat over, in the name of their family, a consecration that is so powerful a safeguard of the best interests of their beloved children.

Issued, with the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, by the Rev. Director General of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer.

[The Reverend clergy, members of religious communities, and the officers of pious societies or good works, and in particular, the Directors and Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart are invited to procure the inscription of the names of families, as given by the *father*, or *mother*, or *chief representative*, on the Lists, which will be sent on demand;—the above *Consecration*, 4-page leaflet, prayer-book size, 20 cents per 100;—the *Engraving of the Sacred Heart*, lithographed after the design on steel by Imlé, large size and thick paper, suitable for framing, \$5.00 per 100; single copies, or small numbers, 10 cents each. To be ready with the April *Rosary Tickets* (March 15th): timely notice is requested.]

REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J., AMERICAN HEAD DIRECTOR,
Messenger of the Sacred Heart,
114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Victims of Sensuality.



VERY man has two lives: one of the senses, to eat, drink, play and enjoy, and with this he begins as a child; the other of reason, to understand his duty in life and to live up to it, uprightly and honorably, facing difficulties and keeping at peace with God and man, and, since reason is Christian, to lead the life of faith, which is that of the Saints. Some men remain children always in their love of the life of the senses; and as this is against reason, they become unreasonable, and as it is against the law of God, which faith teaches, they become filled with sensual sins. All their thoughts go out to gratifying their appetites.

There is a grave reason why sins of sensuality are become more frequent in our day. It is easy to travel and see all sides of life; and the newspapers bring to everyone's door the knowledge and frequent thought of sins that St. Paul says are *not even to be named*¹ among Christians. Then comfort is now considered a necessity, and luxuries are easily obtained, while Christian mortification is little thought of. Besides, the pride and independence of life, to which men are trained from their youth up, prepare the soul for gross sins. For only the humble *fear of God is the beginning and lesson and root of wisdom*, even all wisdom itself.²

Yet the heart of the sensual man is still open to God's grace, and grace is given to prayer. Sensuality, it is true, hardens, but the soul wearies of its slavery; and the thought of death, when the senses shall rot away in corruption, gives a loathing for the unreasonable and un-Christian life of sin. That these thoughts, and the grace of purity given by God, may have their due effect among the poor victims of sensuality is the great need of the Church recommended this month to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart. *If any of you want wisdom, let him ask of God Who giveth to all men abundantly.*³ *Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.*⁴

[The attention of the Rev. Directors and of the Promoters of the League is called to the *Consecration of Families*, on the preceding pages.]

¹ Ephesians, v. 3.

² Psalm cx. 10; Proverbs, i. 7, xv. 33; Ecclesiasticus, i. 25, xix. 18.

³ St. James, i. 5.

⁴ St. Matthew, v. 8.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

APRIL, 1889.

No. 4.

APRIL.

(See *Messenger Calendar*.)



JESUS AND MARY AT PASSIONTIDE AND EASTER.—The last days of the Lenten season of sorrow and the beginning of the Easter joys come oftenest in April. This year the First Friday (5th) is kept in commemoration of the Precious Blood that flowed from the Sacred Heart of our Lord for our redemption. Behold, *we are bought with a great price.*¹ Passion Sunday (7th) sees the Church's altars clad in the purple of

mourning, which is to be her vesture during the two coming weeks—the most solemn of all the year.

Friday (12th) is kept in memory of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is properly the feast of Our Lady of Martyrs. The popular devotion venerates the Seven Dolors thus, after the Holy Gospels: 1.—When, at the Presentation of her Divine Son in the Temple, holy old Simeon prophesied—*Thy own soul a sword shall pierce;*² 2.—When Herod sought to slay her Son, and, at the warning of the Angel, St. Joseph *arose and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt;*³ 3.—When *the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and His parents knew it not,* and sought Him sorrowing three days;⁴ 4.—When Mary met her Son carrying His Cross; 5.—When, *after they were come to the place which is called Calvary, they crucified Him there;*⁵ 6.—When *one of the soldiers with a*

¹ I Corinthians, vi. 20.

² St. Luke, ii. 35.

³ St. Matthew, ii. 14.

⁴ St. Luke, ii. 43.

⁵ *id.*, xxiii. 33.

*spear opened His side and immediately there came out blood and water ;*⁶ 7.—When they took down the body of Christ, and *laid Him in a sepulchre which was hewed out of a rock.*⁷

On Palm Sunday (14th) green palms are blessed and borne in procession, as was done before our Saviour when he entered Jerusalem in triumph a few days before the fickle people turned against Him, and demanded His death. These blessed palms are burned the following year to furnish the ashes for Ash Wednesday. On this day also, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Good Friday in this week, which is properly called the Greater or Holy Week, the Passion is solemnly read from each of the four Gospels in turn. Wednesday popularly bears the name of Spy Wednesday, from the treason of Judas. Maundy Thursday has its name from the remembrance of a ceremony now in disuse in our countries, where the Washing of the Feet was solemnly performed by the priests and others in imitation of our Lord before the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. On this day the Holy Oils are consecrated by the Bishop. This day is also the proper feast of the Blessed Sacrament, though God has provided It should have a feast to Itself on Corpus Christi. On this day, however, the Blessed Sacrament is taken with great pomp from the altars and carried in procession to the Repository where It is placed for the adoration of the faithful until the next morning. On this day Christians, when able, love to receive their Easter Communion. On Good Friday the lights are put out, no Mass is said and all the ceremonies are of sorrow over the sins of men which have done their Saviour to death. The Blessed Sacrament is stored away even from the adoration of loving souls, and is given only to the dying. The devotion of the Three Hours' Agony is proper for this day.

Holy Saturday is Easter Eve, and already the Paschal Candle is brought forth and the lights enkindled from the blessed fire, and with Easter—*clearest of clear days*, sings the Church—all arise to new joy, and it must be hoped to a new Christian life. For those who remain in sin have no real Easter; for them Christ is neither born nor dead nor risen again. From this time the Alleluia is sung with redoubled praise of Christ, Who *rising again from the dead, dieth now no more.*⁸

⁶ St. John, xix. 34.

⁷ St. Mark, xv. 46.

⁸ Romans, vi. 9.

MEN SAINTS.—Of the Popes this month, Sts. Xystus I. (6th), Anicetus (17th), Soter and Caius (22d), and Cletus and Marcellinus (26th), were all called by God to fill the Chair of Peter, of whom Cletus indeed was the disciple and near successor, when to be the Head of Christ's Church was to be a martyr of Christ. St. Celestine I. (7th) sent missionaries to England, St. Patrick to Ireland, and defended the Mother of God against Nestorius. St. Leo I., called the Great, lived in the midst of wars and saw the threatened ruin of Rome. Twice he persuaded the barbarian conquerors—Attila the Hun, named the Scourge of God, and Genseric the Vandal—to spare the afflicted city of the Popes, where his successor—the Thirteenth of the name, and nearly a thousand and a half of years later—cannot find liberty or justice. St. Julius I. (12th) has remained a favorite in the baptismal names of Catholic people.

St. Francis of Paula founded the Order of *Minims*—in humility. St. Benedict, Moor (3d) was a colored Catholic—a Franciscan lay brother in Sicily, in the 16th century; he is often chosen as one of the patrons of his race though by no means their only Saint. St. Isidore, Doctor (4th) was a great teacher in God's Church. St. Justin Martyr (14th) was one of the first Christian philosophers. St. Benedict Joseph Labre (16th) has been the scandal of the modern world, since God led him by extraordinary inspiration to a life so contrary to the love of riches and sensuality. He died at the end of the last century, and one of the principal Puritan preachers of Boston was converted by the open and wonderful miracles wrought around his dead body. The whole sum of his life may be summed up in this—that he was wilfully, for his own greater abnegation and for the more complete love of God, in utter abandonment of self, a Beggar! St. George (23d) was a soldier and martyr under the last Pagan Emperors of Rome. He is the patron of England, and when that people was Catholic this Saint had national honor. St. Mark (25th) was the disciple of St. Peter, and his Gospel is considered to belong to the Prince of the Apostles. He founded Christianity in Egypt, and from him Alexandria became one of the four Patriarchal Sees; his bones were brought thence to Venice. He was martyred by being dragged to death over stony places. St. Turibius (27th) was Archbishop of Lima in South America, noted

19524

445113

for his charity to the poor and wretched, his zeal for the persecuted Indians, and his endeavors to reform the white colonists. After the late Baltimore Plenary Council his Mass was conceded to the priests in this country. St. Paul of the Cross (28th) died only the year before our American Independence. His name tells the starting-point and centre of his devotion, and the religious congregation he founded—the Passionist Fathers—keep alive among us the odor of his virtues. The fact that St. Peter Martyr (29th) was assassinated in the exercise of his office as Inquisitor, should make Catholics slow to believe the many harsh details thrown up against the Church in the name of history. God does not allow the Church to propose to the veneration of her children those who did not live and die in the defence of holiness.

WOMEN SAINTS.—St. Mary of Egypt, the Penitent (2d), expiated her sins for nearly fifty years in the desert. St. Juliana of Mont-Cornillon in Belgium was chosen by God to bring into His Church the special feast of the Blessed Sacrament, on Corpus Christi. St. Mechtilde was sister of the great St. Gertrude, and like her left many revelations of the love of the Sacred Heart. Blessed Crescentia (10th) was a Franciscan nun of the last century, whose wonderful life has lately been published in this country.* St. Ida (13th) was mother of the great Crusader Godfrey de Bouillon. Blessed Lidwine (15th), known as the Sufferer, led a life of bodily pain on a sick-bed for thirty-eight years, but with patience and joy in Christ.

PROMOTERS' PATRONS.—Both of these this month are of the great Order of St. Dominic—St. Vincent Ferrer, one of the greatest preachers since the time of the Apostles, and St. Catharine of Sienna, whose spiritual writings show the gifts of the Holy Ghost which made even Popes respect her warnings in their government of the Church.

* MESSENGER, 1883, and Benziger Brothers, N. Y.



A BOOK, FOR PEARLS.

By E. Carmel Hendry.

WE had resolved to celebrate the second anniversary of the foundation of our Temperance Society by starting a library; and each member had promised to bring as many books as he could to the meeting held on that occasion.

As the means of the most prosperous of us were but scanty, we did not expect a large number of volumes to be brought in, as a beginning: so when all our comrades, but one, had assembled, and it was found that their united contributions amounted to seventy books, we felt that we had done very well.

"I wonder if Mark Finney is going back on us," said Martin Carey, in allusion to the absentee. "Doesn't he approve of the scheme?"

"Approve! why, he was the first to propose it, man. See, here he comes now, staggering under the weight of the bundle he has brought."

The package was a large one, sure enough: and gathering around our favorite associate, we examined its contents with great interest. After we had done so, however, our enthusiasm waned, and an awkward silence fell upon the group, until John Todd gave voice to the general sentiment by saying:

"Why, Mark, old fellow, is it because you want us all to turn monks, that you have brought us such a lot of pious books? Why didn't you get something lively—'Handy Andy' or 'Willy Reilly' for instance?"

"I thought you might like serious reading at times," answered Mark. "I felt sure the other members would provide that which is entertaining and amusing."

"We working men don't find much time for reading pious books," said Dennis Barr. "We have to labor pretty steadily from morning till night; and if we snatch a few minutes for our prayers it's as much as we can do on week-days. If we get a little leisure at all, we want to read the papers, and find out what's going on in the world around us; or else something cheerful that will take our minds off our cares and trials."

"I manage to read my good book when I'm riding down to the store in the morning," said Mark. "The time is not long, I

admit, but I keep in mind an idea our good Archbishop gave us in one of his Sunday morning instructions. He said it was better not to task ourselves to read any set number of pages every day: but to resolve to give a certain amount of time to the exercise. Thus, he explained, we should be able to dwell with greater attention on any good thought suggested to us, that was particularly applicable to our individual spiritual necessities. So, knowing that I give all the time I can spare to this duty, I don't worry if I am able only to absorb a few pages; but I make an endeavor to read them with attention and profit. I tell you, boys, life don't seem so wearisome, or one's temper so hard to control, or one's temptations so powerful, when one's mind is fortified and consoled by the suggestions such books present to it."

Mark's speech was received without comment; and he, as if abashed at having been guilty of "preaching," said at length in a subdued tone:

"I don't think I ever told you, boys, of a queer affair that once happened to me in which a book of spiritual reading played a part. Would you like to hear the yarn?"

"By all means!" we cried in a breath, for Mark, having a talent for narrative, had often enlivened our meetings by his excellent stories.

"All right! I'll just take up the tale from the beginning. It will not require more than an hour to relate it."

My father was the foreman of a large factory in the little town of K—— which lies between this city and B——. He had been a widower from the time of brother Sam's birth, and my sister Carrie kept house for him and acted the part of mother to us boys. When Sam was twelve and I fourteen, father died, and left the burden of our support on Carrie, who managed, however, by dint of hard work at her trade of dressmaker, to give us each two years more of schooling.

When that time was up, Sam, having a turn for mechanics, got a good place in the factory; but I took to figures and writing, and could not find work in that line. In this difficulty, Carrie remembered that there was a Catholic merchant here—a Mr. Willis—who had at one time owned and run the factory, and with whom father had found great favor, so she wrote and asked him if he could give me employment.

This good gentleman answered at once that he would take me as clerk at a salary very fair for a beginner: and he added that he knew of a worthy widow, who would give me comfortable boarding on moderate terms. This kind letter filled our hearts with joy, and though it cost me a severe pang to separate myself from my dear brother and sister, it was yet with a thankful spirit that I set out on my new career.

Mr. Willis proved the best of friends; and I became so attached to him, and so interested in my duties in his service, that I allowed two years to pass, during which I suffered innumerable pangs of home sickness, without asking leave of absence to visit Carrie and Sam. Under these circumstances, you may be sure that I was overjoyed, when, one February afternoon, my employer sent for me, and asked me if I did not want to attend to a little matter for him in my native village.

After I had joyfully signified my readiness to do so, he said: "You know, Mark, how high is the reputation of old Mr. Crown of your place, as a jeweller. He could obtain a most lucrative position here or in New York, were he not unwilling to leave his quiet village. A month ago I sent him by express two large valuable pearls, which I wished to have set as ear-rings for my daughter. Yesterday he sent me word that they were ready and that he waited my orders to express them back. I cannot help laughing at myself for such folly, but I don't feel easy about having those gems returned by express, and for this reason I have made up my mind to send you for them. Here is a letter to Mr. Crown authorizing him to give you the jewels; and here is money to pay for them, and to cover your expenses. Do not delay, Mark, there is a good boy. Take the earliest train to-morrow which will reach K—— by noon; and you will have plenty of time to see your folks and Mr. Crown before nine o'clock. Then by making the express that leaves at that hour, you can be here by four in the morning."

After arriving at K—— I spent several hours with Carrie and Sam—who happened to have a half-holiday—and then called on Mr. Crown. He gave me a kind reception, and after showing me the trinkets, which were wonderfully fine, he rolled them up in cotton and placed them in a box which he carefully sealed and handed to me. This box I put into the breast-pocket of my over-

coat and hurried home to spend there the precious moments that remained to me. On entering the house, I heard the sound of familiar voices coming from the parlor, but before going in, being mindful of the pearls, I laid my overcoat on the table in my sister's work-room, which I imagined was a safer place than the hat-rack in the entry.

I found the visitors were two old friends, mother and daughter, who had dropped in to invite us all to take tea at their house that evening. Carrie and I excused ourselves, but Sam accepted the invitation, and after making his toilet, bade me good-bye and left the house with the ladies.

Carrie and I talked over many things until nine o'clock drew near, and I had to tear myself away. On reaching the entry, I was startled to see that some one had removed my overcoat from the place where I had left it, to the hat-rack: but as I felt for the box containing the ear-rings and found it was in the pocket where I had deposited it, I gave no further heed to the matter.

The cars were unusually crowded that night, and I got the last seat that was to be had, the one beside me being occupied by a desperate-looking man who eyed me in a way that made me feel far from comfortable. In view of his vicinity I tried to overcome the drowsiness that soon began to creep over me; but despite my efforts, I finally dozed away, to feel, just as the spell of sleep was deepening, a wet sponge placed over my mouth, and an influence against which I was helpless gaining complete control over me. I have no idea how long it was before I was aroused by a rough shaking and a dash of cold water in my face, to find that the conductor and porter were standing over me, and that they and I were the only occupants of the coach.

"Have I overslept myself?" I asked languidly, for I felt ill.

"Worse than that, young man. You've been chloroformed," said the conductor in a troubled tone, "robbed too. See how the thief has cut your coat so as to get at your pocket. It's the second affair of the kind that has occurred within three weeks, in this very car, too."

With a sense of terror I put my hand to my breast-pocket, and found, as the official had said, that my coat had been cut, and my pocket rifled of the precious packet containing the pearl ear-rings.

"I am ruined!" I said helplessly. "I have been robbed of an article of great value—the property of another confided to my care. What shall I do?"

"You're too ill from the effects of the chloroform to do much just now, young man," the conductor answered. "Go home, take some simple restorative, and lie down until you feel better. Then go and talk to this gentleman," and he gave me a written card.

I left the station and made my way as well as I could to my boarding house. My landlady was up, it being market day, and seeing how ill I was, made me a cup of coffee and advised me to go to bed. I did so, and after wrestling for a time with my mental and physical suffering, I fell into a troubled sleep, which was broken by the sound of a voice that said:

"Poor fellow! I fear he has been greatly worried."

I opened my eyes in dismay. Surely it was my sister Carrie who had spoken! Yes, there she stood dressed in her usual prim style, and grasping a small satchel tightly in her hand.

"I have come to tell you, Mark," were her first words, "that Miss Willis's ear-rings are safe."

"Then the thief has been caught already!" I exclaimed, starting up.

"Thief! I don't understand," she answered in bewilderment.

"Why, Carrie, I was chloroformed in the cars and robbed of the box containing the jewels. See, here is where the thief cut my coat."

"Not your coat, Mark, it was Sam's that you took by mistake; and the package was not the box with the ear-rings in, but a little book of spiritual reading that I put there as a present for you. I wanted it to be a surprise, so finding your coat, as I thought, on the hat-rack, I slipped the book into the pocket. Sam, in his hurry to accompany Mrs. Day and Lucy, picked up your coat—which he supposed was his own—from the work-table, and put it on. The mistake was a natural one, as the garments are exactly alike, and I had promised to sew on a missing button, which he found in its place—on your coat. You had not been gone half an hour, when the poor boy came scampering home, greatly scared at having found the box, with Mr. Crown's seal on it, in his possession. Fortunately, we found that an extra train was to be run last evening. I took it, arriving here about twenty minutes ago,

and I cannot tell you how glad I am to be able to relieve your mind."

An hour later the box was in Mr. Willis's hands, and he expressed himself well satisfied with the manner in which Mr. Crown had done the work. I felt constrained to tell him of my adventure, and he listened kindly, sympathized with me on account of the suffering I had undergone, and, in compensation, raised me to a better position in his employment.

DISCOVERY OF A JAPANESE SAINT'S DESCENDANTS.

ST. JAMES KISAI, S. J., CRUCIFIED AT NAGASAKI,
February 5, 1597.

A VERY interesting discovery has just been made in Japan by the Fathers of the Foreign Missions near their parish of Okayama in the province of Bizen. Mgr. Midon, the Superior of the mission, writes that in the village of Haga-mura, not far from Okayama, there are now living the descendants of the famous Japanese martyr, Saint James Ichikawa Kizaemon, or, as he is known amongst Europeans, Saint James Kisai.

This venerable servant of God was a lay brother in the Society of Jesus, and one of the twenty-six martyrs of Japan who were crucified during the reign of Tycosama at Nagasaki on the 5th of February, 1597. His history is inseparable from the history of early Christianity in his native land.

In less than forty years after the arrival of Saint Francis Xavier in Japan, in 1549, the Christian converts numbered more than two hundred thousand. The Saint himself had converted whole provinces, and in 1582 the kings of Arima, Bungo, and Omura sent ambassadors to offer their homage and submission in spiritual matters to Pope Gregory XIII.

In 1588, however, violent persecutions arose against the Christians. The Emperor Cambacundono wished to be worshipped as a god, and gave the Jesuit missionaries six months' time to leave the kingdom. To avoid suspicion a number of them did so, but many remained, assuming various disguises and

laboring everywhere to comfort their suffering people. Persecutions broke out again in 1593, and several of the Christians endured martyrdom.

Under Tycosama the persecution raged with special fury. The mind of this monarch had been filled with a terror of the Christian religion, brought on by the lies which certain Dutch merchants had told him. They represented the missionaries as secret envoys of Spain and Portugal. In spreading Christianity, they said, these priests are only paving the way for the conquest of your country by their sovereigns.

St. James Kisai was one of the twenty-six whom he first slaughtered. James was a Christian of long standing, and for some years before his death had earnestly sought admission into the Society of Jesus. His old age—he was then over sixty—was a serious obstacle to this, and to compensate for his ill-success he served the Society gratis in the capacity of porter.

Being a man of education, he made a most efficient catechist and was of inestimable service to the Fathers in their work for souls. His sanctity was of the most winning kind, while his spirit of penance was carried to extremes in fasting and other bodily austerities. He translated the Gospels into Japanese, reserving one handsomely illuminated copy for himself. The life of Christ was his constant study, and he always carried his precious little volume about with him.

"I want to learn," he said, "how to die."

How well he had learned his lesson was shown in the persecution of Tycosama.

Twenty-six Christians—including six Franciscans, three Jesuits, and, amongst others, three altar-boys, Anthony, Thomas, and Louis, aged from ten to fifteen years—were arrested and carried through a number of towns to terrify the other Christians.

While they were in prison James had the indescribable happiness of being admitted into the Society of Jesus, together with the young scholastic, Saint John de Goto. This privilege was conferred upon them by the Superior, Saint Paul Miki, a native Japanese like themselves.

The details of the glorious martyrdom read like a chapter in the history of the early Church. We are obliged, however, for the present to pass them over rapidly, only remarking that it was

here that our Mexican Saint, the Franciscan priest, Philip of Jesus, met his death. Lady Georgiana Fullerton has woven her touching story of *Laurentia* from the facts of the martyrdom.

On a hill overlooking the bay of Nagasaki, twenty-six crosses were erected about four feet apart, and to these the martyrs were fastened by ropes and chains about their arms and feet and iron collars about their necks. They burst out into hymns of thanksgiving as they realized that at last Almighty God was to accept their great sacrifice. Then at a given signal the executioners pierced their sides with lances till all expired.

In December 1866, Pope Pius IX. canonized every member of the glorious band.

The history of Christianity in Japan after this is a sad one. A period of peace followed, it is true, during which the Jesuit missionaries converted two hundred and four thousand in eight years; but in 1614 the persecutions were renewed under Daifusama, and his successors Xongun and Toxungun followed his evil example. Countless martyrs adorned the Church's history, after enduring the most excruciating tortures. At length, in 1642, five Jesuits who had entered the country secretly were discovered and put to death, and the Christian religion seemed annihilated.

Repeated efforts were made by the missionaries to regain admission, but for long years in vain. In 1858, however, Japan made a commercial treaty with France, by which certain ports were to be free to that nation and its representatives allowed the exercise of their religion. This was an entering wedge.

A chapel was built for the French at Yokohama in 1861, and another at Nagasaki in 1863, but it was not until 1865 that anything like a revival of Christianity can be said to have taken place in the country.

On the 17th of March of that year some fifteen Japanese presented themselves to Rev. M. Petitjean, the pastor at Nagasaki, and, to his amazement, he discovered that they were Christians. They recognized all the Catholic pictures and knew the chief prayers by heart. During the long years of darkness, the Christians of Japan in out-of-the-way villages had faithfully kept up the knowledge and, as far as possible, the practices of Holy Church.

One month later, fifteen hundred more presented themselves

with the same incredibly beautiful story. One month later still, a similar deputation came from a neighboring island, and told them of thousands of Christians all over Japan who had preserved the Faith like themselves. The catechist of this last band put M. Petitjean a test question, to discover whether he was really such a priest as Japan had formerly known.

"Have you any children?" he inquired.

"No," said M. Petitjean, "none except yourselves and all Christians. Like the old missionaries in Japan, we priests can never marry."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the good people, bowing to the ground in joy and gratitude. "They are virgins!"

By the 8th of June, M. Petitjean had discovered twenty such centres of Christianity. In October of the following year he was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Japan, and speedily but surreptitiously the good work of reviving the Church went on. The government was aroused, and persecuted the Christians in many ways, even in one case putting the people of an entire village in jail.

By degrees, however, this severity relaxed, though occasionally showing itself, until in 1873 the government ordered all the decrees of persecution to be taken down from the public places. On August 11th, 1884, its enlightened policy may be said to have culminated in a decree of the Emperor Sandjo Sanetomi, dated from Tokio, declaring the Shintoist and Buddhist priests to be no longer State functionaries. With these bitter persecutors thus crippled, the Church is practically free in Japan.

Hardly had this decree been published when Mgr. Petitjean breathed his last. Truly had the blood of Saint James Kisai and his martyr companions been the seed of the Japanese Church!

To return to Okayama and the descendant of Saint James Kisai—Okayama may be taken as a type of the missionary fields in Japan to-day. The seeds of the revived religion were sown here about three years ago by M. Vasselon, of the Fathers of the Foreign Missions, who had first engaged himself in the service of a Japanese gentleman as a professor of French. By this means he gained a certain esteem by which he was not slow in profiting. The number of converts was quite gratifying at the outset, but when the zealous priest baptized the whole family of the Prefect

of the town, the Prefect alone excepted, the impression was so profound that the people flocked to the missionary for instruction.

The congregation numbers to-day three hundred, of whom about two hundred M. Vasselon himself baptized. During the past year, his successor, M. Luneau, baptized some sixty-eight others.

In writing of Okayama, Mgr. Midon says that the zeal of M. Luneau is ably seconded by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus from Chauffailles, in France, and by a very intelligent corps of catechists.

Thanks to the Sisters and their pupils, M. Luneau is able to sing High Mass and give solemn Benediction on feast-days in the convent chapel, at present the only place of public worship. These services always attract a large number of Japanese. One feels that he is in the midst of serious and practical Catholics. He breathes a Christian atmosphere which gladdens his heart, and he cannot but regret that these edifying neophytes have not some more imposing place of worship.

The Protestants have already erected a church in the town, and the Catholics really cannot afford to remain much longer their inferiors. A church of itself, says Mgr. Midon, possesses an eloquence which will contribute greatly to the strengthening of the movement already begun.

St. James Kisai (or Ichikawa Kizaemon, as the Japanese generally call him) was chosen as the patron saint of Okayama. He was a native of this part of the country, being born in Hagama-mura, a village about six miles from Okayama. Efforts had often been made in vain to discover some traces of his descendants, when suddenly a young man of Hagama-mura presented himself for baptism to M. Luneau on the 17th of March. This day Mgr. Midon calls a day forever to be blessed in Japan; for on that day, twenty-three years previously, Mgr. Petitjean had made his first discovery of the descendants of the old Japanese Christians.

In conversation with the young man, M. Luneau learned many facts concerning Saint James and his present descendants. The young man was given in charge to one of the cleverest catechists, and gladly consented to be his guide in Hagama-mura.

Several days later, the two repaired to the village and there met the family of the Saint. The family proudly told how they

had treasured the memory of the martyr in their household, and seemed to be enchanted at learning of his great glory. They then showed the catechist the ruins of the house in which St. James once dwelt, near a fountain, which they also said had belonged to him. The old word for Christian, *Kirusitan*, has survived in the neighborhood. It is by this name that they call a group of trees on the property of the family.

The catechist cordially invited the family to come to Okayama for the feast of Easter, but they did not appear. M. Luneau then sent two other catechists to give them a most pressing invitation, but the good dispositions which several members of the family had shown were regarded in an evil light by the people of Haga-mura.

"Hell is afraid!" exclaimed M. Luneau. "This is a good sign, let us hope. I yearn for nothing so much as to establish the Faith in Haga-mura and convert the descendants of our saintly Patron."

After this disappointment, the young man who had introduced the catechists to the family, and upon whom the missionary had relied a great deal for their conversion, was drafted into the army. Before his departure, however, he did his duty well, and on the feast of the Assumption, August 15th, M. Luneau was amazed to receive a visit from the very patriarch of the family, Ichikawa Sadagoro.

"This old gentleman," says M. Luneau, "has the air of a very estimable person. He spent the day with us at the house, and did not leave until about nine o'clock in the evening, that is, until after the instruction and Benediction. This certainly ought to make him a Christian. There are in his family a number of boys and girls, and as soon as I find a chance, I shall try to bring them here and place some of them, for a time at least, under the care of the Sisters. It is a work which cannot fail to please our holy Patron and draw down the blessings of heaven upon us."

May it please God to grant the fervent missionary the desires of his heart. The enemy of man is bestirring himself once more in Haga-mura, but, thanks to the martyr blood of 1597, the stock of the old Japanese olive which seemed dead will revive and the young branches bear fruits of salvation again.

Saint James Kisaï, pray for us and thy descendants and their people!

THE DYING SAINT AND THE POPE.

SAINT PAUL OF THE CROSS,

Founder of the Passionists, died October 13, 1775, feast 28 April.

ONE day the great Saint Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Passion, was climbing the mountain of Argentaro. His head was uncovered, as was his wont, his body was wrapped in a rough and faded tunic, and his bare feet were soiled and bleeding from his journey.

He had just closed a mission among some country folk, and was now setting off to continue his labors in other parts. Pledged to follow Christ and preach the glory of His sacred Cross, he carried with him neither scrip nor staff.

If he was hungry, a crust begged at a peasant's hut, or a few herbs gathered by the wayside, was ample nourishment. If at night no kindly shelter was at hand, his tunic gathered close around him protected him from the dews, a spreading tree shaded his eyes from starlight or moonlight, and, like Jacob, a stone served him as his pillow.

To follow the Master in cold and hunger and nakedness, and all the while to go about doing good, was the only ambition of Saint Paul's life. If he had founded an Order of priests and erected houses for them, it was only that others might be won to imitate him.

*"I judged not myself to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified,"*¹ was the key to the Saint's sublime achievements.

This day, however, Saint Paul, as true lovers of God are sometimes sure to do, overtaxed his strength. He felt his tired limbs give way. Violent convulsions shook his frame, and in an agony he fell to the earth. He thought his last hour had come, and then his exalted and childlike faith burst out into an earnest and passionate prayer.

"O my Lord," he cried, "let me not die in this lonely place, afar from my brethren whose presence will teach me so well how to die."

This was all he said, but scarcely had the words died away

¹ I Corinthians, ii. 2.

on his lips when his prayer was granted. He felt himself lifted by invisible arms and carried like a flash across the mountain.

He did not wonder. The Saints are never surprised when their prayers are answered. He opened his eyes, so heavy with fatigue, and beheld two angels bearing him aloft.

Over boiling torrents they flew, along dark defiles that were haunted by brigands, and finally, though it was as quickly done as the winking of an eye, they laid him softly at the door of his monastery.

Instead of dying Saint Paul of the Cross soon regained his health under the loving care of his brethren. Not long afterward Clement XIV. succeeded to the Pope's tiara. Many years previously, the Saint had prophesied his election, and the Pontiff always held the humble missionary in the highest esteem. He accorded to his Congregation of the Sacred Passion the solemn canonical institution, and granted it other signal favors in divers ways.

Then Pope Clement called Saint Paul, in spite of his protestations, to preach the story of the Passion in one of the greatest basilicas in Rome. Saint Paul was wellnigh eighty years of age, but when he raised his voice to preach in the church of St. Mary in Trastevere, the crowds that flocked to hear him filled the great edifice and the square in front of it and extended down into all the neighboring streets.

A second time the Saint fell ill, and the doctors said no earthly cure was possible. The aged priest's eyes glistened with heavenly expectation. He was now at length, so he thought, to enjoy the vision of the Sacred Wounds in Paradise. But again his well-pleased Saviour extended the time of his pilgrimage.

Two of his brethren hastened to the Pope to implore his blessing for their dying founder. Clement was grieved to the heart at the tidings of Saint Paul's illness. The separation from his wise and venerable counsellor was more than he could bear.

"I give Paul my blessing," he replied, "but I add to it an order of holy obedience. Tell him I do not want him to die just now. He must wait for some years longer."

On receiving this order, Saint Paul of the Cross burst into tears; but, keen as his disappointment was, still he would not shrink from labor at the call of obedience—he lived on!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

HAIL, Saints of Ireland, peerless band!
No other clime can show
A brighter crown than that which gleams
Upon St. Patrick's brow.
Five hundred names are flashing there
Of heroes, faith-renowned;
Thro' them thy fame, O Isle of Saints,
Has circled earth around.

But who may count those other lights
That cluster round each star—
The Martyrs and Confessors brave
Through centuries of war?
Unknown to earth their humble names;
But well do angels know,
And chant them in the strains that blend
Their Church with ours below.

Mother of many nations! Thou
To God hast brought them forth;
No King, or Cæsar's patronage,
Has helped that second birth.
The Irish priest worked in the strength
Born of St. Patrick's sod—
His title held from Rome, his wealth,
A boundless trust in God.

Like Mary in rude Bethlehem,
Thy glory is unseen;
Like Mary, too, on Calvary,
Thy tears have made thee Queen.
Brave Mother-land, full long thou'st borne
The Cross, with patient pain!
O Saints of Erin, speed from God
The dawn of Freedom's reign!

M. L. M.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

ITS ORGANIZATION—OFFICERS AND COUNCIL.

How is the Sodality organized?

By the election of officers. This should take place at the second or third meeting after the Sodality's formation.

The Sodality is an *organized, complete, and independent* society, and its future efficiency depends on its organization. In this respect it differs, for instance, from a Third Order which, though organized, is neither complete nor independent, since it depends for its government on the religious order with which it is connected.

It is *organized*, for the reason that its chief officer, the Director, must see there is a certain order and interdependence among the members who freely submit to his guidance.

It is *complete*, because the Director has with him a body of assisting officers who are authorized to carry out all the prescribed duties.

It is *independent*, for the end of the Sodality is distinct from the general end of the Society of Jesus, under whose protection the Church has placed it. The Father General, as its supreme moderator, is to safeguard its spirit and constitutions, to ward off misdirection of aim or laxity in its practices, and to procure for it new privileges, as he did on the occasion of its Tercentenary when a Plenary Indulgence was obtained for the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. But the local government is left, with the consent of the Ordinary, to the Director and his subordinate officers.

What are the offices?

Director, Prefect, First and Second Assistant-prefects, Secretary, Consultors, Master of Novices (sometimes called Instructor of Candidates), Treasurer, Librarian, Sacristan, Reader, and Porter.

The Director is *always* a priest,¹ and holds his position immediately from the Ordinary. Not even the Vicar General has power to appoint him, unless specially delegated to do so.²

The Prefect and his Assistants are elected by the vote of the general Sodality. The method of election is given in approved *Manuals* of the Sodality.³

The Consultors are appointed by the Director with the counsel of the Prefects. The other officers are selected by the Director also, with the joint advice of the Prefects and Consultors. The Consultors, twelve or six according to the number of sodalists, may hold the position of secretary, treasurer, or any of the other minor offices: in fact, the secretary should be one of the consultors. The election is held once, or at most twice, a year. In case of death, inability, or removal of an officer, the Director may appoint a substitute, even for the office of prefect. The Prefect takes precedence in rank and office, and claims the first place after the Director. He has charge of the Sodality, though he is subject in all things to the Director, without whose knowledge and approval he may introduce no change.

What qualities should the officers possess?

In a moral body example rules more effectively than law and, as the Sodality is a moral body, the first requisite in its officers is virtue. Energy and prudence, popularity and social standing are enhancing adjuncts, but they will not supply the place of virtue. The Prefect and his Assistants especially should be qualified by fidelity and piety to represent the chief officers of the Sodality. The spirit of the Sodality is the same now as it was when St. Aloysius, St. John Berchmans, St. Francis de Sales, St. John Baptist de Rossi, Blessed de Montfort, and others hardly less distinguished held the office of Prefect. A sure sign of a person's unfitness for the prefectship is his seeking for it. Cases

¹ In convents, the Sister in charge of the Children of Mary is called Directress by courtesy, because she acts, in certain non-essentials, for the regularly appointed Director.

² The *Forms of Approbation* furnished by the MESSENGER office for the signature of the Ordinary are so worded that the office of Director is given to the pastor and his successors, with the privilege of delegating some other priest.

³ Father Cullen's *Manual* (McGill & Son, O'Connell Street, Dublin), is clear and accurate, and defines each officer's duties.

have been known where persons have canvassed for the office, as is done for a political office, and it is not surprising to hear that afterward the Sodality lost the esteem of the people in the congregation, and, in its rapidly downward course, seemed to have forgotten "the more than ordinary piety and special devotion to the Blessed Virgin" which Sodalists should cultivate. Not dignity of office, but piety of heart, honors Mary most. On the other hand, should the votes of his fellow-sodalists call one to the prefectship, he should not demur.

What is the Council?

The Council is composed of the Director, the Prefects and Consultors. It meets, whenever necessity may call for it, for the purpose of consulting together on matters affecting the proper administration and welfare of the Sodality. It is at these consultations the interest and alertness of the officers will be manifest, the rigor of the rules maintained, the spirit of union fostered, zeal stimulated, and plans for the general good of the Sodality devised. It belongs to the Council to nominate the three candidates who are to be voted for as the Prefect and his two Assistants. As the Council is, such will the Sodality be.

OUR FIRST MARTYR.

FATHER JOHN DE PADILLA, FRANCISCAN, SLAIN IN NEW MEXICO,
APRIL, 1542.

THE protomartyr of our present territory—the first of the many heroes to be butchered by the savage men to whom they had come as heralds of eternal peace, the leader of the white-robed army whose blood has been the seed of so much glory to Holy Church in America—was the Franciscan friar, Father John de Padilla.

Father de Padilla was born beneath the sunny skies of Andalusia, in Spain. His early training had been to the profession of a soldier, but his feelings soon revolted at the scenes of slaughter and vice so common in the army. He did not shrink from hardships. He proved in after life that no soldier could surpass him in bravery and endurance. He did recoil, however, from destroy-

ing the temporal life of his fellow-men, which, alas! so often meant as well their eternal life. Instead of such a profession, he felt an inspiration from God to labor at the work of raising souls from the death of sin, and to breathe into their hearts the only true life, the knowledge and love of God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent.

America was at this time but freshly discovered. Cortez had hardly completed his conquest of Mexico, and all Spain was talking of the riches of that country. For the young Padilla it had a charm infinitely surpassing the glitter of gold.

Mexico and the surrounding nations were plunged in spiritual darkness. There an enviable field lay open for the conversion of souls. He blessed God for the opportunity, and, setting sail for Mexico, begged and obtained admission into the Franciscan Order in the Province of the Holy Ghost.

On being ordained priest, Father de Padilla was first appointed guardian of the Franciscan Convent at Tulantzinco. Giving proof in this office of his intimate union with God and his thorough reliability in all things, his superiors were not loth to grant him the most cherished desire of his heart, a mission amongst the Indians.

Here it was that he began his labors with the renowned Franciscan, Father Mark of Nice, to whom under God he was one day to owe the exalted privilege of martyrdom.

Father Mark of Nice was, as his name implies, a native of Nice in Italy, and was famous in the New World as the foremost explorer and missionary in New Mexico. Previously, he had been no less famous in San Domingo, Peru, and Mexico, having been Provincial of his Order in the last-named country.

When, therefore, in 1538, the enlightened viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, planned his expedition into the present New Mexico, he was overjoyed to find at his service such a veteran explorer and missionary. Mendoza's expeditions were all distinguished by their humanity, fairness, and anxiety to advance the spiritual welfare of the Indians. Amongst other noble deeds, he strictly forbade the enslavement of the natives.

"If it should please our Lord," he said in his instructions to Father Mark, who was to explore the country in advance of the Spanish officers, "to discover to you any great city where you

think there is a good chance of establishing your Order, let me know by messengers or come in person to Culucan. Give me notice without delay so that I can send on the missionaries. The service of God and the good of the Indians are all we desire in establishing ourselves amongst them."

Father Mark set out on March 7, 1539, with several Indian guides. After travelling many days, crossing several deserts and delightful valleys, his party came to a halt, about May 21, near the walled town of Cibola. The people of this town were wealthy and comparatively civilized, but they refused to receive Father Mark's advance-guide, Stephen, and, on his persevering in his efforts to pacify them, murdered him and all his companions but one. Father Mark, however, in spite of his danger, resolved at least to see the town. He came within sight of it, but, finding the people obdurate and ferocious, he planted a cross on a neighboring hill and then sadly returned to the viceroy at Culucan.

"Father Mark," says John Gilmary Shea, in his *Catholic Church in Colonial Days*, to which we are indebted for the facts of our narrative, "thus stands in history as the earliest of the priestly explorers who, unarmed and afoot, penetrated into the heart of the country, in advance of all Europeans—a barefooted friar effecting more, as Viceroy Mendoza wrote, than well-armed parties of Spaniards had been able to accomplish. The point reached by Father Mark was certainly one of the towns of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, whose remarkable dwellings and progress in civilization he was the first to make known."

The Viceroy now gave orders to his general Francis de Coronado to take possession of the country in the name of the Spanish crown. Among the Franciscans who accompanied Coronado was Father John de Padilla.

Cibola and its seven dependent towns, besides a number of other towns were speedily taken, with some struggles but without much bloodshed. The country, however, did not abound in the mineral wealth the Spaniards had supposed, and in April, 1542, Coronado led his men into the Province of Quivira, which he was assured was rich in gold.

Coronado and his band, we may remark, were the first to see and describe the American bison.

While crossing the bison plains, they came upon several tribes of Indians who lived by hunting these animals, but Quivira proved to be as poor as Cibola. Disgusted with his ill success, Coronado returned to his viceroy in the following year.

His return filled Father de Padilla with grief, and the ardent missionary besought permission to remain among the Indians. He found them gentle and industrious and saw a great future before them under the influence of the true Faith. Brother John of the Cross, a holy lay brother who had been known in the world as Luis de Escalona, joined him in his appeal.

Coronado readily consented, and left them some live stock and other provisions. He also detailed a Portuguese, Andrew del Campo, and a negro and two Zapoteca Indians, members of the Third Order of St. Francis, to remain with the Father.

Father de Padilla started with these companions for Quivira, while Brother John of the Cross directed his steps toward Cicuyé, the country of the Pecos of the present day. This good brother intended to prepare the way for the priest in that region, but his fate is shrouded in mystery. He said he felt that he would sooner or later be murdered by the savages, and he probably died a martyr's death.

Quivira responded ill to the missionary's heartiest endeavors. He was in great distress at the apathy of the people, when he was told of a neighboring tribe whose mild disposition seemed to promise a more grateful soil. His hopes revived at once, and he joyfully pushed on to this new field, but God did not allow him to reach it. His good will was all that God required. His soul was now ripe for heaven, and God was to call him to his everlasting crown.

The missionaries were not long on the plains when a band of savages bore down upon them with wild whoops that betokened their deadly designs. Flight seemed wellnigh impossible, but Father Padilla's coolness and charity did not desert him.

"Fly!" he cried to Del Campo, who was on horseback; "and you, my dear brothers," he said to the negro and the Indians, "fly while you have the chance."

Del Campo needed no urging, but putting spurs to his horse was soon out of sight. The three religious fled only far enough to be safely concealed amid the prairie-grass, where they waited in dreadful suspense till they felt that the savages had departed.

Meantime, Father de Padilla had fallen on his knees. He raised his eyes to heaven and implored God's mercy on himself and the poor Indians, and in the midst of his prayer he fell on his face, pierced by a dozen arrows.

He had shown the love greater than which *no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*¹

His brethren soon returned and sorrowfully laid his body in the earth which he had sought in vain to evangelize. For forty years afterward the mission of New Mexico remained deserted. It was then revived by another saintly Franciscan lay brother, Augustine Rodriguez.

I want to tell you for your pleasure, as it was mine, a little story. I gave one of the Promoters a charming little colored print of St. John Berchmans which Father M—— kindly sent me. She showed it to a five-year old baby. The little creature said :

“Oh! is not that a pretty man? I want to kiss him.”

Having performed that ceremony she added, “I think I ought to kiss him *on my knees!*”

She put her hands together and with an air of touching devotion kissed him on her knees. She then asked :

“Isn't he with God? Any one so pretty as that must be with God!”

It was quite her own idea, and I think it the most charmingly saintlike estimate of human beauty that was ever made. It is a true story of the Hon. W. H——'s little girl.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since February 1st :

Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	\$1.00
Mrs. T. Moran, St. Peter P. O., Montana,	5.00
L. W. W., Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
Mrs. Finnerty, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Mrs. J. L. Jenkins, Conewago,	1.00

¹ St. John, xv. 13.



THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES TO THE SACRED HEART.

Answers to Inquiries (see March PILGRIM).

1.— *What names are to be written on the lists?*

Only the name of the representative of the family who makes the consecration.

2.— *Who is to be considered the chief representative of a family?*

Evidently the father, and after him the mother, or one of the elder children. But where there is any difficulty, it is sufficient that any one member of a family should consecrate those who belong to him or her.

3.— *When there is but a single family in a place who care to perform the consecration, how shall the name be entered?*

In this case it is better to send the name directly to the MESSENGER office, as each list is made for the names of *thirty* families. Wherever there is a prospect of filling one or more lists, they will be sent to be filled up on the spot.

4.— *Will there then be no place where the names of all the members of a family may be written?*

On the picture issued by the MESSENGER as a memento of this consecration there is a blank space sufficient for the names of many. But even here it is not necessary, as the consecration suggested is *not for individuals but for entire families*.

5.— *Is this consecration limited to the present year?*

Evidently not, as it is an act of solid devotion, meeting the ardent desires of every Christian *at all times*, in regard to those near and dear to them.

6.— *When must the lists be sent in, in order that they may secure a place in the Golden Books?*

These lists will be kept open until some time after the month of June—the month of the Sacred Heart. We shall announce fully when the final time for closing comes.

7.—*Is this consecration a work limited to the Centres of the League?*

By no means, as it is intended for all who are devoted to the Sacred Heart, being the most solemn act of devotion of the present year.

PROMOTERS' STORIES.

IN MONTREAL.—(*From the N. Y. Catholic Review, January 20, 1889.*)—A most impressive ceremony took place at the Church of the Gesù, Montreal, on the evening of the 6th inst., feast of the Epiphany. This was the solemn blessing and conferring of diplomas and Crosses on the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. The English-speaking branch of the League, established one year from that day, already numbers 2,000.

In the absence of the Archbishop, Vicar-General Maréchal officiated at the ceremony, and a most eloquent and really beautiful sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Morrill, a recent convert from the ministry of the Anglican Church.

The large Church of the Gesù was completely filled by the Associates of the League, wearing their Badges. It was a solemn sight when they rose simultaneously, as the Vicar-General advanced to the railing to bless their Badges, after which the Crosses were blessed and bestowed upon the men Promoters first and the women Promoters afterward. In that single gathering was well displayed the holy democracy of the Church; mistress and servant met not only as joint Associates, but even in the relations of Promoter and Associate; so among the men, employer and employed sat side by side.

The League of the Sacred Heart, Apostleship of Prayer, is too well known and too widespread in its influence throughout the United States, as in every country of Christendom, to need special mention here. It is the great crusade of modern times directed against the anti-Christian spirit. It is the noble public profession of Catholic faith—its motto, “Thy kingdom come”—its banner,

the Sacred Heart. Its protectors are, with the Holy Father at their head, the Bishops and most of the clergy of the Church. Among its Associates are nearly all the religious orders, who unite with an active, zealous body of laymen in the great work of the Apostolate of Prayer. So simple are its obligations that the busiest man, or the most care-burdened woman, may readily undertake them. In this lies the secret of its popularity.

Montreal is in no wise behind the other cities of this continent as to membership in the League; it has six thousand French Associates and two thousand English-speaking ones.

A. T. S.

MISSIONARIES IN MARYLAND.—1. *Among the Mountain Rabbits.*—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart, writes a missionary along the hills of Maryland, for the conversion of an elderly colored woman, whom I lately found away back among the rabbits in the mountains. She is feeble and fast approaching the grave, being at least eighty-three years of age. The dear old lady was delighted and astonished to meet with a Catholic priest; for, though these colored people live so near our great American cities, many of them are as grievously benighted in spiritual matters as if they lived on the banks of the Upper Congo.

She said she always felt that somehow she ought to be a Catholic. Folks had told her years and years ago that, when she was a baby two months old, she had been taken to a Catholic church and baptized; but that was the only time she had ever been in any church except the Methodists' meeting-house. She was eager and quick to learn and discovered an extraordinary spirit of faith.

It was the beauty of her long life, spent honestly living up to the dim light she had received, which now, as the shadows of the tomb are creeping toward her, has brought about her conversion. Strange to say, it was one of her sons who, though a Methodist preacher, first advised her to go to confession. She did so with the most consoling signs of sorrow, and is looking calmly to her dissolution and the crown which she devoutly hopes Almighty God has laid up for her.

2. *A Missionary's Thanksgiving.*

I should make a public acknowledgment to the Sacred Heart of the following. I was recently saved from a very serious acci-

dent. I was standing between the side-wheels of my buggy, reaching for the hitching-strap, when my horse took fright and broke loose from the man who was holding him. The horse started on a run and dragged me with him for some distance over a very rough road. The wheels on my side of the buggy went bounding over a tree-stump three feet high, and horse, stump, buggy and myself seemed to vie with one another in making the best time. No damage was done, however, to horse, buggy or myself, though my overcoat and the stump were badly damaged. How I escaped being thrown under the wheels or having my feet caught in them, or perhaps broken at the stump, would have been a mystery if I had not been carrying the Blessed Sacrament with me. It was our Divine Lord Himself Who saved me.

ST. LOUIS, MO., LETTERS.—*A Wondering Promoter.*—I have now four Rosary Bands complete, and I am trying to form a fifth in honor of the Infant Jesus. I have read *A Promoter's Pertinent Letter* in the PILGRIM and learned many things. I have been wondering what the Handbook was, and do not know yet. I have wondered also about the Badges. Neither do I know about the Intention Blanks. I did not know that "constancy and zeal and discretion," as well as the Local Director's recommendation, were required to obtain the diploma, and I was wondering when and how I was to receive this so as to gain the twenty-six Plenary Indulgences described on the diploma. I thought it was only necessary to head a band of fifteen for six months to be entitled to this privilege, and I began my first band last April. I would like to have a *Handbook* and learn at once all that a Promoter ought to know.

M. A. C.

2. *A Grateful Promoter.*—I wrote some months ago asking you to have the prayers of our Holy League offered up to obtain means for our family, as we were in very straitened circumstances at the time, and promising to publish it if relief came. Well, dear Father, we were in debt and the only prospect before us was that of becoming still more so; but the Sacred Heart wonderfully aided us. A house which we had great trouble in letting, and of which we often lost the rent even when it was let, is now let to a gentleman who came one day and, without our ever asking him, said he would like to rent it and pay a year's rent in advance,

which he did. Then an old stable which we had, shared the same fortune. A gentleman needing a stable came to us and said he would pay for repairing it and lease it for a year, which he did. We are now almost out of debt and getting along nicely. So, Rev. Father, if you have room in your little PILGRIM, I would like to have this published, as it was a great favor of the Sacred Heart to us.

A BLIND CHILD'S CURE.—*St. John's College, Fordham.*

"A young couple—the husband a Protestant, the wife a rather careless Catholic—were blessed with a little boy a few months ago; but their joy was changed to sadness when it was discovered that the little fellow was unable to see. Several of our most prominent oculists were consulted and they one and all pronounced the child totally blind. It was about this time that I heard of the state of things, and suggested that, as they had consulted worldly physicians, they ought now to consult the greatest Physician of all. The Sacred Heart was appealed to and in a short time the child began to see faintly, and ever since has been steadily improving; the last report I received was that the little fellow noticed the slightest movement of any person near him. I sincerely hope that this will have the effect of leading the father to the right path."

FAITH UNDER DISCOURAGEMENT.—*Illinois.*—Last year I had some progress to report; this year, alas! to all outward seeming there has been very little. A few more names have been added to the League, about three additional Rosary Bands, and all of the additions only women and children (little girls from the Sisters' school), not more than one man that I am aware of having joined since this time last year. When I read in the MESSENGER of the great numbers of men in other places, who have themselves enrolled in the Holy League, and even practise the *Three Degrees*, I feel that we here are accomplishing next to nothing. However, we had the Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, and a High Mass on the feast, with a good number of Communions. We had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each evening of the Novena. [This shows the need of Promoters.]

A PROMOTER TEACHING CATECHISM.—*Jersey City, N. J.*—I had been thinking for a long time of taking a class in Sunday-school, and happened to begin teaching on the very day

that the Rosary Tickets were distributed. It was a pleasant surprise to find "Volunteer Teachers of Catechism" at the head of the Ticket, especially blessed by the Pope.

It is a genuine pleasure for me to teach these poor little children, so much neglected spiritually, and I regret not having begun sooner. I found them with catechisms, but unable to say even the Lord's Prayer. They can now say the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Creed*, and most of them can explain every part of those prayers. They take an interest in learning to pray intelligently. What a pity it is that so many teachers of catechism do no more than hear a recitation, when there is only one hour a week devoted to this all-important lesson of how to save one's soul! The little ones, too, are so readily interested. . . .

Many of the parents never say a prayer themselves, and cannot be expected to see that their children do. I recently met a lady and her little daughter who, I found to my surprise, are Catholics but never go to church or say a prayer. Without seeming to know about her carelessness, I obtained the mother's consent to take her eldest child, nine years old, to Sunday-school. The next Sunday, not finding her at home, I took a younger one, and soon I shall take them both. Neither could say a prayer, and only the elder could bless herself. The latter is a beautiful child and intelligent and ladylike. . . .

What contrasts between families. I know another where *all*, even the *baby*, a few months over two years of age, make the *Morning Offering*. Her brother, nine years old, belongs to the Second Degree, and the two older children, aged eleven and thirteen, and their father and mother belong to the Third. If the baby thinks she is forgotten in the morning, she is sure to cry out: "Me didn't say my prayers!"

K.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Victims of the Love of Riches.



It is said to have been in America that the phrase —“the almighty dollar”—first came into use. But the idea it stands for has always been known, wherever men turned away from God and bent all their energies to getting as much enjoyment out of this world as possible. When *God's Rights in the World* are no longer acknowledged, when men have become *Victims of Pride and of Sensuality*,¹ then they will also fall victims to the love of riches. For it is riches that uphold pride and furnish the means of sensuality; and for this reason the world is always crying aloud—*Blessed are the rich; for they shall enjoy the earth!*

But our Lord and Saviour has taught us as His first lesson: *Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*² Which is right? If from no other reason, we can judge by the practical outcome of these opposite beatitudes in the lives of men. The poor of this world who look on the possession of riches as true happiness, are filled with discontentment at their own lot, with envy of the better fortune of others, and, instead of working out their salvation where Providence has placed them, they lose heaven without gaining the earth. The rich, on their side, are filled with care lest their riches slip away from them, in their perplexity of mind they use unjust means, their hearts rankle with jealousy lest others should be superior to themselves, their sated senses become cloyed with enjoyment which is an everyday thing to them, and meanwhile the constant whirl of a life given up to worldly business and pleasure leaves them no time to prepare for the life to come. *And the rich man also died, and he was buried in hell.*³

How different was the fate of Lazarus who *received evil things in his lifetime: yet it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.* Even the rich, who are so rightly, must be only the *stewards* of their riches, making unto themselves *friends of the mammon of iniquity*, by charity and the true service of God. It is the object of our prayers that all who love riches may learn the lesson of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—that *being rich, He became poor, for your sakes; that through His poverty you might be rich.*⁴

¹ See *General Intentions* for the first three months of this year.

² St. Matthew, v. 3.

³ St. Luke, xvi.

⁴ II. Corinthians, viii. 9.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

MAY, 1889.

No. 5.

MAY.

(See *Messenger Calendar*.)



FEASTS OF OUR LORD.—This whole month of May—the month of Mary—is a part of Easter-time, with its glad alleluias. Its first special festival in Christ's honor is that of the Finding of the Holy Cross (3d). In the fourth century, the aged Empress St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, was erecting in Jerusalem a basilica in honor of the Resurrection. As a reward,

God discovered to her, after many prayers and long searching, the resting-place of the True Cross.

The feast of the Ascension of our Lord (30th) is preceded by the three Rogation Days, or days of penance and prayer for the present seedtime and future harvest.

On Ascension Thursday we recall how Christ *ascended above all the heavens*, and is *always living to make intercession for us*.¹

FEASTS OF OUR LADY.—This beautiful month is consecrated entirely to Mary. Pius VII. granted an Indulgence of one hundred days to be gained daily by those who honor our Lady by some special prayer or devotion during this month; and a Plenary Indulgence once in the month, with the usual conditions of confession and Communion and prayer for the intention of the Pope. Besides this month-long festival, we have two special feasts of the Blessed Virgin: that of Our Lady of Good Counsel (15th) transferred this year from April 27th; and that of Mary, Help of

¹ Ephesians, iv. 10; Hebrews, vii. 25.

Christians (24th), a title added to the Litany by St. Pius V., whose own feast is the 5th of this month, in gratitude to Mary for the signal victory which by her help the Christians won over the Turks at Lepanto, thus destroying forever their supremacy, which till then had threatened all Europe.

MEN SAINTS.—The third Sunday after Easter (12th) is the feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph. As he saved our Lord and His Mother from the rage of Herod, so we may invoke him with confidence. Members of the *Bona Mors* Association may gain a Plenary Indulgence on this feast of their august Patron, who breathed out his soul in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Of the two Apostles of the 1st, St. Philip evangelized Asia Minor, and was crucified and stoned to death; St. James the Less, after governing Jerusalem as its first Bishop for thirty years, was flung from the roof of the Temple by the Jews, and then stoned and clubbed to death by the rabble. The Beloved Disciple, St. John, was plunged by order of Domitian into a vat of boiling oil near the Latin Gate at Rome (6th), but coming forth uninjured was banished to the island of Patmos in the Grecian Archipelago.

Of the Pontiffs of May, Popes St. Alexander I. (11th) and Felix I. (30th) laid down their lives for Christ, and St. Peter Celestine (19th), in his humility, resigned the Papacy after a reign of only four months. St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria (2d), St. John Damascene (6th), and St. Gregory, Bishop of Nazianzen (9th), are Fathers of the Church; that is, the authorized witnesses of her early faith and practice.

St. Stanislas, Bishop in Poland (7th), was cut to pieces at the foot of the altar by order of the king whom he urged to penance for his public scandals; St. John Nepomucene (17th) was drowned at Prague, in Bohemia, because he refused to reveal to the king the secrets of the confessional; St. Winand (18th), of Camerino in Italy, underwent for the faith incredible torments at the tender age of fifteen; Blessed Andrew Bobòla (23d), a Polish Jesuit, is said to have endured the most dreadful martyrdom of modern times, dying at the hands of the Russian Cossacks, in 1567, for refusing to deny the Catholic faith.

The work of Blessed de la Salle (4th), the priestly Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, is spread over the whole

world.* The Apparition of St. Michael Archangel on Mt. Gargano, near Naples (8th), is celebrated because of the church he ordered to be erected in honor of the Holy Angels. St. Isidore Ploughman (10th), and St. Paschal Baylon (17th), were both Spaniards of humble condition, leading laborious lives; St. Francis Jerome (11th), and St. John Baptist de Rossi (23d) lived in the last century, the one an ardent Jesuit missionary in Naples, the other a sweet-minded secular priest of Rome. St. Simon Stock (16th) is the English Carmelite to whom our Lady revealed the devotion of the Scapular. St. Bernardine of Sienna (20th) was a celebrated Franciscan preacher in the fifteenth century; in the sixteenth century in Rome St. Philip Neri (26th) became a true Apostle by his meek and constant piety, and founded the Priests of the Oratory, who in our own day have numbered in their ranks Cardinal Newman and Father Faber. St. Augustine, Bishop of Canterbury (28th), is the Apostle of the English, among whom he labored for eleven years. St. Brendan the Elder (16th) is the celebrated Irish missionary of the sixth century who, it is said, travelled as far as the shores of America.

WOMEN SAINTS.—St. Walburga (13th), Abbess in Bavaria, was the daughter of St. Richard, one of the earlier English kings, and niece of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. The martyr-virgin, St. Dymrna (15th), was also the daughter of a king, an Irish pagan who caused her to be slain at Gheel in Belgium. St. Julia (22d), the patron of Corsica, is another virgin-martyr, crucified for the Faith.[†] St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi (27th), a Carmelite nun of the sixteenth century, is a model of exalted charity and patience in bodily torments. The contemplative Saint Angela Merici (31st), was the Foundress of the Ursuline nuns.

PROMOTERS' PATRONS.—Those who labor to extend the kingdom of the Sacred Heart, will often be tempted to discouragement. St. Monica (4th), however, for twenty years continued her prayers and penances, her tears and watchfulness over her son Augustine, till finally from an evil and proud man he became a Saint and a Doctor of the Church. St. Gregory VII. (25th) is

* A life of this distinguished servant of God has just been reprinted from the MESSENGER for August and September, 1888.

[†] For a picture of this Saint's death, by Gabriel Max, see MESSENGER for November, 1887.

the glorious Pope Hildebrand. In defence of the rights of God and the civil liberties of Christians, he defied one of the most powerful and despotic monarchs of Europe, Henry IV. of Germany. Enemies, however, crowded around him and drove him from Rome to Salerno, where he died; his last words were: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in a strange land."

AT ST. MICHAEL'S FAIR:

AS TOLD ME BY A PRIEST.

By Mrs. Jane Cave.

IT was fair-day in a town of the Pyrenees. This fair is held twice a year only—on the feasts of St. Michael, for the 8th of May and the 29th of September. It lasts for several days and is of great importance, for from towns, villages, and mountain hamlets the people flock to it in vast numbers.

A busy scene indeed it is; the rush, the shouts, throngs of people mixed with the throng of cattle, the cracking of whips and the beating of drums, by which attention is called to public announcements of all kinds, are but a few of the sounds and sights that might be enumerated. *Gare! Gare!* (Look out!) is the incessant exclamation of scores of voices, as horses, cows, sheep, oxen, donkeys, pigs, and especially pigs, are from time to time crowded together in wild confusion.

It is always a very funny, as well as a very busy day, thanks to the favorite domestic animal of the country.

Pigs are everywhere! If you are standing beside a stall of highly colored sweets, home-made candy in all sorts of primitive forms and colors, by a counter laden with the strong homespun cloth of the country, deep in the examination of *sabots* (wooden shoes) great and small, or of laces, silk-handkerchiefs, or cotton bandanas, piggy is there too, pushing his inquisitive nose into everything, in a persistent, but by no means ill-natured way. Especially is he attracted by the perambulating variety-shops, the owners of which have a clever way of reminding the family pet

that the contents of the "shop," which is only a reversed umbrella filled with pins, needles, tape, buttons, with et-ceteras, is not his affair. A sharp turn of the umbrella brings the points of the frame nearer to his snout than he finds agreeable, and he withdraws, for the time, to a safe distance. But it is only to watch his opportunity. At the first favorable moment, he makes a playful rush under the "counter," and the merchant and his wares are often separated.

But these are trifles that amuse idle spectators; the real business of the fair is the sale of cattle.

A wealthy farmer brought to this autumn fair his numerous stock. He had good luck in finding purchasers, and, at the close of the half-yearly market, had the satisfaction of carrying away with him a well-lined wallet, in exchange for his flocks and herds.

Not all were as fortunate as the jolly farmer. Not all who hovered around the stalls and booths of the market-place had sold their wares as profitably as he, and some, indeed, had nothing to sell, and no money with which to buy.

The latter was the case with two men who had nothing better to do than to watch their more fortunate neighbors.

They beheld the happy farmer rejoicing in his luck, saw the exchange of horses, cows, and sheep, for gold, silver, and bank-notes, and even saw the farmer's leathern wallet close upon a small fortune.

These two men were friends in "ill luck," as they called their improvident manner of life. "Good fortune" was no friend of theirs, they declared; and, talking over their mutual disappointments, they grew embittered, discouraged, gloomy, and envious.

"Why should those who already have so much receive more?" one asked the other.

Their eyes met; their thoughts were the same. The farmer's way home was their way too. Across mountain and stream, through valleys, glens, and lonely paths, within sound of a rushing river, whose bed was deep and whose current swift, their own road lay, and so did the farmer's.

"Let us lighten him of his load; he will never miss it," said one.

"He is strong; suppose he resists?" answered the other.

"We are two."

"But if he still resist?"

"We are two; your hearth, like mine, is cold, your children and mine are hungry and naked."

"But if he should still be too strong for us?"

No reply, only a long look into each other's gloomy eyes. After a while one asked the other: "Would you do him harm?"

The question was low, the voice faltering that asked it. The reply was long in coming; at length it came, but weak and in an uncertain tone.

"I would not take his life."

"But he is strong; and what if he resist?" reiterated the other.

There was no answer but a sigh or groan, and they walked on and on. The night was growing dark.

"The farmer tarries late."

"He is with his friends at the inn; they are feasting and drinking. He carries a light heart."

"Let his purse also be light," was the reply.

The darkness deepened, and shadows gathered around. The mountain path became less and less distinct.

"Let us wait here."

They took shelter behind a beetling crag that shut them in from the road. Darkness settled down while they waited; and there was yet no moon.

A footstep was heard at last. Their hearts beat loud, it seemed almost as if the rushing river Gave, instead of blood, was surging in their veins.

"Come, are you ready?"

The voice of the speaker was trembling, and the reply unheard, but they started from their lair.

It was only to re-enter it hastily. A flood of light lay across the path, and showed them the farmer—in the midst of a goodly company.

"His friends are accompanying him part of the way. Let us hasten forward; we can intercept him at the gorge."

Again all was dark, as they issued forth and followed their prey. From time to time the moon penetrated through the deep shade, and showed them the farmer walking on alone, firm, erect,

and bold. His air and manner irritated them. They were in advance again—within the mountain gorge, deep, dark, awful. They withdrew once more to wait for the traveller.

“He comes.”

“Ready!”

“Stop! What is this? Once more he draws near, but not alone. His friends are with him still—another chance is lost.”

They must seek still another spot for their work, but it must be beyond a village, which they were now nearing.

“Who were those men?” they asked each other. No matter; whoever they were, they would not pass the end of the gorge at that hour. “Look, he is alone!” They saw him clearly now, safe beyond the dangerous pass.

Through the silent village streets they followed him, and waited his coming at a lonely cross-road. How white they were, crouching in the darkness, hardly breathing for fear of being overheard by him, as he drew near.

An ivy-covered wall hid him from their sight for an instant. “When he passes it, will be our time.”

But lo! he has passed it, and is beside them, and fear smites them as they behold him. For the third time, he is surrounded by a group of men. Trembling and afraid, they shrank back into the shelter of the hedge.

One fell on his knees.

“Come,” said the other, “let us go; we are not to do this devil’s work. Rise!” he repeated hoarsely.

But he had to help his weaker companion to his feet, and take him by the arm and lead him.

“I shall go at once to the priest,” said the fear-stricken man; “come thou with me. We have been saved from doing an evil deed.”

They sought their parish priest and told their story. That they were sincere, he had no doubt; but, to prove its truth, the priest sought the farmer and asked him, in a general way, for news of St. Michael’s fair—what luck he had had, and of the events of the road.

The honest farmer suspected nothing, and told how he had sold his cattle to good advantage, how he had supped with his friends, and then set out for home.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Did you stop anywhere?"

"Yes." When he was passing a sanctuary of our Lady, he had suddenly remembered that it was the anniversary of his father's death; and he had stopped there to recite his rosary for the souls in purgatory.

Ah, thought the priest within himself, these souls for whom he prayed were his companions and protectors on that fearful road. But he continued his interrogatory:

"Some of your good friends came part of the way, at least, with you?"

"No; it was late, and I would not let them do so. I know the road too well to need guide or guard," was the farmer's reply.

Ah, thought the priest again, how little he suspects how much he needed both guide and guard that night, or who they were that kept him company in that dread hour.

"But you met someone, either coming or going, between this and the village?"

"Not a living soul," was the decided answer.

The priest was convinced—convinced and grateful. He had gained two souls to his flock, and the farmer's life was safe, thanks to the protection of the Holy Souls.

This is not a legend, but an actual fact that took place in the neighborhood of Lourdes less than two years ago. So the venerable priest to whom it happened assured me.

From the deep,
Dear Lord, we call—give Thy beloved sleep!
And let the prayers and toil and pain of men
Be offered now for those who never again
Can merit aught by prayer or toil or pain.
Thus shall the souls of those who long have lain
Uncomforted find rest, and by Thy side
With Thy sweet Mother stand, all purified,
And with Thy Saints see Thine eternal day.

PATRICK AMBIMOYO, THE SLAVE.

[The following true and simple story of a little slave boy is translated from the French of Father Le Roy, a celebrated missionary of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary, in Zanzibar. Little Patrick is but one of many whom the contributors to the work of *The Propagation of the Faith* have enabled the Fathers to ransom from the horrors of slavery and bring up in all the beauty of the true faith. The Father puts the story into the mouth of the boy himself, who, we may add, is to-day the constant companion of Bishop de Courmont, the Vicar Apostolic of Zanzibar, in all his travels.]

I come, says Patrick, from the land of Ungindo. It is a long, long way from Zanzibar, far back in the country beyond wide plains, deep rivers, and lofty mountains. Is my father there now? Alas! I cannot say. And my poor mother, is she weeping for me out there day and night? God alone can tell.

How changed is everything since I was with my parents! Here I am with the good white Fathers, but every evening before I go to sleep I think of the years that have passed. I seem to go back again to my old village—Undondé they called it—and I see again the round huts and the three palisades of wood about our home. I see my older brother who appeared so big to me then, and myself when I was so very small. Sometimes it is funny, but oftenest it makes me sad.

In the land of Ungindo they steal the children. Whenever Mamma wanted me to be good, she used to say: "Ambimoyo, the robber will come and take you, and then you will be carried far away and sold to the men who have two eyes before their eyes." Poor Mamma! she meant well, but she did not know these men with spectacles, as I know them now. Her warning always made me very serious.

One day four of us boys went out together to hunt for birds and catch fish. We hated, you know, to eat our rice-cakes dry. We sat down on the banks of a stream and threw our fishing-lines into the water. Then, with our feet in the stream, we waited for a nibble at the bait. Oh, how plainly I can see us innocent youngsters!

All of a sudden, two men with strange red hats on their

heads and swords at their side rushed out of the bushes and threw themselves on us. We struggled and bit, and two of my comrades escaped. The third was captured and his little hands were tied behind his back. Perhaps I, too, could have got away, but my legs were so short and my body so stout that I could not run very far or very fast.

The robbers crammed us each into a sack made of palm-leaves, and stuffed a corn-cob into our mouths to prevent us from crying.

Night came on and they carried us I don't know where. During the day the men halted in the woods, but I found no chance to hide myself. By night they continued their march. It lasted a long time, and by-and-by we came to the Vapogoro country.

Here a Mussulman bought me for a red handkerchief. He also bought my companion and a good many others. That was his trade. After a while he told us we should set out for Kiloa, where we should have lots of beautiful things.

He had hardly said so when I heard someone shouting: "Ambimoyo! Ambimoyo!" I shouted back: "Papa! Papa!" for it was indeed he.

As soon as my father had heard that I had been stolen, he had gone to one of the fetich-doctors, who told him where the robbers had gone, and he had followed us without losing any time. I had been carried off for nothing; I had been sold for a red handkerchief, and now to ransom me my father had to give three goats, our three most beautiful goats.

So I got home again, and went about laughing and playing as much as ever. A year passed by and nothing in particular happened. My mother always kept warning me: "Beware of the robber and the man with two eyes before his eyes!" and I always answered: "I'll be very careful, Mamma."

All the same, I still went to the woods for birds and to the river for fish, and did not take much care.

The robbers came back a second time, and a second time they carried me away, only now they made sure of their work and set out for the sea at once. They captured about forty of us, men, women, and children, and tied us together by a kind of wooden fork which held us round the neck and forced us to march in

a straight line. At the head of the caravan, at the rear, on the right and on the left, were Mussulmans armed with guns to make us keep on walking fast.

I said that all were tied, but as I was so very small they strapped me on the back of a poor woman, saying: "Here is your mother!" She cried and I cried. Perhaps she was thinking of another boy she had far away, and I was thinking of my other mother at Undondé.

They gave us almost nothing to eat, but they gave us blows in plenty. Oh, how my shoulders ached! At night all the prisoners had to lie on their backs, with a chain around them that stretched from the first to the last. Their hands were tied together, and their feet all fastened to a long pole. In the morning they were freed from this pole and had to continue their tramp.

Only once did anybody escape. There were four of them, but three were taken again and killed, the fourth escaping altogether.

They often had sick people who could not follow the caravan, and then the chief, rather than leave them to their chances by the roadside, would beat them to death. He wanted to teach the rest of us what we might expect if we pretended to be sick. What a life! What dreadful misery!

When we reached Kiloa, only nine of us out of the forty were left, or ten, counting myself. Along our path, the vultures and the hyenas who followed us did not die of hunger. Oh, how many dead men I saw! how many white bones! how many human heads without eyes.

Kiloa is a great town beside the sea. The market was full of slaves. I was taken there and sold very cheap, for indeed I was worth very little. I was small, thin, and savage.

Finally they gave me an Arabic name, and said: "Let us embark for Zanzibar."

They took me aboard a great ship. What a sight that was! It was as bad as the caravan in the woods. Men, women, and children, big and little, were just piled one on top of the other! Oh, how dreary and sad those nights were! and how long the days! Nothing but the sky above us, and the water around us!

Soon the small-pox broke out on the boat. You know what

a fearful disease it is. Men stronger than I shall ever be fell under it, piece by piece, like so much rust.

"The thing is very simple," said the captain. "If these sick people stay with the others, no one will get to Zanzibar."

So every day they took the sick, one, two, three at a time, and threw them, splash! splash! into the sea. I used to say to myself: "When shall my turn come?" and then I would close my eyes. But no; I did not get sick, and was not thrown overboard, but came safely into Zanzibar.

I had never seen such a wonderful town as Zanzibar. All the houses were made of stone, and all the men were covered up with linen.

At the market they trotted me up and down for three days, but nobody wanted to buy me. At last, a kind of Arab, a very poor man, bought me for almost nothing, and set me to make large mats. After six days I had made only two. He struck me twenty times with a cane, and then took me back to the market and sold me again. That made the fourth time!

Now it was a rich Arab who bought me, Abdallah bin Séliman. "Your work," he said, "is to take this donkey to the sea every day and wash it there."

At this I began to cry. "O Master, Master," I said, "in my country we eat these animals, but we do not wash them. I don't think I can ever do such work."

Luckily I found everything ready for me to begin, and at our neighbor's house there was another boy like myself who used to take the donkeys to the river and wash them. He became my friend, and we always went to the sea and returned together.

One day, however, the donkey bit me, and we thought that nothing could punish him better than to cut off his tail. It was soon done, but the next day I was back in the market again.

An Arab with a long white beard was the next to buy me. He looked at me sharply for a while and then said: "Don't cry, little boy. In ten days we will take the boat for Muscat in Arabia. I will teach you how to read the Koran, and, please Allah, you will make a good Mussulman."

Before we could start, my fifth master fell sick and died. It was the good God Who wished it so; else where should I be to-day? When my master was dead they sold all his goods, his

furniture, his donkeys, and his slaves, and again poor Ambimoyo was in the market.

This time I stayed much longer there. They walked me up and down, but as usual no one cared to buy me.

One evening, finally, a white man in a long robe came to the market. He looked at me.

"Alas! alas!" I thought, "I am lost now!"

While I was still at Kiloa, people had told me that the whites were wickedness itself, and that I should never speak to them about myself or my village. They lived in stone houses, these white people, and in these houses they had chairs something like beds. All their slaves were in rooms near by tied with ropes. The ropes reached in to the chair of the white man. Whenever he wanted a slave, he pulled the rope without disturbing himself and the slave came in. This is why I said "I am lost!" when the white man came near me.

He kept looking at me all the time. First he bought the boy on my right, and then the boy on my left. I trembled all over. Lastly he bought me. Oh, how I cried!

The white man was a priest.

We came to the mission-house. We went in. It was a large house, all of stone, with high walls and a great many boys playing in the yard.

"I am done for," I thought. "My poor mother! if she only knew what had become of me! It is all over with me!"

But it puzzled me very much to see all the boys smiling and laughing.

"Is it such a jolly thing," I asked them, "to be eaten by the white men?"

Then I turned around and saw right behind me, tall, straight and motionless, another white man. O Mamma! he had two eyes of glass in front of his eyes! . . .

Father, you know the rest of my story. It was you who brought me to Bagamoyo, who taught me how to work, to read, and to pray. It was you who washed my soul in baptism and called me Patrick. Oh, what a happy change!

THE SAINT OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

THERE is a bridge in the terraced city of Prague which connects Great Prague with Little Prague. This bridge good Catholics cross with greatest reverence. At one part of it they lift their hats and, gazing into the waters of the Moldau that flows beneath, are seen to murmur a prayer. It was from that bridge, five hundred years ago, that the martyr-priest, Saint John Nepomucene, tied hand and foot, was flung into the river and drowned. He had refused to tell King Wenceslas the secrets of confession, and this was the penalty he paid for his virtue and courage.

Saint John was born in the little town of Nepomuk not sixty miles south-west of Prague, and from this town derived his Latin name, *Nepomucene*. Hardly was he born when his soul seemed ready to take its flight to God. His parents, however, promised our Blessed Lady to consecrate the child to Christ if she would save his life. Mary did so, and the parents kept their word.

John answered their highest hopes. Not only was he a marvel of heroic virtue, but at the university of Prague he was always amongst the most brilliant and successful students. Feeling the stirrings of divine grace in his heart, he resolved to consecrate his labors to that highest of all aims, the salvation of souls. With this in view, he entered on the study of theology and was in due time ordained priest.

His fame as an orator reached the ears of the young King Wenceslas, who ordered him to preach the Lenten sermons at the court. Wenceslas was such a notorious libertine as to have been surnamed "the Slothful" and "the Drunkard," so that Saint John knew how delicate and difficult a task lay before him. The King, however, in spite of his debaucheries, was delighted with the Saint's eloquence, and for some time led a much better life.

Wenceslas offered John dignity after dignity, all of which the humble priest firmly but graciously declined, until at length he found it impossible to refuse the office of royal almoner. This he accepted with the less reluctance because of the many opportunities it presented of charity to the poor and of reforming the morals of the great. He little suspected that it would also bring him the matchless crown of martyrdom. His presence at

the court was everywhere productive of good, everywhere but in the heart of the vicious king. Violent enmities were appeased, and the general licentiousness which had long prevailed was considerably checked.

None appreciated this good work more than good Queen Jane. Under the Saint's direction, she became a model of every royal and Christian virtue; but this very fact was to cause indirectly her holy adviser's death.

Like all depraved people, Wenceslas could not brook the virtue of others. His wife's piety and submission were to him only the most refined hypocrisy. He loved her passionately but jealously, and he fell an easy prey to the devil's suggestion. He must find out her secret sins. He would order her confessor to reveal what she had told him. He was a little cautious about making his shameful request and approached it gradually. When finally he did make it, he was astounded at the answer he received.

"Sire," said John, respectfully, "it is impossible."

The Saint then briefly explained the evil effects of such a crime, and concluded by repeating his refusal very firmly. The King was little used to such replies. His vassals obeyed his merest hint and he had expected the same of the priest of God. He tried, however, to conceal his fury at being balked, but John could see by his livid features that the devil was still raging in his bosom.

Shortly afterward, the cook of the palace served up at table a fowl very badly roasted. In one of his usual fits of fury, Wenceslas condemned the wretched man to be himself roasted and broiled on a spit. The inhuman command was being executed when the cries of agony which burst from the cook told John what was happening. He rushed to the King and on his knees implored him to recall the command. His prayer only provoked the King the more, and when he persisted, lest the man should expire during the delay, Wenceslas ordered him to be dragged off and locked in a dungeon.

While thus in chains the King sent the Saint word privately that he should rot there unless he revealed the Queen's confession. John only rejoiced at his chains and returned the message that such an infamy was impossible. Balked again, the King again dissembled and, after some days, freed Saint John and begged

him to forget the past. John knew him too well to trust him, and spent what free time he had after his regular duties in preparing for death. Nor was he deceived.

The King made a third attempt, accompanied by a thousand promises of wealth and dignity, but he met with a third refusal, mild but inflexible.

"Sire, it is impossible."

The rage of Wenceslas now surpassed all bounds. John was stretched upon a rack, burned at a slow fire, and was burned with lighted torches applied to the tenderest parts of his body. Of course the torments were useless.

"Jesus and Mary," was all the attendants could hear from the sufferer. They might have continued his tortures till they had slain him, if the Queen had not heard of their brutality and besought the King to spare the unoffending priest. The King consented, but still cherished his foul design of wringing the secret from the Saint.

John was now certain that his death was not far off. His sermons were prophetic of it. He prophesied many other things as well, especially the wars, sacrileges, and ruin about to be inflicted on the country by the notorious fanatic John Huss.

At last, one day he was returning from a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Buntzlau on the Elbe, when Wenceslas espied him from a window of the palace. The sight aroused the King's slumbering passion. He commanded the Saint to be brought before him.

"John," he cried in a terrible voice, "your last chance has come. Reveal what the Queen has told you, or die this night."

The Saint made the King no answer. Like our Blessed Redeemer, he was silent before his enemies. He merely bowed his head to show that he was ready for death. The King could control himself no longer.

"Away with this man!" he roared to his attendants. "Keep him in chains till dark. Then bind his hands and feet and throw him into the Moldau."

John still held his peace. He offered no resistance, but awaited with joy the coming night. It was the eve of the Ascension, May 16th, 1383. Hardly was the city shrouded in gloom when the executioners stole forth bearing their human burden.

The bridge was soon reached and their work soon done. All that people near could have heard was a great splash of waters, but this might have been the washing of the stream against the piers of the bridge.

God, however, would not allow the martyrdom to go unproclaimed. Saint John was hardly drowned when his sacred body arose to the surface and floated quietly down with the tide. Flames of beautiful light, arranged in regular order, were seen to accompany the body like a funeral procession.

This miracle attracted hundreds to the shores of the Moldau, and Queen Jane hurried to the palace to ask King Wenceslas what this line of lights could mean. The King's guilty heart was terrified, and he fled without a word of explanation to one of his country houses, and remained there some days in concealment. Not many years afterward, he was shorn of all his possessions by his indignant subjects, twice put in prison, and finally died miserably in a fit of apoplexy, without a sign of repentance.

Meanwhile the body of the Saint was reverently drawn ashore and all the city gathered around to venerate it. The canons of the cathedral marched to the spot in solemn procession, and bore it with great ceremony to the cathedral. There they laid it in a splendid tomb, and wrote upon the tomb this epitaph which may be read there at the present day:

Under this stone lies the body of the most venerable and glorious Wonder-Worker,

JOHN NEPOMUCENE,

Doctor, Canon of this church, and confessor of the Empress, who, because he guarded faithfully the secret of the confessional, was cruelly tortured, and then thrown from the bridge of Prague into the river Moldau, by order of Wenceslas IV., Emperor and King of Bohemia, son of Charles IV., in the year 1383.



Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

THE RECEPTION.

There is a twofold reception of members, the one admitting them as Postulants, the other receiving them as Sodalists and entitling them to all the privileges of the Sodality.

What is meant by the reception of Postulants?

The admission of applicants to their probation.

When anyone desires to become a member of the Sodality he should apply to the Director and Prefect who, after making inquiries about him and assuring themselves that he possesses the requisite dispositions and qualities, will allow him to attend the exercises of the Sodality for a certain time to serve the probation.¹ During his term of probation, which usually lasts three months, he is a Postulant in the hands of the Master of the Novices, by whom he is instructed in the constitution, rules, and customs of the Sodality. The applicant may be admitted to postulantship without other formality than the approbation of the Director, but a praiseworthy custom is to have him recite before the Director at the Sodality meeting the following formula :

Holy Mary, Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, I, —, anxious to become one of thy privileged children, resolve on this day, with the divine assistance and aided by thy powerful intercession, to amend my life and imitate thy virtues, so as to deserve to be received as a member of this holy Sodality erected to thy honor, and to the greater glory of thy Divine Son. *Amen.*

When is the solemn or final reception of Sodalists to take place?

When the Postulants have finished their probation. Some feast of the Blessed Virgin should be chosen for the day of reception, and all possible and consistent solemnity of ceremonial given it.

Before anyone is admitted to the body of the Sodality his case

¹ The Postulant shares in the Indulgences and other graces of the Sodality.

is to be referred to the Council,² and particularly to the Master of Novices or his substitute, to whom the Postulant was entrusted. If the Postulant's conduct has not been satisfactory, his probation must unhesitatingly be prolonged: if, however, he has shown himself docile and desirous by his fidelity of being numbered among the privileged children of Mary, he should be as unhesitatingly received into the Sodality proper. In either case, the Council will decide by a majority of votes.

By whom are the members to be received?

Only by the priest who is the lawfully appointed Director. For a good reason, however, such as greater solemnity, he may delegate any priest in his stead to receive them, to bless the Medals and preside at the exercises. It belongs to the Director or his deputy, and *not* to the Prefect, to pronounce the formula by which the members are actually admitted. The form of reception now used, and recited by the members together with the Director, is the following:

Mary, most Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, I [*each repeats his own name*], though most unworthy to serve thee, moved, nevertheless, by thy admirable piety, and impelled by the desire of serving thee, do this day, in presence of my Guardian Angel and of the whole court of heaven, choose thee for my Sovereign, my Advocate, and my Mother; and I firmly purpose henceforward ever to serve thee, and, as far as in me lies, to procure that thou mayest be faithfully served by all others. I pray thee, therefore, and beseech thee, O most merciful Mother, by the blood of Jesus Christ that was shed for me, deign to receive me into the number of thy clients, and as thy servant for ever. Assist me in all my actions, and obtain grace for me, that I may so conduct myself in word, and deed, and thought, as never to be displeasing in thy sight, or in that of thy most holy Son. Remember me, and desert me not at the hour of my death. *Amen.*³

² See April PILGRIM, 1889, page 117.

³ This formula is given in the Latin *Manual* published at Rome in 1855, and approved by Very Rev. P. Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus; also, in Father Chiavarelli's Italian *Manual* published in the same city in 1885, and commended in a special autograph letter by the present Father General, Very Rev. A. M. Anderledy.

CHURCH-BUILDING.**SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS.**

[Our readers will be interested, as we have been, in this modest, unvarnished account of one who, with his flock of farmers, has been a fast friend of Our Lady of Martyrs.—EDITOR.]

IN the year 1868, Michael Burns came out from Illinois to take up some claims in this prairie, which was called the Neutral Lands. At that time there were hardly any settlers on its broad expanse, except a few along the streams. It was a home for the wild deer and the prairie chickens. This man was the first Catholic to start the settlement. He went back and prevailed on a few to come and settle in this locality.

These few Catholics were first visited by a Jesuit Father from Osage Mission. Mass was said in John O'Malley's house, a kind old gentleman, long gone to his reward. In the year 1871 a little frame church, 16 x 24, was built on what is now the graveyard. It was only a shell, yet strong, and it answered for a time. The priest then in charge at Baxter Springs visited this settlement.

Toward Christmas, 1872, I received order from the then Vicar Apostolic, and now Bishop of Leavenworth, to leave Fort Scott, where I had built a brick church at the cost of over \$15,000, and go to Baxter Springs and take charge of the southeast corner of the diocese. The church of Fort Scott was my second, as I had built one in 1870 at Fulton (then called Lincoln), for an Irish settlement, fourteen miles from Fort Scott.

At Baxter Springs I found a little brick church (the only one in three counties), built by Father Dougherty. His successor built an altar and pews, but could not pay for the expense. To pay these bills and to plaster the church was my first care; but I had to live in a rented house. Seeing no chance for further improvement, and as some of the people were also moving away, I changed my residence to Chetopa in Labette County, at the end of March, 1873. The place too was very rough, being the rendezvous of cowboys, and the streets were not seldom the scene of bloodshed. This roughness was shared in by the Catholic element; and those who were supposed to be good, and

the mainstay of the church, did not mind swearing freely even in my presence. Once I was offered a card-table for a christening fee!

At Chetopa I found a better element to work in; and though there were no more than twenty Catholic families far and near, I succeeded in getting up a church. I bought for this purpose an abandoned store, almost new. I moved it to a lot donated by a Mr. Hodges; and with a good foundation, and making some changes and necessary repairs, we soon had a decent building to say Mass in. While this was going on, I lived in a rented house from April till September, and Mass was celebrated chiefly at a house near the depot. As my church room was rather large for the congregation, I partitioned off two rooms in the rear, and by building on a shed for cooking and eating purposes, I had soon room enough to live in. When I moved into these rooms, the window-sashes were not yet in, but I supplied the deficiency for a few days, by hanging up a pair of horse blankets at night. They answered for sash, curtain, and shutter.

While these modest improvements were being made, a full half of my time was taken up with the care of my present place, which was then called Coalfield. Its name was afterward changed to Stilson, and lastly it yielded up its diminutive importance to Scammonville, when it was built into a regular town.

Beside the regular Sunday appointments, I had many sick-calls from this settlement, a distance of 30 miles over the prairies from Chetopa. Seeing also that there were many more children to be looked after here than at the other place, I soon determined to turn my efforts toward building up this Mission. In the year 1874 a better church was built on a six-acre lot: its size was 20 x 40, with an addition in the rear—10 x 16—which served me for a time as a sleeping apartment.

About this time, and for some years after, I had a great deal of traveling to do, mostly in a buggy. Beside regular appointments on Sunday at Coalfield, Baxter Springs, Chetopa, and Joplin, Missouri (which was then beginning to grow into a good-sized town), I also visited regularly Oswego in Labette County, and Girard and Mulberry Grove in Crawford County. From two to six times a year I visited also several points along the railway as far as Muskogee in the Indian Territory, saying

Mass now at one house and then at another. I did the same for the Quawpaw, Peoria, and Ottawa tribes, or remnants of tribes. Occasionally I went to Granby and Oronogo and Webb City in Jasper County, Missouri, to Lamar in Barton County, to Nevada, Walker, Schell City, Virgil City in Vernon County, and further east in Cedar County (all in Missouri), where a few Catholics were found scattered, and had no priest to visit them. Nearer my headquarters were a few other points, such as Dry-wood, Cherokee, and Columbus on the Gulf Road, Mound Valley and Labette City, and a place near Short Creek, where a few converts lived and Mass was said in a private house. This made altogether upward of twenty-five different places, in which I offered the august Sacrifice of the Mass through the year.

To come back to this Mission, now my residence, early in 1876 I built this priest's house—20 x 28—a story and a half only, for fear of the prevailing strong winds. But as later on in that year we had the grasshoppers to infest the country, it became a hard matter for the congregation to pay for it, and I had to draw on the alms and the fees received in other missions to square up the bills.

About this time the Short Creek lead-mines began to be developed, and two rival towns, one on each side of that apology for a river, were started with such a boom and such feverish haste, that I never witnessed the like. Roads were improvised by cutting a narrow swath through the brush, and I was never so afraid of being run over as when I had to pass through these insidious paths with my *meek* vehicle, and meet stages and wagons running recklessly at full speed. In the year 1877 I built a church to St. Ann on the Empire side, on lots donated by the Town Company. In the following year, 1878, the church at Oswego was built and dedicated to the Mother of God. The land was donated by H. Miller, and, owing to the business ability and earnest work of the Committee, there was not the least difficulty in paying for it. Up to this year Mass was celebrated at the section-house near the depot, about once in two months. There I always met with more than usual kindness; and that "round-house," so called for its peculiar shape, forms a green spot in my recollections.

In the same year, but a little later in the season, I built a

church in Girard to St. Michael, on some company lots, which however were not quite 'donated.' Owing to a variety of causes, I experienced no small difficulty in paying up for the work, but at last I left it clear of debt.

By this time it was quite impossible to do justice to the several congregations that were springing up all around. But priests were scarce, and I had to wait till September, 1880, when the Bishop spared one for some of my missions. He received charge of the southern portion of my district, including Chetopa, Oswego, Baxter Springs, and Short Creek.

In this same year the coal-mines around this place of Scammonville were developed to such a degree, and Catholics began consequently to pour in in such numbers, that it became necessary to enlarge this church. This was done by turning it, with two large additions, into the shape of a cross. A bell had been purchased the previous autumn and duly blessed.

In the fall of the same year, 1880, we began here a Catholic parochial school in a room attached to the church. It has been running to the present time. However, as many live too far from it, only about one-half of the children can profit by the opportunities it affords them.

In the year 1882, I enjoyed a vacation of four months, by taking a trip to Europe. But in the following year I made up for time lost, for it was probably the most busy year of my missionary life. I built churches at Arcadia, Pittsburg, and Weir City.

Arcadia, in Crawford County, superseded as a mission Mulberry Grove, though situated six miles north. It started as a coal-mining town, and continued to prosper in a measure on account of the rich soil surrounding it, as well as by reason of its being the junction of two roads of the Gulf system. Owing to the ability and devotedness of a member of the congregation, it was comparatively easy for me to build that church—it is dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi—and to pay for it. The congregation may have numbered at the time about twenty families.

Pittsburg, in Crawford County, owes its beginning to the Laignons of La Salle, Illinois, who in 1880 built furnaces to reduce zinc ore. So long however as coal-mining was carried on only in *strip-pits*, there were not many Catholics about the place;

and Mass was celebrated for about two years in a private house. In the short space of four months, during my stay in Europe, the population of about two thousand must have doubled, and the Catholic families may have numbered then about fifty. And still they came, from all quarters and nationalities: Germans, French, Belgians, Poles, Italians, Bohemians, and Irish. Most of them however had no property in the place, and, having come as it were on trial, they did not take the required interest in the church so as to make it a success. I built a frame church with a schoolroom for one wing, and some rooms for a priest to live in, till they could do better. The church was dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. There were some debts on it when I surrendered the place with Arcadia and Girard to another Father; all was not paid up till last year.

Weir City was started as a village in 1873, by a zinc-smelting and coal-mining firm. Its growth was slow; and there were not enough Catholics to build a church till the fall of 1883. But the earnest people were scarce then, and so the church could not be finished till 1884, when a lot of good Irish miners came to swell the congregation. Then came the necessity of having a school for them, for which I provided in 1885 by an addition to the church, to serve for both school and church.

Lastly, in 1888, some shafts having been sunk for coal on the railroad six miles north of this place, and many Catholic miners having flocked thither, I felt the need of both church and school for them. Thus I built my twelfth church, which answers also for a school, and called it after St. Cronan—the Patron Saint of miners.

I have been often asked if anything remarkable or worthy of note has ever happened to me.

I must answer in the negative. Like a pack-horse that carries a load up the mountain-side slowly and step by step, I have got through these years of missionary work without meeting with any singular adventure. I have travelled at night as well as in the daytime, in the greatest solitude, unarmed, and among Indians (not the wild ones), and have never met with any insult. Some physical dangers I have met with, such as swimming swollen creeks, but noticed the danger only when I was in it and made the best of the occasion.

Once I upset my buggy in a swollen creek ; I got safely out, but the horses ran back and broke one wheel, but were caught by a stranger. My satchel was lost in the creek. It contained everything needed for Mass, and I was longing to get it back. I promised a reward to a man that lived near the ford and he found it after three days, when the water subsided.

I will not speak of the hardships of lodging in poor huts, where the people themselves fared hard and had little of civilization about them.

I might mention a visit to the Ponca Indians, while under charge of the United States troops in the same Territory. It was quite an elaborate affair, and was not without its reward. I said Mass in the Agency room in presence of all the chiefs. I explained beforehand the holy mysteries, and after Mass I preached (through an interpreter) giving an outline of the Catholic faith. When I got through, one of the chiefs, after passing around the calumet of peace, addressed me in words of thanks, and making use of their poetical expressions, said that it was to them as to a man that has once lost his eyesight and then recovered it : that when he was young he remembered seeing the Black Gown (probably Father De Smet) in the mountains : that they could do nothing then, but that as soon as they would reach their new reservation, they would ask for Catholic missionaries. This they afterward did, but under Grant's administration no such favor could be expected.

But the brightest spot in my ministrations is what little I did for some Pottowattomie Indians (about twenty or more families) who had come from St. Mary's, Kansas, to squat on the Ottawa reservation near the Neosho River. They used to come to Chetopa on Saturday evenings, when there was to be Mass, pitched their little tents around the church, and usually came, almost all, to confession, which I heard in their dialect. I call this a bright spot because I received no earthly remuneration for it.

Of peculiar sick-calls, I may mention one at eighty miles' distance, which I made with my buggy, and the sick person lived only a few days after that.

But in the following I saw plainly the goodness of God to a poor Irishman, who was to have the priest before dying, though he lived 175 miles from him. I lived here then, and on a certain

Saturday I was to go to Chetopa for the usual Sunday. I intended to start early, but something came across me that kept me home till 10 o'clock. When I passed the post-office, two miles on my way, the mail had just arrived, and there was a telegram. It had been sent the previous evening to Chetopa from Eufaula, Indian Territory, 145 miles south of the former place, to some friend, who was kind enough to enclose it in an envelope and mail it to me. How promptly that letter came up here was a mystery to me.

I had three hours to go to Oswego with the team, and there take the afternoon train. This I did, and reached a section-house about 8 o'clock. Very early I said Mass and gave the Sacraments of the Church to the sick man, and at six boarded the train going north, reaching Chetopa at eleven, just in time to say late Mass for the people, who wondered what had happened to me. I learned afterward that the sick man died the same day.

E. BONONCINI.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since March 1st:

Mrs. Margaret Spillane, New York,	\$3.00
Friend, Cincinnati, Ohio,	5.00
Friend, Yazoo City, Miss.,	1.00
L. W. W., Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
Lizzie McCoy, Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Mrs. Honora Aherne, Bakersfield, Cal.,	1.00
To the Crow Indian Mission, Montana,	3.50

SWEET VIRGIN MARY.

The babe that lisps thy sacred name,
 Gives back thy smile with fondest gaze,
 While treasures to thy shrine it brings—
 An offering of its childish praise.

The generous youth, the maiden pure,
 The contrite sinner choked with grief,—
 All fly to thee, who never yet
 Refused thy needy ones relief.

E. V. N.



THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES TO THE SACRED HEART.

Answers to Inquiries (see March PILGRIM, page 93; April, page 122).

1.—*When is the Act of Consecration of Families to be made?*

It may be made in two ways: first, publicly in church, when the priest in charge desires to give it some solemnity. A proper occasion would be before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when the Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart is read; the Act of Consecration might follow. As for all such devotions, the better method is for the priest to read aloud, sentence by sentence, the congregation repeating after him.

Secondly, where there is to be no public ceremony or devotion, the different families may choose their own time, either at their homes or, privately, during a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

2.—*Is there any stated time of the year for it?*

No; but the centenary which has given occasion to this general consecration occurs on Monday, the 17th of June. The devotions of the evening previous—Sunday, feast of the Most Holy Trinity—offer a good opportunity. Or again, it might be made a part of the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 28.

[It should be noted that, in public services, the reading of an act of consecration of this kind is subject to the ordinary rules governing the reading of acts of reparation, or other similar prayers in the vernacular. The Act which has been published for this occasion, is that put forth officially by the Director General of the League, with the *Imprimatur* of his Ordinary, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, France. In such a matter, the

custom usually followed in the public devotions of the church or diocese, where it is to be read, should be observed.]

3.—*Whose signature is to be placed on the engravings of the Sacred Heart?*

Properly, the signature of the head of the family; if not, then of the one who makes the consecration. The engraving is only a memento that may serve to keep fresh the memory of this consecration; anyone may properly sign it, as it is simply an act of devotion.

4.—*May families who do not belong to the League join in this act of devotion? Also, may they receive the engravings?*

Yes, as this act of devotion is not peculiar to the League, but is put forth for the benefit of all Christians. Naturally, we make use of what may be called the "machinery" of the League, that is, the Directors and Promoters, to spread this devotion; but it has no necessary dependence on it, except that the Lists of names, for the *Golden Books* of the Sacred Heart, will be made up for transmission to the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial by the Central Directors.

It is also to be noticed that such a consecration is not limited to any special year; it is always an act of profitable devotion to the Sacred Heart.

THE INTENTIONS OF THE SACRED HEART.

By an American Lawyer.

What are these intentions? Is it a cry in the dark that we utter when with fifteen million members of the League we daily formulate this consecration of our work, prayers, and sufferings? Is this a subversion of older objects of Christian life?

The intentions of the Sacred Heart are the *Will of God on earth*—they could not be otherwise. And have we not all been taught to pray each day: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"? The devotion of the League of the Sacred Heart presents this same truth and this same duty, but intensified in some sort objectively, and woven more intimately into our lives by *practice*. We seek to bring about God's will.

The intentions of the Sacred Heart are this Divine Will *humanized* for us, appealing to us with a human tenderness, brought

home to the heart and made familiar like a friend's, a brother's interest. They are, so to speak, the Love side of God's Will—the side of blessing and mercy—the caressing hand and not the striking hand of it. They are this Will, oblivious of Omnipotence, asking the consent of Its creatures. Lastly, like a sun which lights and warms him who comes into its rays, they transform and illumine our own assent by its union with His Who is *always living to make intercession for us.*¹ They “make our ends divine.”

And what is God's will on earth? *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.*² This was the song of the Angels at the first heart-beat of the Child Jesus.

In heaven, we might say, it is all glory to God: but our Saviour brought out the human complement of it—*peace to men.* So for our own sakes as poor suffering men, we cannot better pray that this Holy Will be done than by joining in the intentions of the Sacred Heart.

But you will object: this is praying for the accomplishment of God's Providence in the world, and I want to pray for myself. I am afraid to drown my necessities in the great ocean of man's misery.

Well, this is the first lesson which you learn, that you are concerned in the good of others—a lesson of unselfishness and charity, and withal so gently taught and easily performed. It is no less the truth because you are so little mindful of it, and the neglect of this great duty seems small recommendation for your personal ends.

But much more; it is no mere religion of humanity alone, even quickened and sanctified by a living God, which is offered to your heart for acquiescence and practice. God knows the recesses of that heart which He has made, and is not forgetful of its proper self-seeking. He has surrounded the general duty with individual rewards and personal promises.

It would seem that in the presence of the Creator's Will, we could simply stammer out: “Our Father, Who art in heaven, Thy will be done.” But the same lips that taught us to say to God—“*Our Father*”—invite us to approach Him also as individuals, and they say to each of us: “My child, give Me thy

¹ Hebrews, vii. 25.

² St. Luke, ii. 14.

heart." The words naturally burst from us in reply: "*My Jesus! my Saviour!* I give Thee my work, prayers, sufferings."

It is not only a personal God, in the meaning of the schools: it is, in the other meaning, a personal *Friend*—*my Friend*, Who has my interests at heart infinitely more than I have His.

And He has encircled our friendship with assurances of this personal interest.

"Do this for Me, and I will bless your home, your undertakings, and most of all your soul."

Thou wilt do this, sweet Lord? Thou hast promised all this to *me*? All this if my weak hands are but joined a moment to wish Thy loving hands success? All this if I only mean the *sense* of my bounden prayer: "Thy will be done."

O Sacred Heart of my Saviour! May Thy intentions be lovingly effected.

Thy Kingdom come!

AN AGNOSTIC LADY'S CONVERSION.

I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, writes a missionary priest, for the conversion of a relative of mine, an elderly lady. When young she mingled much in the society of infidels and read their so-called philosophies in several languages. In course of time her mind, in consequence, became deeply imbued with infidel theories; at last she abandoned all show of religion and seemed utterly dead to every notion of the supernatural life. This was in spite of the fact that when she had been a practical Catholic, she had been engaged for some years as tutoress in one of the oldest and most respectable Catholic families in the country. The poison of infidelity had sapped her religion almost imperceptibly, and seldom were the sad effects of dangerous reading and dangerous company better exemplified.

A certain relative, however, a religious and a priest, felt a special interest in her welfare, and regularly for more than eighteen years offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for her return to her abandoned Faith. Besides this, for thirty years he had made countless novenas and other prayers to the Sacred Heart, to Mary, the refuge of sinners, and to St. Joseph. In these latter devotions all the members of the family joined him, but the

thirty years rolled by, and their prayers had apparently been offered to no purpose.

She was often present when we young folks would kneel at mother's knee to say our evening prayers and, each one in turn—there were eight of us—kiss her a loving good-night, but she was perfectly indifferent to the deep religious meaning of that scene. Her loss of faith nearly broke mother's heart. God alone knows how many prayers she said and how many Masses she had offered for the poor stray sheep. When I was a boy I could never understand why mother called so often on the priest in the sacristy of our old church, but it is plain to me now. The family did not despair. Their friend was not unlike the paralytic at the pool, who had lain there helpless thirty years till Christ came by; and they were persuaded that the Sacred Heart would, in Its own good time, hear and answer their earnest petitions. Their hope was not disappointed.

One day the unhappy woman was stricken down by the hand of God, and confined to her couch by an acute attack of paralysis. At once the eyes of her soul seemed miraculously opened. Her dead faith revived in an instant, and, calling her daughter, she begged her to send for one of the Fathers. She received him like an angel from heaven. Then, after a few moments of preparation, she publicly acknowledged and retracted all her errors, and implored pardon of God for having so long been estranged from Him. This seemed to fill her with great consolation. In due time she made her confession and devoutly received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

I am glad to be able to add that hers was not a death-bed conversion. Happy as such conversions generally are, we have often reason to doubt their sincerity and even to doubt whether the person is really conscious. She rallied from her first attack and lived for six months longer. During that whole time, she always looked upon her confessor as her truest friend, and had the joy of going to confession and Holy Communion every week, even sometimes twice in the week. The priest was present when she breathed her final sigh. Her last words were: "I am sorry for ever having strayed from my holy Church. Jesus, pity me and save me! Mary and Joseph, pray for me!"

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Conversion of the Jews.



F late years, even here in America, great complaints have been made and alarm expressed of the encroachments, in every line of commerce and finance, of the enterprising and persevering Jewish race. Abroad, especially in France and parts of Germany and Russia, these complaints have been yet more bitter, and threaten at times to lead to real persecution.

It does not belong to us to judge of a question of this kind, so far as it concerns merely temporal interests. It is necessary for us to observe the justice due to all men; and a natural suspicion arises in regard to these attacks, which have often been made in a most un-Christian manner. As to the race of Jews, Christians assuredly cannot join in the ridicule and hatred heaped upon it. For we remember that it is the race of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His Blessed Mother Mary, and of the Apostles and many most glorious Saints of the Church. This alone is sufficient to make this race very dear to God, because of its fathers, and very honorable among men, because of the office it has held in the world.

But what all Christians have always deplored, with St. Paul, is that the veil hiding from the Jews the coming of the Messiah should still be *upon their heart*.¹

It has always been a fixed tradition in the Church that the day shall come when the great mass of the Jewish nation will listen to the voice of its prophets and submit to Christ. This is to be the beginning of the great day of the universal reign of Jesus Christ in the world. On every Good Friday the Church offers up her prayers for the faithless Jews, that at last they may believe.

This is the invitation sent out to the Associates of the League for this month of May—the month of the Blessed Virgin who is *the honor of her people Israel*.²

Let prayers be offered urgently to God that the time may be shortened, and that the Jews may embrace the holy law of their elder Brother Christ, the true Head of their race, and the Saviour of all men.

¹ II. Corinthians, iii. 15.

² Judith, xv. 10.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 6.

JUNE.

(See Messenger Calendar.)



FEASTS OF OUR LORD.—All June has been consecrated by the Church to the special worship of the Sacred Heart; but this year we have in addition four special festivals where the love of that Heart is shown in the sublimest manner.

On Whitsunday (9th), the seventieth day (Greek *Pentecosté*) after His Resurrection, Christ sent down on His disciples the Holy Ghost, our Paraclete or Comforter.

If I go not, He said to His sorrowing Apostles, the Paraclete will not come to you, but if I go I will send Him. . . . He will teach you all truth.¹ And when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished . . . , suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind . . . , and there appeared to them tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.² Ever since, according to Christ's promise, the Spirit teaches the Church all truth, making and preserving her infallible.

On Trinity Sunday (16th) the Church glorifies alike Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God. *Going therefore, was Christ's last injunction to the Apostles, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.³*

The feast of Corpus Christi, *the Body of Christ* (20th), was

¹ St. John, xvi. 7, 13.

² Acts, ii. 1-4.

³ St. Matthew, xxviii. 20.

established in honor of the Blessed Sacrament according to a revelation made by our Lord to St. Juliana of Mont-Cornillon.⁴ *I am the living Bread Which came down from heaven, are Christ's own words; if any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever: and the Bread that I will give, is my Flesh for the life of the world.*⁵ So, too, the solemn and loving celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart (20th) was asked by our Lord Himself. In a revelation to Blessed Margaret Mary, two hundred years ago, He manifested His earnest desire that it should be celebrated on the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi. It is peculiarly the feast of the *Love* of Christ for men; and this year it is specially to be made the occasion of the *Consecration of Families* to His Sacred Heart. It is also one of the two feasts, chosen to divide the year by the consecration of the Promoters of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart.

OUR LADY IN JUNE.—The Church has no general festival for Mary in this month, though its first day is in some places, as Montreal, Canada, kept holy to the Mother of Divine Grace. But her Son's feasts are all hers: when He sent down the Paraclete on the Apostles, the Holy Scripture is careful to say that *Mary the Mother of Jesus* was with *all these . . . persevering with one mind in prayer*;⁶ from her pure flesh Christ took His own most precious Body and Blood; and her Immaculate Heart was most like unto His, and is joined in one common devotion with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

MEN SAINTS.—Of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist (24th) our Lord said: *Amongst those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist.*⁷ At our Lady's visit to his mother St. Elizabeth, the latter *was filled with the Holy Ghost*,⁸ and the child as yet unborn, though conceived in sin, was thus purified, like the Prophet Jeremias,⁹ and born free from the taint of original sin.

Pope St. Eleutherius (1st) fought nobly against the Montanist heresy and its abominations, and in the second century revived the Faith in England by means of the saintly King Lucius.

⁴ For a short life of this Saint and a history of the festival, see the **PILGRIM** for April, 1887, p. 90.

⁵ St. John, vi. 54, 56.

⁶ Acts, i. 14.

⁷ St. Luke, vii. 28.

⁸ St. Luke, i. 41.

⁹ Jeremias, i. 5.

Pope St. Silverius (20th) was long persecuted and finally murdered for refusing to condemn the Catholic Council of Chalcedon. St. Boniface (5th), the Apostle of Germany, was slain with fifty-two of his companions by the pagans of Friesland; and St. Paul of Constantinople (7th) was driven from his see by the Arians, exiled to the Armenian deserts and there strangled. St. Barnabas (11th) was not of the original twelve Apostles, but merited the same title by his labors in Europe and Asia, chiefly in company with the Apostle of the Gentiles; he was stoned to death by the Jews in Cyprus.

The twelve-year old St. Vitus and his nurse Crescentia and her husband Modestus (15th), the twin brothers Marcus and Marcellian (18th), and St. Alban (22d), England's proto-martyr, were all victims of the Emperor Diocletian; while the military officers, Sts. John and Paul (26th) were beheaded under Julian the Apostate.

St. Ferdinand III. of Spain (8th) is famous alike for his piety and his magnificent feats of arms against the Moors. A like religious and military glory attaches to St. Ladislav I. (27th), King of Hungary.

St. Francis Caracciolo (4th) founded the Order of Minor Clerks; St. Norbert (6th), Archbishop of Magdeburg, the Premonstratensians; the austere, eloquent, and learned Doctor of the Church, St. Basil the Great (14th), many monasteries in Asia Minor; and St. William of Monte Vergine (25th), the religious congregation of that name.

The Spanish Augustinian, St. John of Sahagun or *St. Facundus* (12th) is revered for his spirit of forgiveness and his fearlessness in rebuking public sinners; the Italian Franciscan, St. Anthony of Padua (13th), for his sweetness and gentleness, but especially, perhaps, in Catholic families as an unfailing helper in finding things lost; the French Jesuit, St. John Francis Regis (17th), for his prodigious missionary labors in the rural and mountain districts of southern France; and the young Italian prince, who died a Jesuit scholastic, St. Aloysius Gonzaga (21st), is everywhere known for the angelic modesty and contempt of worldly greatness which have made him the Patron of Youth.

WOMEN SAINTS.—Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus or Mariana de Paredes y Flores (2d) was a Spanish American and is sur-

named the Lily of Quito; at her death a fragrant white lily burst up and bloomed in a vase containing her blood.¹⁰ St. Rosaline of Villanova (11th) is the patron of the Carthusian nuns and of the Order of Malta. St. Lutgarde (16th) was a Benedictine nun to whom our Lord showed His wounded Heart, to move her to renounce all things for love of Him. The illustrious virgin St. Juliana Falconieri (19th) was a niece of St. Alexius Falconieri, one of the recently canonized Seven Founders of the Order of Servites. The English Queen St. Etheldreda (23d) was also a virgin; hers is the only church that has been restored into the hands of Catholics in London, from the robberies of the so-called Reformation. St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland (10th), was the niece of St. Edward the Confessor, King of England; she should be highly revered for the advance in civilization and Christian virtues which she fostered in that country.

PROMOTERS' PATRONS.—St. Clotilda, Queen of France (3d), converted her pagan husband, King Clovis, to Christianity, and was thus God's instrument in spreading and strengthening the Faith in the whole kingdom. Sts. Peter and Paul, whose common feast we celebrate on the 29th, labored long amid countless sufferings in converting the Jew and the idolater to Christ, and finally met their coveted crown of martyrdom on the same day. St. Peter at his own request was crucified head downward, St. Paul as a Roman citizen being decapitated.

THE FAIRER GIFT.

On the eve of Corpus Christi,
 In the sunset's mellowed glare,
 Came a group of little children
 To rehearse the morrow's prayer;
 Each brought flowers for the altar—
 Costly gifts of wealth and pride—
 Lilies some, and roses others,
 Violets with carnations vied.

But one child—the very smallest—
 Knelt apart a little way;
 With the rich, she patched and threadbare
 Could not find a place to pray:

¹⁰ See her Life in the PILGRIM for June, 1887, p. 143.

In her hand she clasped a nosegay
Of wild flowers from the wood—
Pale anemones and fern leaves—
Humbly offering all she could.

When the good priest came to gather
All the flowers, in costly row,
She too bravely gave her posy,
Faded from its woodland glow;
But the tears arose unbidden
'Mid the laughter of the band:
"Tain't so nice," she whispered, "Father;
"The good God will understand."

Silently the priest accepted
The poor offering of the child:
Christ the Child was poor and lowly;
Was the gift to be reviled?
And amid the adoration,
Next the Host, all day there stood,
Honored above all the others,
Faded wild-flowers from the wood.

B. A.

A MASS IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

INFIDEL France is about to celebrate the centennial of its Declaration of the *Rights of Man*. Catholic France knows by a bitter experience how false the pretences of that declaration were.

Countless evils and horrors followed in its train, the first of which was a denial of the very foremost right of man, a right which he can claim from nature itself—the right to serve his God in peace. The clergy were butchered by dozens, altars and churches were polluted, Catholics were under a ban, and all who differed in opinion from the regicides who had usurped the government had little to expect but the gun and the guillotine.

That declaration, in a word, was the prelude, and it may be called the soul, of the Reign of Terror. Out of the thousand true and heart-rending stories that prove the assertion, we have one to tell which shows us into what abysses the "Rights of God" had been plunged.

Four years after the Declaration was published, two Catholic

young men found themselves wandering along the sea-coast of Brittany, outlaws for religion's sake. To be captured meant death. The country swarmed with government spies, and to avoid them the young men had to resort to frequent disguises and pick their way along retired roads.

They were seeking a rendezvous at the chateau of Keroulaz, but the distance was great and they had tasted no food for twenty-four hours. In the midst of their perplexity they suddenly beheld what appeared to be a devout peasant youth following them. He had his eyes cast down and was apparently absorbed in saying his beads. They approached him unsuspectingly and asked the way.

To their surprise, he said he too was bent toward Keroulaz.

"But, strangers, or rather friends," he added, smiling, "we can never reach the chateau to-night. You are tired and so am I. Let us cast about us for a shelter, and continue our journey to-morrow. Meantime, since you look pretty hungry, take a little of the bread I have in my wallet."

His kindness won the outlaws, and before long they had rashly told him why they were bound for Keroulaz. This, however, evoked no comment from him. He jogged along conversing piously, and at last, deep in the evening, he showed them a farmhouse where they might rest for the night. He himself, he said, would stop at another near by and rejoin them on the morrow.

In their desperate state the young men were ready for any adventure, but it was not without misgivings that they knocked at the door. After some moments they heard a sturdy voice exclaim, "Come in," and the door swung open wide.

The man who opened it was gray with his years, but his form was erect and athletic. His face was stern, but neither rough nor cruel. He made them stand, however, for some seconds in the full glare of the lamp before he asked them any questions. Then they briefly told him of their distress.

"The folks have all retired," he answered surlily, "and there isn't much left, but such as it is, you can have it."

With these words, he placed a dish of beans, some stale black bread, and a pitcher of water on the table. To the famished outlaws it was a royal repast.

They devoured it eagerly, unconscious of the steady, searching scrutiny of their host all the while. He chatted with them rather freely about the government and the hard times, but they were now careful enough not to commit themselves by indiscreet abuse of the powers that were thirsting for their blood.

When the meal was over, the farmer escorted them to the rear of the house and into the stable. There, near a couple of jaded-looking horses, he pointed out a pallet of straw and bade them be comfortable for the night.

When alone, the young men took out their pistols and laid them beside the pallet. In those evil days they had to be prepared for anything. They next knelt down in fervent prayer for guidance from Almighty God, a morning and evening custom which they had never neglected.

Their prayer was not ended when one of them fancied he heard a peculiar noise not far behind him. He turned. Did he dimly discern a human face at the window above his head? The apparition lasted but a moment, and he persuaded himself that he had been mistaken.

In the morning the host met them with a beaming countenance. This surprised and delighted them, and they told him laughingly about the apparition.

"Well, my friends," he answered, looking grave and determined, "that prayer saved you. It was my son and I who were at the window, and we would have shot you except for that. Don't be astonished. Many a neighbor of mine has fallen a victim to the government spies, and has been smoked out of his house like a fox. Insupportable taxation and the guillotine are all our precious legislators have for good Catholics. But come, you are honest men like myself, and I'll give you something better than you had last night."

Fresh bread, bacon, and a pitcher of wine were now set before the poor outlaws, and the host bade them tell him their adventures. As they told him of all they had suffered, great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "and I was going to butcher you in cold blood! But who can blame me? I have seen and heard of so many of our countrymen betrayed to death by the government hounds, that I suspect almost everyone. In killing you,

I should have felt certain that I was saving myself and my family from ruin, besides ridding the earth of two scoundrels."

"Well," said the older youth, "it may be only delaying our death a few days. It seems impossible to escape the spies much longer. And only think of it! The priests are driven harder than ourselves, so that we have had no chance to hear Mass or make our confession for six months."

"You shall hear Mass, then, please God, to-morrow," the farmer replied. "It's the least I can do for you after well nigh sending you to judgment without a moment's warning."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the young men delightedly. "Where?"

"Ah! that's a secret! In spite of the swarming spies, we hear Mass every Sunday. We do so, of course, at the risk of our lives, but still we do it. *Liberty, equality, and fraternity* is the cry of these ruffians. They mean them for no one except themselves."

Hardly had he finished speaking, when the peasant guide of the evening before appeared at the door. The farmer looked at him with no good will.

"Don't be afraid," said one of the outlaws in an imprudent outburst. "You can trust this young man. It was he who befriended us last night and showed us to your house."

"Yes," said the peasant quickly, "I'm surprised that Mr. Pol doesn't recognize me. I live not more than a dozen miles from here, and he and I have often met."

"Perhaps so," said the farmer, "since you know my name. Sit down and have some breakfast."

Again his guests blundered.

"Let this young man," they begged, "come with us to the Mass. If you think, Mr. Pol, that you owe us such a kindness, we assure you that we owe him the same. We know his piety and can vouch for his reliability."

The secret was out before Mr. Pol could check it, and the peasant was quick to reply, crossing himself and smiling: "Oh, certainly. I shall be overjoyed to go. I haven't missed a Sunday there for some time."

These words reassured the farmer. After breakfast, he told the peasant to wait a while, and then showed the two outlaws to

a hiding-place in the garret. Returning to the peasant, they chatted together for some moments and then left the house.

That evening the farmer gathered his household around him. It consisted of his own aged wife and his three sons and their wives and children. It was some time before they were relieved from the reserve occasioned by the presence of the strangers, but once it was dispelled the meal was eaten amid the greatest mirth.

"Gentlemen," said Pol then rising, "we must start now. The women will put the children to bed; Marie will stay at home with them, and you, my sons, take down your rifles. Here, strangers, is a carbine for each of you."

The outlaws looked astonished. Pol smiled grimly and continued: "We have to go at this hour, to be on hand in time. Our guns are needed in such a reign of terror as this. The government officers would shoot us like dogs if they found us bearing Mass, and God help the priest if they laid their hands on him!"

Cautiously the little party set out in the dark. They exchanged very few words with each other, but were alert for surprises at every step. The outlaws had been too much used to deadly risks to feel at all nervous, while their companions seemed to take the journey and its perils as a matter of course.

They must have walked for an hour, when the cool salt wind in their faces and the monotonous sound of breaking waves told our heroes that they had reached the sea-shore. Their feet, however, were treading a rough road over a rocky coast and along deep precipices.

"Perhaps," whispered one, "we are going to worship in a cave like the hunted Irish."

Before his friend could answer, Pol called a halt and told the party to range themselves in single file, as they were about to descend the face of the cliff. The path was down a narrow and jagged incline, where at every moment one was in danger of slipping and flying over a precipice to certain death.

Another hour was spent in the descent, and our travellers found themselves almost knee-deep in the wet sand. In the obscurity they could dimly discern a very large party awaiting them. A few moments intervened for rest, after which a voice was heard:

"It is twelve o'clock. Let us start."

"Start whither?" said one, but he soon understood.

"It's a rough and ugly sea to-night," said one of Pol's sons.

"Aye! and so much the better," was the answer.

A short walk brought the party to where a long boat lay rocking on the waves. At a word from Pol they embarked and in a few moments were out upon the sea.

All hands except the women bent to the oars, while the fierce waves kept dashing across the boat and drenched them. But this no one seemed to heed. As their eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, another and another boat could be seen not far away laboring like their own.

Finally a boat bearing two faint lights appeared. It rose and fell with the surging waters. Not a sound was heard aboard it. In the centre a sort of table was erected, and at first sight it seemed like some funeral boat, with candles and catafalque. As it drew nearer, one could see that it carried an altar. Before the altar stood a gray-haired priest. At his feet two rough fishermen were kneeling, serving his Mass.

The other boats, about twelve in number, now closed in around the Mass-boat in such a way as to form a wide-spreading circle. A rope was hastily passed from one to another to prevent collision, and all who were able knelt down in prayer. Was ever a congregation so devout?

The Mass proceeded slowly and reverently. Only the dashing of the waves and the uneasy shaking of the oar-locks interrupted the words of the priest and the deep responses of his servers.

The consecration and communion were over. The priest was at the last ablution, when a man in a neighboring boat reached over and cried to Pol in a low but excited voice:

"A sloop! my God! look to the starboard! a sloop!"

"Good heavens! you are right," said Pol, "we have been betrayed! These scoundrels will sink us! Save the priest!"

His words were too late. A terrible flame burst from the side of the sloop. A sharp boom followed, and a cannon-ball went crashing into the altar. Another and another came in rapid succession and the Mass-boat was splintered.

Heedless of their own danger, several small boats shot toward it, but in vain. The priest turned to face them, stretched out his

hands in benediction, and then his boat, pitching forward, dragged him down to his grave at the bottom of the sea.

A cry of awful agony and wrath went up from the Bretons. They now saw more than one of their own boats shattered and their companions struggling in the waves.

"Surrender!" came a voice from the boat.

"Never," shouted Pol, standing up like a giant. "Men, let us sell our lives dearly. Turn on the sloop and board her."

In the teeth of the raking fire, the brave Bretons bore down on the sloop, reached it and clambered up the side. This was something the crew had never expected. They were not more than sixty, and had fancied to themselves an unresisting enemy.

The struggle was a hand-to-hand one, short and bloody. One after another, the crew of the sloop, fighting like devils, were shot down and flung into the sea, till at last but one remained.

That man was the peasant of the day before.

Old Pol's two sons had been slain. He recognized the traitor. He threw himself upon him. One deep thrust with a cutlass, and, holding the wretch aloft like a child, he pitched his bleeding corpse far out across the waters.

"So dies a monster," was all he could utter.

The dead and wounded Bretons were tenderly lifted from the deck of the sloop and passed over its side to their friends in the boats below. Forthwith the sloop itself was fired, and by the light of its burning those who were still struggling in the waves were picked up. Day was just breaking as its last hissing embers drifted away.

It was a sorrowing group that gathered on the beach that morning.

Each family would bury its dead ones by stealth. If the news of the evening's conflict should come to the ears of the government, it could only mean extermination for the Bretons.

When Mr. Pol reached his house, the tears were rolling down his cheeks. But he was still the Christian host.

"Here," he said to the outlaws, "is my only surviving son. He will show you the way to Keroulaz. God speed you, and may you never forget your daily prayers."

A SAINT'S WONDERFUL COMMUNION.

NO church in Florence is more stately than that of the Annunciation of our Lady. It is in fact considered by capable critics to deserve a place among the greatest churches of Italy. Ruskin sets apart the fifth of his *Mornings in Florence* to a study in detail of its magnificent paintings by Simon Memmi. But neither Ruskin nor guide-book tells us that the church is a monument to the devout adorer of the Blessed Sacrament, Saint Juliana Falconieri.

Charissimus Falconieri and his wife Reguardata were childless and growing old, when, to their surprise and delight, God blessed them with the birth of Juliana. Though always pious, they consecrated themselves in gratitude to works of religion and that true charity which springs from religion alone; and first of all they founded and paid from their own purse the costs of the Church of the Annunciation.

Happy auspices were these for the new-born Saint. The first names her parents taught her were those of Jesus and Mary, and it was not with mere childish prattle that she loved to repeat them, but with a reverence so far beyond her years that all who heard her were moved to edification. As she grew older, she seemed to breathe an air of piety.

At the same time by her winning manners and her constant spirit of cheerfulness, she made herself the light of her household.

Her uncle, St. Alexius, one of the Seven Founders of the Servites of Mary, told her father that his daughter was less a girl than an angel.

When sixteen years of age, Juliana felt called to prove her love of God in a most heroic way, and she gladly followed the vocation. In spite of many distinguished offers of marriage, she consecrated her virginity to God, and then renounced all claims to her vast estate and riches. Freed from much that might hinder the practice of perfect virtue, her next step was to apply to St. Philip Beniti, the General of the Servites, to receive from him the religious veil. She thus became the first member of the Order of the Mantellatæ, or *Cloaked Nuns*, founded by St. Philip to serve the sick and exercise themselves in other works of charity.

St. Juliana's extraordinary labors in the hospital were marked by God with frequent miracles, and soon attracted to her a number of pious ladies anxious to lead the same life of sacrifice and devotion. Their number increasing, she was finally appointed prioress of a large convent of the Order in 1306. She still, however, delighted to serve the sick like the lowliest of her spiritual children.

No office of charity was too revolting for her. Again and again she applied her lips to disgusting ulcers, to kiss them and suck away the corrupted matter, to save the poor patient the pain of the knife. In reconciling bitter enemies or in recalling old sinners to the practice of their religious duties, she was no less patient and heroic, and all the while she afflicted her innocent body with the most pitiless fasting and scourging and other austerities.

He who would follow Christ truly, she knew, must follow Him to the crucifixion as well as to the marriage-feast. There is no Saint who has not trodden the way of the Cross.

Her spirit of prayer was, of course, her greatest means of support. Long hours at a time would she spend on her knees and prolong her prayers and meditations far into the night. But the Blessed Sacrament was the special object of her adoration, and in her last illness God vouchsafed to reward her love in a singular manner.

Full of infirmities at the age of seventy, St. Juliana lay dying, but alas! her stomach could receive no nourishment. Her continual vomitings forbade her confessor to administer Holy Communion. This was her last trial. She was indeed intensely disappointed, and the tears streamed from her eyes, but she bowed in saintly submission and uttered no complaint.

Suddenly the Sacred Host, Which had been brought into her cell and placed reverently on her bosom, that she might adore It, disappeared. Juliana was seen to smile with more than earthly happiness. She remained some moments in an ecstasy of prayer and then gently breathed her last.

After her death, the figure of the Host was discovered imprinted on her left side above her heart. All the nuns felt sure that God had not allowed her to depart before He granted her dearest desire.

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

[With the death of Father Thiry, S. J., of New York, the Agency of the Association of the Holy Childhood, established under his direction in that city, has been transferred to the office of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 114 S. Third St., Philadelphia.]

THE work of the Holy Childhood is an apostleship of Christian children in behalf of the children of China and other infidel countries, in the name and for the love of the Holy Child Jesus.

It is the means of procuring baptism for multitudes of little children, who thus people heaven. It is also the means of saving the lives of a great number of innocent little ones whom their parents are unnatural enough to abandon to a frightful death. Often these children are bought with money; and then the Holy Childhood supports and brings them up in its schools. These children owe their very existence to the Faith, and will be some day useful helpers in the conversion of their unhappy country.

The work depends for its support almost entirely on the charity of children. They are its first and chief members, and enjoy the larger share in the public prayers of the Association and the Masses celebrated for the good work. In these prayers and Masses is included the special intention that God may grant the young members the grace of a good First Communion and of perseverance.

However, the work comprises two kinds of Associates. To the first class belong children from their baptism to the age of twelve years. To the second class may belong persons of any age over twelve years. Quite apart from the personal merit of their prayers and almsgivings these latter have a share in all the prayers and merits of the work, and in all the Indulgences and other favors granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs and the Bishops.

The obligations common to all the Associates are as follows:

First, a *Hail Mary*, recited daily for the intentions of the work, adding the invocation—*Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us, and for the poor children of unbelievers*. To fulfil this obligation, it is enough to join this intention with the *Hail Mary* of the morning or evening prayer.

Second, one cent should be given each month. Parents can fulfil these obligations for children who are too young.

Persons more than twenty-one years old should, besides the above, be inscribed in the work of the Propagation of the Faith, if they do not already belong to it.

The Holy Childhood receives with gratitude the offerings of everyone, whether an Associate or not: but Indulgences are not gained unless these conditions be complied with.

The Sovereign Pontiff has granted the favor of becoming *perpetual* members of the work, and of gaining all its Indulgences, to all those who recite every day the prayers of the Association, and, being unable for personal reasons to give each month the prescribed alms, make once for all an offering to the work of not less than \$20.00.

The Associates are grouped by twelves, with a solicitor as the *Head of the Group*. By *Local Director* of the work is understood the priest of the parish in which it is established, or a priest delegated by him in his stead. The work is established in the parish when the parish has at least one series of twelve members.

The *Annals* are printed in Dutch, English, Flemish, German, Hungarian, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, and other languages. They are issued every two months, and one copy is sent to every group of twelve members, each paying 1 cent a month (yearly together, \$1.44), and also to any single person paying \$1.00 each year.

The Central Council of the work, presided over by the Director General, has its seat in Paris. There every year the alms received are divided among the different Missions. The general reports are published in the *Annals* every two months. They give items from China, and the other Missions, and touching incidents of the zeal of Associates, and the feasts of the work. [Father Thiry also issued an annual report. The last can still be had, and is of interest as containing a summary of work done.]

The work of the Holy Childhood has received the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiffs Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and Leo XIII., and the encouragement of nearly the entire Catholic Episcopate. It has also been enriched with Indulgences. Pius IX. instituted it canonically, and gave it a Cardinal Protector, recommending it also to the Catholic world. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. has several times blessed and recommended it, especially in an Encyclical Letter of the 3d of December, 1880.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

ESSENTIALS OF RECEPTION—CONDITIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

What is strictly necessary for the reception of a Sodalist?

One condition requisite is the presence of the one to be received. Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences issued April 13, 1878, and November 20, 1880, forbid the enrolment of those who are not present, though a recent modification allows the Director or his delegate in special cases, "by an unusual or extraordinary exception," to admit one who is absent.

Besides the candidate's presence, two things must appear: the willingness of the candidate to enter the Sodality, and the willingness of the Director to receive him. When the postulant reads the formula of consecration,¹ he satisfies the condition required on his part. After all have pronounced the act of consecration, the Director receives them in the following words:

I, by the authority granted me by the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, receive you into the Primary and Mother Sodality of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary of the Annunciation, and admit you to a share in all its Indulgences: and now while your names [or name] will be recorded in the register of the Sodality, may they [or it] be written forever in heaven.

This fulfils the requisite condition on the part of the Director, and the postulants become Sodalists. Whilst they are still kneeling, the Director receives the lighted candle, which each has held in his hand during the reception, and gives the diploma or certificate of admission,² saying—"Receive these letters patent, which certify that you are a Child of Mary; but show rather by your life of piety that you are her child. May Mary Virgin, meanwhile, bless you as her devoted child."

¹ See PILGRIM for May, current year, page 146.

² The *Sodalist's Memento*, issued at the MESSENGER office, is an excellent form of this certificate. It contains an Act of Consecration, an authentic list of the Indulgences, and some indulgenced prayers in honor of our Blessed Lady. Booksellers have illuminated or ornamented certificates. Both may be profitably used—the *Memento* to be carried in the Sodality *Manual*, the illuminated one to be kept framed at home.

Is registration of the name necessary?

Yes: each Sodalist's name must be entered on the Sodality register. This is a condition *essential to membership*. The date of admission should also be recorded. Besides containing Sodalists' names, the register may serve as a journal of the more noteworthy doings of the Sodality, and the Bishop's written approbation, which was given when the Sodality was started, allowing its erection and affiliation to the Roman Primary, should be inserted in it.

Are medals necessary?

It is a custom, which obtains generally, to give these at the reception, though not necessary. Nor is it necessary to have a particular kind or form of medal, or special color for the ribbon attached to it. The medal of the Immaculate Conception, which has occasioned so many graces, is favored most by custom, and white or blue is the appropriate color for the ribbon. For the sake of uniformity, the medals should be of the same size, quality, and value for all, though the ribbon may have some distinguishing designs of embellishment or embroidery for the officers. The ceremony of blessing the medals usually employed is given in the *Benedictionale*, and in conferring them the Director may say: "Receive this medal of the Sodality, and may it ward off from your body and soul all harm and sin, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. *Amen*."

The custom of having the secretary give each newly-enrolled member a *Manual* of the Sodality on the occasion of the reception, has its origin in the Roman Primary. The value of this practice is apparent, for the Sodalist cannot be expected to know the Sodality's regulations and observances, much less practise them, if he has never learnt what they are. The truth is, the failure and breaking up of some Sodalities, after a promising start even, may be traced to this very fact that the Sodalists, though willing and earnest in the beginning, were never instructed in the rules of the Sodality, and hence they soon tired of a service so indefinite and seemingly aimless.

Surely, no one can know the Sodality without being filled with the desire of being a devoted Child of Mary.

AN AMERICAN DEATHBED TWO HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

[Our American Catholics have, for the most part, come in with the vast immigration of the present century. But the Church had firm root here "in good old colony times"; and Catholic Maryland, with her vigorous offshoot in Kentucky, has taken a leading part in our history. This will lend interest to the edification from Christian hope that belongs to the following reproduction of a MS. from private archives.]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EDIFYING DEATH OF MR. ROBERT BROOKE,
Who departed this life in Maryland on Oct. 2d, A. D. 1667.

This gentleman, who was of noble lineage, had been for some time seriously ill. On the eve of Michaelmas, seeing that his end was near, he sent at once for me. I reached his bedside shortly after midnight and found him—as I thought—in the agony of death. But within half an hour he returned to the full possession of his senses, and calling me to him he said: "Father, this is the happy hour for which my brother and I have in earnest and persevering prayer besought the Blessed Virgin, that I might treat of my soul with you before I die."

Then, after spending half an hour in preparing himself for the reception of the Sacraments, he made his confession and without delay I gave him Holy Communion and administered Extreme Unction. He received the Sacraments with such a profusion of tears, with so great piety, fervor and contrition, and with so ardent expressions of the love of God and of his neighbor, as would almost surpass belief. Then turning to me, he said: "My dear Father, now my soul is in the enjoyment of the sweetest peace." A quarter of an hour later his agony began and lasted some hours amid the acutest sufferings, at each renewal of which he seemed about to expire. But to our great surprise his countenance suddenly became calm and he began with transports of joy to sing in a loud, sonorous voice. He remained in this condition for about an hour. He then relapsed again into the agony of death, which he endured bravely for some three hours, when lo! in the twinkling of an eye, again returned the

tranquil expression of countenance, the transports of joy and the singing as before. Taking this as an indication that his soul was about to take flight, I began to recite the Litany of Loretto, in which I was joined by those who were by: and again he sang, more earnestly still. The reason of this—as he told me afterwards—was, that the Angels were chanting the praises of the Blessed Virgin, as we were telling them in the Litany. We spent an hour in this fashion, after which returning to himself most unexpectedly he thus addressed me: “Father, it is God’s will that I should return to my senses for a time that I may tell you of the incredible sufferings, which I underwent in those hours of agony, and also of the heavenly sweetness and delights which my soul experienced while it expressed itself in song. For then all my pains were gone and I heard the Angels singing, and oh! the harmony of their song must be from heaven. Depart,” he continued, “ye riches and pleasures of the world! From my heart I resolve never to offend God more, even by a venial sin. Even should he restore my health, I will henceforth love and serve Him alone.” Then turning to his brothers, he exclaimed: “O my brothers! Had you tasted but one drop of the sweetness and joy, which I have just drunk, you would bid everlasting farewell to the world and its wealth.”

He added further good counsel to this appeal to his brothers and then he kissed them. He kissed his wife, blessed his son and daughter and kissed them both tenderly. He chided his wife for her tears and told her that she ought rather rejoice with him that the will of God was being fulfilled in him. Then he said to me: “Father, let us talk of God and the things of heaven.” With this request I hastened to comply. Some time after I pronounced several acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition and frequently repeated aspirations to God, all of which he repeated after me with all the ardor of his whole heart and soul.

In the midst of these he told me that he felt his former ecstasies returning, and true enough, abruptly seizing my hand with one of his and with the other that of his brother, Mr. Charles, he again gave token of experiencing ecstatic joy and continued to sing for full half an hour. His countenance meanwhile shone with such an expression of love that he seemed lost in the delights of heaven. This was undoubtedly an hour of

sweetness, yet the interval was but short, for he suddenly passed from these joys into a dreadful convulsion which for the space of an hour so worked upon him that all his veins and arteries seemed on the point of bursting. At length becoming calm again, he said to me: "Father, for my part I believe these ecstasies have come from God, and that the voices I have heard are those of Angels; yet I humbly submit myself to your judgment." I then undertook to examine the dispositions of his soul, to ascertain whether his consolations left any good fruit therein; and I discovered in his soul effects, which none other than the Holy Ghost could have worked. For I found that he possessed his soul in humility, patience, indifference, and utter resignation to the will of God,—virtues which were little consonant with his past life, as his brothers and friends assured me,—and God had now brought them to great perfection in the soul of His servant.

He did not yet die, but lingered for two days more. Meanwhile I had withdrawn to take a little rest, and during my absence he foretold that the Angels would come to bear away his soul. Shortly before he expired, he called his wife and told her that he saw the Angels standing by his bed and waiting the setting out of his soul. When he had said this, with fervent aspirations to God he breathed out his spirit into the hands of the Angels to be borne up into the bosom of the Most Holy Trinity. Should one ask why his death should be so happy, I can assign no reason save the firm faith, high hope, burning charity, deep humility, singular piety and devotion, and angelic purity, with which at the hour of his death he received the Sacraments of Penance, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. For also after the reception of the Sacraments he continued during the whole remaining time of his illness to practise these same virtues, until he breathed forth his soul. Precious indeed in the sight of God is the death of His saints!

This testimony of what his own eyes have witnessed, Peter Pelcon, priest of the Society of Jesus, has left in writing.

I, the undersigned, Professor at Georgetown College, have faithfully copied the relation given above.

CHARLES BOARMAN—1804.

THE SHRINE AT AURIESVILLE.

It is now five years since the hill overlooking the Mohawk River and the smiling meadows along its banks, where it joins the Schoharie, became a place of pilgrimage. It had recently been identified as the site of the cruel martyrdom of some of the Jesuit missionaries nearly two hundred and fifty years since, and of many of their faithful Indian disciples, taken captives by the savage Iroquois. From the sacrifices of faith here offered, the whole mission along this river, with its several churches and its shrine of Our Lady of Faith, received the name of the Mission of the Martyrs. Naturally, therefore, those who wished to raise up here a monument of faith and devotion, dedicated the new shrine to Our Lady of Martyrs.

There was even some fitness that the little hamlet and railway station of Auriesville should have grown up near by. For poor "Aurie," as the Dutch had nicknamed him from his true name Aaron, lived in a little cabin in a corner of this hill, at the beginning of our century. He was the last of his tribe to remain in the home of their heroic ancestors; and he was drunken and degraded enough to show what a fate the Indian has had, wherever he has been taken from the mild and civilizing influence of the missionaries.

From the beginning of 1885 our little bulletin of this devout work of American devotion has been carried on, latterly joining its work with the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. But the PILGRIM's original attempt to make honored amongst us the pioneers of our Faith, and to make remembered the needs of the true "native Americans" in our present Indian missions, has not been lost sight of.

The wonders of Lourdes, springing up to such universal proportions in our own day, have perhaps a little spoiled us for the humbler works of memorial devotion in our own holy places. But Lourdes, it must be remembered, has been chosen by the Almighty for the special manifestation of His desire to honor His Blessed Mother, and to impress the whole world with the power of His religion. It was not such a shrine that was to be uplifted at Auriesville, for the simple reason that human plans command not the arm of the Almighty. It was desired, simply but ear-

nestly, to build a suitable religious monument, in memory of the past and for the present edification. Thither pious souls might come, to gather up the memories and also to renew the devotion of other days. For that matter, there can be a shrine of our Lady wherever a Catholic finds his home. There is nothing new or strange in a memorial shrine, where the apostles of the Faith to a whole race have sealed devotion to our Lady with their blood. Here, even, the first fruits of our Lady's Sodality gave up their lives in the fiery torments of the stake.

The work, it is true, has gone on but slowly. Yet it has had sure results that are gratifying to those who have interested themselves in it. Year by year the August pilgrimages have gathered hundreds of pious souls before the little chapel that crowns the hill; and these days have remained, full of religious memories and hallowed impressions, in the hearts of all who shared in their solemnities. Last year, in the open field, once crossed by the narrow streets of the Iroquois village, the Stations of the Cross and a Calvary were set up. Thus the devotion of the place has begun and lived on, and has reached out to the spiritual lives of many.

Besides this, the little PILGRIM of the shrine has borne its reputation far and wide, and many a devout request and heartfelt thanksgiving have been offered to Our Lady of Martyrs in this new sanctuary of her American devotion.

What will come of this hallowed spot and of the devotion drawn to it, time and Providence alone can tell. But the shrine has taken its place among the monuments of our country, and the work has gained a success that shows it is pleasing to the Blessed Mother whom her American children have delighted to honor.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y.,
received since April 1st:

Joseph T. Lamb, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,	\$5.00
Mrs. C. Fleury, New York,	3.00
Child of Mary, Marysville, Cal.,	0.50
In memory of Father Sheridan, O. P.,	1.20
Plains, Pa.,	1.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Mrs. S., " " "	0.50
To the Chinese Mission, from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,	3.00



JUNE DEVOTIONS.

IN the month of June, regularly, occur the feast of the Blessed Sacrament and that of the Sacred Heart. The month of May, with its flowers and sweet memories, has been given up by Christian piety to the Blessed Virgin Mary. So too, for many years back, the month of June has been commonly dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In many churches there are simple exercises of devotion, and in Catholic schools almost universally there are special practices in Its honor. How this came about through the instrumentality of a young convent girl, whose chief lesson at school had been to subdue her seemingly ungovernable temper, and how this young girl, become a woman, died a young mother in the odor of sanctity, was told by us at length a year ago.¹

It is well, however, to give timely notice of the many exercises of devotion that can be made to enter into this month. Some of them, indeed, belong to it of right.

First of all, for our Associates, is the *Solemn Consecration of Promoters* of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer. When these Promoters, under their regular Local Director, have served their six months of trial, their names are sent up to the Head Director, in order that they may receive from him the Diploma confirming them in their rank as Promoters and an Indulgenced Cross, the wearing of which shall be the sign and the privilege of their rank. Besides the Plenary Indulgence granted them at the time of the reception of the Diploma and Cross, and the Plenary Indulgences attached

¹ "Angela," in large *Messenger*, June, 1888.

to the feasts of their two Patron Saints each month, there is a special Plenary Indulgence given to the *renewal of their consecration* twice each year. This, it is said in the Papal grant, should be about the feasts of the Immaculate Conception and Sacred Heart of Jesus. This renewal twice each year is evidently in imitation of the renewal of vows practised in religious communities. It brings back the sweet memories of their consecration, and adds new strength to the devotedness in Christian work which that consecration implies. It is advisable, wherever there are flourishing Centres of the League, that the Promoters should be united publicly for this solemn consecration. In many places it is done with great solemnity. Hymns are sung, a preacher of note is had to address the Promoters, who are in their ranks in front of the entire congregation, and there before the Blessed Sacrament they repeat aloud the prayer of their entire consecration to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. They promise to "promote the worship of the Divine Heart as far as may be in their power, . . . and in like manner, according to the spirit of the Church, the devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom they choose in a special manner for their Mother, devoting themselves and all that is theirs to her Most Pure Heart."

Another devotion, which has been much encouraged by the Sovereign Pontiffs for all the faithful, is the public *Novena* of the Sacred Heart. Besides the devotions, there is regularly a familiar discourse, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Where it is possible, this Novena is terminated on the day of the feast itself by an all-day's Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. There is a Plenary Indulgence attached, on the usual conditions, to this Novena. To gain this Indulgence, however, it is not necessary that the Novena should be celebrated publicly, as this would deprive many of the faithful of the privilege; and so, where they are unable to attend, they can make the Novena privately. The Indulgence is quite distinct from the Indulgence given for Communion on the feast.

Last of all, is the Indulgence for the practice, either public or private, of keeping the entire *month* of June, by certain pious acts each day, in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. To our Associates, for this present year, we have already earnestly

recommended the *Consecration of Families*. Its novelty is well fitted to impress the attention even of the coldest in their religion; and its connection with the great Exposition, or world's celebration of its own worldliness, in Paris during the present year, adds new timeliness to it. This too may be performed as an act of private devotion, although the public devotion in church is greatly to be recommended. It may be noted here that this is not a new devotion, or something which requires special privilege or approbation. It is simply a special act, or prayer, of a popular devotion, along lines long since thoroughly approved by the Church. It proceeds in fact from the very essence of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

One question has been asked, which deserves an answer. How are those devoted souls that have given up family and home on earth in order to devote themselves to the service of their Father in heaven in religious communities and convents, to perform this devotion? It is clear that, because they have left the presence and the work of their families, they have not therefore ceased to pray for them. Their own religious life is, as it were, a perpetual consecration of their whole family, in their persons, to the Sacred Heart. They especially are the "chief representatives" of their families. There is no reason why their names too should not go down on the Golden Books of this Consecration of Families.

GOOD TIDINGS.

[Several of these interesting accounts date from some time back, but their interest is not lost. EDITOR.]

BOSTON.—*Immaculate Conception Church.*—We had 1500 Communions to-day, the General Communion day for the Holy League. Of this number fully 500 were men. The League has benefited the Married Men's Sodality wonderfully. Last September this Sodality numbered 45; now it numbers 148, including 38 postulants for our next reception, which will take place during Passion Week, after the retreat for the men.

J. H. S.

[From the same Centre, which is ever on the increase, we have this touching incident.]

A Bright Boy Promoter.—"Papa, won't you join the League?" said a bright little boy of our parish to his father every day for two weeks.

"Well, anything to please you, my boy," said the father.

During the next week: "Papa, did you make your Morning Offering?" and the question was repeated daily.

"To satisfy my boy," says the father, "I began to say it."

The next week it was: "Papa, please go to confession this week with me. You know you've not been for many years."

"To please him again, for he is a very good boy, I came. And now, Father, realizing that during the past ten years I have deserved hell many a time, I'll try to prove myself grateful to God Who has spared me so often. During the rest of my life, I'll go to confession and Communion every month. I am down for the *third degree*, and I mean to keep faithful to it. I forgot to tell you that my boy is one of your Promoters, and I only hope that some of these days he will make as zealous a priest as he is now zealous in the interests of the League."

MONTREAL, CANADA.—Kindly publish the following thanksgiving:

A worthy young man had been out of employment here for nearly three months, and had gone to travel through several cities of the States, but without success. His family thereupon began a Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, and promised to have the favor, if obtained, published in the MESSENGER. This first Novena did not bring success, so a second was begun and a Mass was offered for the same intention. On the eighth day a letter was received stating that the young man was discouraged. His funds were exhausted and he was seeking aid to bring him home. The next day, however, the ninth of the Novena, he obtained temporary employment at a moment when he did not know where his next meal was to come from. Just as unexpectedly four days later, he obtained a very lucrative and a permanent situation.

A PROMOTER.

ILLINOIS.—*Called at the Eleventh Hour.*—An old friend of my father's was lying seriously ill not long ago. I went to see him and found that he had but few more days to live. His

sufferings, he said, were unbearable ; but the physical pain was as nothing compared to his mental agony, his doubts and fears for the hereafter.

In his early years this gentleman had belonged to the Unitarian church. Later on, however, he had abandoned that form of belief, and during the remainder of his long and quiet life he lived, as he said, according to the Golden Rule.

His days were passed among his books and papers or in the little garden that surrounded his cottage, and thus he led what the world would style a peaceful and blameless life, undisturbed by the turmoil of the world. By the few who knew him intimately he was held in the most affectionate regard, and many a heartfelt prayer was offered that the grace of a happy death, which only the true faith can give, might be granted him.

The thought of death was the one great torture of his life, and he was often heard to say, like so many rash and foolish ones, that he hoped it would come upon him suddenly. He did not realize how careful a preparation that awful event demands.

When his last sickness came upon him, he spoke to me of his intense dread of the future. I seized the chance of telling him of the great graces which are bestowed on dying Catholics, their confidence in the mercy of God, and I cited as an example the happy death of his old friend, my own dear father. He then promised me to ask our Lord to give him the light of faith, and after some further conversation I left him. Next morning I called again and found him so despondent that I began to despair of his conversion.

He asked me to come in the afternoon and to bring my sister. We came and kneeling by his bedside offered our prayers in his behalf. With tears rolling down his cheeks, he called my sister to him and whispered : "Pray for me, pray for me often, for I cannot pray ; words fail me and all is confusion in my mind when I try to raise my thoughts."

"Oh," she replied, "don't seek for words. Offer your sufferings, your troubled heart, every breath you draw, to God in atonement for your past offences and for the grace of a happy death. Then call in the physician of the soul, the priest of the Church, who will instruct you in the true way of salvation ; and I promise you that the few remaining days that are left you will be the happiest of your life."

The sick man said he would think over our words. On leaving him, I placed beneath his pillow a scapular of the Sacred Heart, sprinkled with water of Lourdes. We had not been home more than three hours when a messenger arrived saying that our aged friend was very anxious to see Father D——, and also wished me to be with him when the priest came.

This first visit of the priest gave the poor man the greatest consolation, and on his departure he longed for the time when he could see him again.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I had no idea of the comfort you Catholics have in your religion, especially at the hour of death! But how could I have known? I have never read Catholic books, and my only knowledge of the Church came from her enemies."

While he was resting easily, one of us would read for him from that most instructive little book *The Faith of our Fathers*, or a chapter from the *Imitation of Christ*. Besides this, he very fortunately had as a constant attendant a Catholic neighbor, whose gentle ministrations and, above all, whose good example, with that of his wife and family, contributed in a great measure to his conversion.

On Father D——'s second visit, the moment he appeared at the chamber door the sick man exclaimed in a clear, loud voice: "O Father, I want to be baptized! I want to be a Catholic!"

After a short instruction the Holy Sacrament was administered to him in the presence of three of his Catholic friends.

His sponsors chose for him the name of Paul. Years ago, he had been heard to express his admiration for that great Apostle, and the words, lightly spoken at the time, recurred to us at this solemn hour.

From the moment of his baptism, our friend enjoyed all that contentment for which his soul had longed. As he said to a Protestant friend who called to see him that morning, it was a happiness greater than he could express or than he had ever hoped to enjoy. To my sister who contrasted his happy lot with that of others who are daily in danger of losing the friendship of God by sin, he replied: "Oh! but you have had the consolations of religion all your lives, while I have never known them until now."

The prayer that was oftenest on his lips was: "O Lord, have mercy on me."

The fervor with which he would kiss the crucifix, the medal of our Blessed Mother, and the scapular, was most edifying.

On the third day after his baptism he received Extreme Unction and entered into his eternal rest, passing away peacefully, without pain of body or mind, on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.

F. F.

TWIN FLOWERS OF THE WILDWOOD.

*Convent of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus,
Avoca, Minn., March 3d, 1889.*

OUR Indian children have been unusually healthy since they came to us, notwithstanding the change of climate and manner of living: but this New Year, 1889, found two of them in very delicate health, without any hope of recovery. Both were suffering from consumption, and not even the dry air of Minnesota could save them.

The first to leave this land of exile for her true home, was Bertha Tapatinwin. Her father Mayshowaste (Sounding Iron) and her mother Kaelewin both belong to the great tribe of the Sioux Indians. They lived for some years at Fort Rice, Dakota, where Bertha was born. Later, they removed to the Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates, Dakota, and then she was sent to St. Scholastica's Mission School, which is taught by the religious of the Order of St. Benedict. She remained under their care eight years, profiting so well by the instructions that when about fourteen years of age she received the sacrament of Baptism. Soon afterward she was confirmed and made her first Communion.

About four years ago, this dear child was attacked by serious illness, after which she never recovered her former strength; and the disease of which she died was the result of it.

She came to us with nine of her companions October 18, 1887. At first, the change did her good, and, though she was not strong, she followed the class hours and assisted in those offices of the house which did not require much exertion. Her

gentleness and ever willing efforts endeared her to her companions, while her piety and obedience edified all. She was received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in February last year, and since then always showed herself a fervent and loving child of this heavenly Mother.

On January 17, 1889, the dear child was unable to go with the other pupils. She was taken to the infirmary where she might rest more quietly, but her weakness and cough increased rapidly and the physician gave us no hopes of an improvement. She therefore received the last Sacraments with great devotion in presence of the Children of Mary. The other children were eager in their attentions and grateful when allowed to help in watching at her side day and night. They keenly appreciated how exalted was the duty of caring for the sick and dying.

Bertha was faithful in saying the prayers of the Apostleship, and reminded those around her, when she had not done so. Our dear Lord rewarded His faithful child, by giving Himself to her in Holy Communion four times during the last three weeks of her life, and so strengthening her will as to make her patient and resigned to His own adorable will. On the Feast of the Purification it seemed impossible for her to live through the day. After Mass she sent for the Children of Mary, and in compliance with her wish, they renewed their act of consecration to their Blessed Mother, and said the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception. She then made aloud an act of resignation to die without seeing her parents and sisters—offering up this sacrifice in union with the Sacred Heart for the conversion of her parents, who are still unbaptized.

It was God's will that she should linger until the next day. Sunday afternoon, February 3d, her weakness was extreme. For hours the Sisters had remained with her, first one, then another. At three she again asked for the Sisters and for prayers. The community were with her from this time until after her death, which took place about five o'clock. The pastor had come to give the usual Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, but instead he now came to the infirmary, where he gave our dear Bertha the last blessing of the Church. She died a very short time after, the crucifix in one hand and her medal of our Blessed Mother in the other.

Thus with a most happy, peaceful smile on her face, she passed away to God. The next morning the Mass was said for her according to the custom of the Sodality, and on Tuesday another Requiem Mass was sung by Father Kervick, the pastor of Avoca, the choir consisting of our Indian girls. After this, the body was lovingly interred in the little cemetery about a mile and a half from the town.

Mary Catherine Xavier Tasunka died February 12th. Her father, Tasiniska (White Blanket) and her mother both belong to the Cheyenne Sioux Agency, which they left in 1883 to settle on the Rosebud Reservation. From there, in 1884, Catherine came to us with her little sister Fanny. They both received Baptism in February, 1886, and in the following September the sacraments of Confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. All Mary's sisters had died at about her age, fifteen years, of consumption, and so it was not surprising that she also should show signs of the fatal disease.

Her school-days passed quietly. She attended the classes and exercised herself in the various offices, especially those of the laundry and kitchen. She was always ready to make herself useful, and was especially diligent in working in the garden with the Sister in charge. Her health always improved during the months she could be outside, and it was not until a year ago that she appeared delicate.

Like Bertha, she received all the consolations of Holy Church, and her short life as a Christian was filled with innumerable graces and blessings. On the 5th of February, she was received as a Child of Mary, and proved her love to her Blessed Mother by her earnest and faithful observance of the least duty.

It was only about a week before she died that her illness confined her to her room; but she was able to sit up in the course of the day. On the morning of the 12th, she became much worse, so that after our Mass, she received Holy Communion, and the pastor gave her the last blessing and Plenary Indulgence. She died a little after ten in the morning.

On Thursday the Requiem Mass was sung, and our dear child was buried next to her companion, who had preceded her so short a time.

May Bertha and Catherine rest in peace!

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Spread of the Spirit of Prayer.



THIS is a memorable year, in many ways. The world is celebrating the material progress of the last hundred years, and wrongfully assigning it to the spirit of Revolution. But this is also one of the great centennial years of the Sacred Heart, and the movement for consecrating Christian families to that Heart of love, however humble and confined to the despised pious people it may be, promises to become no slight offset to the manifestation of the spirit of the world. This year should see renewed efforts made to fulfil the prophecy:¹

I will pour out upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of prayers: and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced.

And the land shall mourn, families and families apart. . .

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner.

And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, that I shall destroy the names of idols out of the earth.

This is the whole work which Providence has assigned to our Holy League. In its Statutes, as approved by the Sovereign Pontiffs, it has for its end and aim that the faithful should "endeavor to enkindle in themselves and others zeal for prayer, according to the desire and after the example of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, *always living to make intercession for us.*"²

In his fatherly letter to the Universal Church, at the last feast of Christmas, Leo XIII. taught all Christians this lesson. They are to *look upon Him Whom they have pierced*. Then, for it is the immediate consequence of the spirit of prayer, they will be touched with true contrition. *The land shall mourn*, because whole lands and peoples have turned aside from Christ. They shall return to this Sacred Heart, *families and families apart*, in order that, during this memorial year at least, these foundation-societies of the world may be consecrated, as many as may be, to the same loving Heart of their Redeemer. Then indeed *the idols* of the world, its pride and its sensuality and its riches, which prey so heavily upon all Christian life, shall be *destroyed out of the earth*; and in families and countries shall be set up the kingdom of the Heart of Jesus.

¹ Zacharias, xii., xiii.

² Statutes, article i.; Hebrews, vii. 25.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

JULY, 1889.

No. 7.

A JULY TALK OF SAINTS.



NOE SAVED IN THE ARK—EARLY
CHRISTIAN SYMBOL OF THE CHURCH.

JUST a year ago, in July of 1888, we began a series of articles on the Calendar.

Month by month they gave a brief account of the different Feasts and Saints that appear on the little Rosary Ticket, and on the PILGRIM cover, and on the large wall Calendar hung up in churches and schools. It was thought they might help to give a Christian thought each day, combined with pleasing and profitable information. From

April, 1886, to April, 1887, the PILGRIM had already given little sketches of the "Promoter's Patrons"—the two for each month.

We believe our end has so far been obtained; but it is not yet time to cease speaking of the Saints. Even in the clear light of eternity we shall not know all about them. And now that the last month of the school year has come and vacation-time is at hand, it is worth our while to begin asking questions about the Saints. And, first of all, what is a Saint?

A holy man, as everyone knows. Yet not all holy men are Saints, in the sense of the Church. It is true, in its way, that all the blessed in heaven are Saints. But we do not always know who is there and who is not. So, although we may often think that such or such a pious person whom we have known is

surely a Saint, we do not mean that their name is to go on the wall Calendar.

A Saint, when we apply the word as a title to some human being who has died, is simply one whom the Church has canonized, that is, placed on the *canon* or roll of the Saints. Thus, St. Veronica Juliani, whose feast is the 27th of this month, was canonized by Pope Gregory XVI. just fifty years ago, though she had died a Capuchin nun, in the fame of sanctity, as far back as 1727.

To be canonized means a great deal. First, the Church has to set on foot a strict investigation into the whole life of the person to be canonized. There is a long series of legal acts to be performed and testimony to be taken, in order that no unworthy person may possibly pose as a Saint. This Process, as it is called, is sometimes wonderfully complete, as in the case of Founders of Religious Orders, like St. Ignatius Loyola (31st) of the Society of Jesus, and St. Vincent de Paul (20th) of the Fathers of the Mission (Lazarists) and Sisters of Charity. All their companions could testify to their everyday life.

Yet, even when all human vigilance has been exercised, the Church is still quite incompetent to declare anything final in the matter. For the glory of heaven is beyond the reach of human investigation. So God Himself must come into court as a witness to the virtue and holiness and glory of the soul whom it is His will to honor. That is, the Saint must work miracles; for these alone make known to the Church that it is God's will that a soul shall be canonized as a Saint. St. Elizabeth (8th), Queen of Portugal and grandniece of the "dear St. Elizabeth" of Hungary, brought about peace between great nations more than once in a manner that showed God was with her calm and soothing words. As a child and wife and widow her whole life was made up of charity and devotion and meekest self-denial. Yet all this was not miraculous. After her death, however, God spoke with no uncertain voice, and in 1612—nearly three hundred years after her death (1336)—her holy body was found incorrupt in the Convent of Poor Clares where it lay buried. Thirteen years later she was canonized.

All this is simply in answer to the first question—What is the meaning of the title of Saint, as applied by the Church to

certain human beings dead and gone, to whom a feast-day is assigned on our Calendar.

There is one difficulty, however, sure to start up in some curious minds. A great many of the older Saints lived before the Popes had a chance of taking so much care about canonization. How did they come to have the title? and is their right to it as good as in the case of the later Saints whose whole lives have been so sifted?

Now, first of all, we must never judge of anything in the history of the Church without taking God's Providence into the account. It is God's business to see that His Church does not allow Christians to venerate as a Saint someone not worthy of the name.

Of the early Saints, many were martyrs like the Seven Sons of the widow St. Felicitas (10th). That they died for the faith was known by thousands who, perhaps, had even gathered up their blood as a precious relic on the spot of their death. Thus, St. Rumold (1st), and St. Kilian (8th), were of the number of the oldtime Irish missionaries who went forth through the continent of Europe to convert nations still barbarous. They both became martyrs, the first at Mechlin in Belgium, the other at Cologne in Germany. And ever since, all the good Christians of those countries have looked up to them as their special patrons. God's Providence would not allow His Church to be deceived in so grave a matter.

Still other Saints have been the same as canonized in the New Testament, as that model of Christian penitence and tears, St. Mary Magdalen (22d), St. Martha her sister (29th), and St. James the Greater, Apostle (25th). From the Old Testament come the Prophets: Elias (20th)—the great contemplative of Mount Carmel, and forerunner of our Lady's devotion of the Scapular of the Carmelite Order (16th); Daniel (21st)—*the man of desires*; Isaias (6th)—who foretold the Passion of our Lord.

Finally, every Christian heart would at once know that the great St. Anne (26th)—mother of the Mother of God—could not but be a Saint beside the Queen of heaven.

THE FATES OF THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

NOT long ago two stately flowers were growing in a greenhouse side by side. The one was a rose-bush red with bloom, and the other a lily of St. Joseph, white and pure like the Spouse of Mary.

Many a rose was breathing its exquisite perfume from the bush, but the old florist watched with especial interest one whose deep richness of color and ample width of petals surpassed all the others. Holy Week was coming, and he knew that his flowers would soon be in great demand among the pious Catholics.

So he would have been gladder still if more than one lily had bloomed on the stalk, but no, only one appeared—yet what a beauty! As I used to gaze at it, I wondered who would possess such a treasure. I should have bought it myself if I had not been too poor to think of buying flowers.

At last one morning the flowers were cut for the market—the rose, the lily, and all their most beautiful companions. The old man placed them in a basket of fragrant moss, and wheeled them into the city.

What a throng was in the market that day! Some were busy making purchases of delicate food for their Easter banquet. Others, and alas! so many, were buying just their daily necessities. Even on Easter-day, the most glorious feast in the calendar, these poor folks could make no change.

“Let me see,” I said, “what will happen to my rose and my lily.”

I had watched them so long that I felt a sort of ownership in them, and accordingly I took my station near the flower-stand.

The rose went first. It was bought with many others by a handsomely-dressed young man, who had them carefully wrapped in tissue-paper and carried them off with a look of triumph. Perhaps he would set them in a vase at his sick mother’s couch. Perhaps they would crown the well-set dinner-table on Easter-day. But I never discovered the fate of my rose. How sad I felt as I lost sight of it forever!

It was late, and still the lily lay on its bed of moss. How could anyone slight so perfect a flower? I had almost given up hope of seeing it purchased, when suddenly a wee little girl came

by. She stopped and fixed her gaze on the lily in rapture. Such a longing look came into her blue eyes that I felt the lily also now must go. But the child looked so poor that I wondered whether she could make such a purchase.

She paused for some time.

"What is the price of this flower?" she then asked timidly.

The old man was tired and in a hurry to be off, so he offered it to her at half its regular price. The tiny face looked disappointed.

Another moment's hesitation, and the child held out her hand and showed the florist a few cents.

"It's all I have," she said. "Won't you please take it and let me have the lily?"

The old man smiled at her offer. But he saw that night was coming on, so he wrapped up the lily carefully and gave the tiny maiden her prize. Was ever human face so radiant as hers?

But what would she do with that lily? What intention had been in her mind as she thought of buying it? I determined to see. Keeping close to the houses we passed, and always at a discreet distance behind her, I followed her pattering feet up several streets.

All the while she held her prize nervously in her little hands and walked very fast. Finally she stopped at the door of a church. The dear child! her flower must be meant for Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

Now taking the wrapper from the lily she looked at it lovingly, and touched it lightly to her lips. When I entered the church behind her, she was already half-way up the aisle. She was taking her prize to the Repository where our Lord was resting on Holy Thursday. There indeed was a child of faith—a true little Catholic maiden! My eyes filled with tears at the sight of such innocent love.

Other beautiful flowers and lustrous gems were on the altar, but can we think that gem or flower was more esteemed by our Lord than the lily the child had bought for Him with her last cent? Had my rose found half so sweet a resting-place?

Norfolk, Va.

* * *

THE BISHOP'S BROTHER.

THIS ecclesiastical sketch pertains, of necessity, to the Emerald Isle. What other land could produce a character like its Reverend hero, or a people who tersely expressed in one breath their sense of his eccentricities and unquestioning submission to the same, by dubbing him the "Bishop's brother"?

County Cork scarcely knew him by any other name. Had a stranger inquired for Rev. Dr. Murphy or Father Murphy, Protestants would not know what to say, and the Catholic's reply would be: "He is our Bishop now." But as to the Bishop's brother, he was known to all, and strange to say most liked outside the fold. The penal times were not long past; Catholic Emancipation was yet in the future, and people were naturally shy of attracting notice to what "the Catholics were doing." The Bishop's brother was personally as unobtrusive as Bishop Murphy himself; but he had what would now be called a "specialty," and so was continually getting himself talked about. Hence his people had fallen into a deprecating mode of speech.

Did any one question his theological views, the phrase "he's the Bishop's brother, you know," was sufficient among the devout. If a hint was given that this was the very reason his lordship should look to him, the reply was still the same. "But don't you weary of hearing a priest everlastingly harping on one string?"—"Well, this priest is the Bishop's brother."

So the sturdy champions silenced the cavillers, while all the time their own misgivings were but the more oppressive for being kept in subjection.

What, then, was this specialty? A theme never to grow strange again in the Church of God, though always to be named with the sweet awe of loving souls—FREQUENT COMMUNION.

This was the one idea, the ruling passion, of Father Murphy (to drop his popular cognomen), as of many another saintly servant of God. "He preached Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, leaving others to explain other doctrines," said one who had brought to America no fonder reminiscences of the "Old Sod" than those about Father Murphy. He insisted that the Sacrament was the completion of the Sacrifice, its legitimate gift or fruit to individual souls, etc., quoting largely from the Fathers in

support of his position. It was said that he valued nothing in heaven or on earth but the Blessed Sacrament.

A very strict dogmatist having hinted this to him, he replied: "My brother, go search through heaven and earth—if you find anything more than the Holy Sacrament contains, come and tell me." No reply being given, Father Murphy laid his hand gently on his brother priest's shoulder, saying in a winning tone never forgotten: "God's truth is in many dogmas—but Himself only in one, and it is *Himself* men need, because *He is Love*."

In a sermon dwelling on objections against frequent Communion he broke forth vehemently:

"You have too much reverence to approach so often! Do you know what kind of reverence that is? *It is the reverence of faith without hope or charity*. What then may it be called? *Damnable reverence!* Who have it besides you? The fiends in hell. 'The devils also believe, and tremble!' Yes, they believe, they cannot divest themselves of faith, the inalienable heritage they brought from heaven—but they do not hope, they do not love. One ray of hope or charity would transform hell into heaven, but no such ray will ever pierce into that place prepared for the devil and his angels. But they have faith! Yes, faith that makes them tremble, as your faith causes you to tremble—with reverence forsooth! when Christian hope and charity bid you draw near with joy and eat of the Living Bread that came down from Heaven. Why did the Living Bread come down? In order that you—you yourselves, poor, weak, shivering tremblers—may live forever."

Language like this was almost always followed by appeals of such moving tenderness as could not fail to touch the warm Irish hearts of his hearers, even though the result *at the time* was but poorly proportioned to his hopes. The harvest was to be gathered at later dates or in other climes.

The pulpit was not, however, his chosen field of labor. He worked as zealously, perhaps with greater success, in social intercourse, parish ministrations, above all in the confessional, seeing everywhere souls to be won to frequent Communion. He forcibly illustrated this by the fever and ague, then a much dreaded disease.

"If your soul suffers from the ague fit of lukewarmness or

sin to-day, let the fever of divine love follow it to-morrow. Do not keep trembling with cold, when Jesus Christ has lit up a flame to renew your health. Go to the altar: feed on His Sacred Flesh: so shall you be renewed and strengthened both for this life and the next."

He watched with jealous care over the young, lest parents or teachers imbued them with too much of the "reverence," which he dreaded almost more than sin. "There is pardon for sin, but your reverential souls will not seek it," was one of his warnings. "The miserable wretch who will not come to Jesus Christ through life, will still shrink from Him in death. The worst of sinners may be brought to repentance on their deathbed—not so these *good, humble Catholics*. As they live without Him, so will they die, and go before His judgment seat unsanctified by His Blood, Which they have kept far from their souls. How can you expect Him to come as your Viaticum in the last hour, when He has been vainly pleading to become your daily Food through life? And not content with sheltering your tepidity, your terrible indifference to God under the mantle of reverence, you contaminate the youthful souls around you by this disregard of the most sacred duty of a Christian—the duty of loving God with your whole heart and soul and mind and strength. Do you forget that this is the first Commandment? But He will not forget it. Or have you flattered yourself that you could save your soul in your own way, being prudent, painstaking, and on the whole a fairly good character? But Christ has said, 'Without Me you can do nothing.'"

An instruction in this strain would be given sometimes in the street. If a group stopped for a little gossip at the church door, one generally took the part of sentry, and before his Reverence could come down upon them they fled like a flock of geese, to use their own simile, for even while fearing they liked him.

Sometimes, strong in conscious rectitude, they stood their ground; but as he was near-sighted, they did not always escape a scolding, none the less painful for being unmerited. "Really, Father," once said a lady on such an occasion, "I am at the Holy Table every day in the year save Good Friday, and if that is not sufficient, perhaps you will have the goodness to arrange about this exception with your brother the Bishop." The caustic

tone and injured look of his model penitent enchanted him, and while begging pardon he protested that she ought to refuse it since he was not at all sorry. Not long after he alluded to this bright example in the pulpit, concluding his encomium with the ringing cry that stirred every patriotic hearer :

“Would to God that Ireland had many such daughters ! How soon would it be freed from the yoke of England—for He has said—‘ If I shall make you free, you shall be free indeed ’ ! ”

With such a clergyman, and parishioners who both idolized and dreaded him, droll incidents were sure to occur. Two or three which are really authentic, may be given. In the pages of the *PILGRIM* they will occasion no shock, though strangely connected with the most sacred duties.

Mrs. M—— had a younger sister who attended the Ursuline Convent as a day-scholar, and who, after their mother's death, came to reside with her. Kate being devotedly attached to her mother grieved so much that her health suffered, and she was consequently indulged in a prolonged vacation. As several months went by and Kate showed no inclination to receive the Sacraments, Mrs. M—— changed her occasional suggestions to gentle command. She was a penitent of the Bishop's, and wished the young girl to apply to him, seeing that she had imbibed certain rigid ideas which seemed unconquerable. For while she had an attraction to the Blessed Sacrament quite unusual at her age, the very thought of going to Communion threw her into agonies of fear, alarming in her state of health. Mr. M——, who was himself a martyr to scrupulosity, mischievously took delight in urging others similarly afflicted to put themselves under the charge of the apostle of Frequent Communion. He would argue in a style like this :

“He will put all your scruples at rest by giving you one that will kill them beyond hope of resurrection. Convinced that regular attendance at the railing is the one thing necessary, nothing will trouble your conscience so long as you attend to that. Prayer books may be burned and examinations of conscience scattered to the winds.”

“Listen to a man who makes his examen a work of hours, writes down everything he can discover, and commits it to memory lest one iota should be forgotten. Now why not take

things easily, as you advise others, and go to this wonderful priest?"

"Not while there's another left in Ireland. A sinner like myself has no business there, but you can venture. Once get accustomed to his plan of counting nothing a sin save absence from the altar, and the road to heaven lies before you as smooth as a billiard table."

Few were tempted by Mr. M——'s special pleading. His young sister-in-law was one of the few. Her sister, finding her resolved, gave her two cautions. Father Murphy was quick-spoken, and put his penitents in a flurry by breaking in on their *Confiteor*; besides, his question—"How long since you received the Body of the Lord?" was startling to those accustomed to the routine queries about their last confession and penance. Kate only replied that she was accustomed to the solemn phrase, which she thought very beautiful; and away she went. Let us follow her and learn her reception, as afterward related by herself.

To the solemn question, which her good taste and piety alike approved, she answered: "Four months, Father."

"Would you like to wait four months for your breakfast?" Not deeming this question was intended to be answered, the young girl remained modestly silent. "Would you? Answer me—would you? would you?" (Quick-spoken, in truth.)

"No, sir," she faltered out.

"O wretched young creature! To care more for your perishing body than your immortal soul! You can delight in feeding with dainty care that miserable body which will one day feed the worms—you starve the divine spirit within you, which is meant to feed on the great God Himself. Unhappy girl! What sins soever you have committed all these weeks, your ingratitude is worse than the whole list. Well, go on. First, accuse yourself of want of love to your Saviour."

Kate made her confession.

"Now you are going to be a good child, are you not? Yes, I am sure you will not pain our own dear Lord by forgetting Him any more. Think, dear little one, how your heart would ache if some one you loved very dearly, some one you did a great many kindnesses to, never spoke to you—kept far away from you! Well, that is what we do when we neglect to come to Jesus

Christ, Who has done everything for us. . . . And the Heart of Jesus feels every slight. You will not be so cruel to Him any more? No; I will promise it to Him for you. And won't you try to go to Communion every week? Oftener than that, when you grow up?" etc., etc.

Kate kept her promise. For half a century every Sunday beheld her at the communion railing, excepting two or three occasions when it was impossible—one being the trans-Atlantic voyage a few years after that decisive confession. She went regularly to Father Murphy while she remained in Ireland, and always cherished the deepest gratitude for him who had wounded but to heal.

Mr. M——, in a fit of mirthfulness, once broke out on Father Murphy like this.

"Pardon me, Father, but you started an awful thought in my wicked brain. Well, if I must tell, it was something like this—If such an impossibility could happen as this priest being condemned to the place unmentionable, he would hunt for some one to send to the altar."

Amid angry exclamations from the hearers of so outrageous a supposition, "this priest" replied in his matter-of-fact tone. "Why not, friend John? God's will is to be done everywhere, and His will for priests is that they distribute His Sacred Body to save souls."

An Easter-Saturday scene at his confessional was also repeated with glee by its many witnesses.

There was a crowd waiting for him, five or six of his regular penitents having the first chances, and his eye, quick enough when charity was in question, saw that the outside ranks were composed of the children of toil.

"Now, ladies, go home, there is no room for you here. Come when I have more leisure to attend. Miss Coppenger, you are one of the pillars of the church—you all are, just put off confession a few days."

Miss Coppenger, one of Cork's favorites, turned her bright face to him. "But if the pillars fall, what becomes of the edifice, Father?" The gay question was lost to him, by the murmur of one who thought it hard not to receive on Easter-day.

"You will receive," he quickly replied; "all of you as

usual." And making an extensive sign of the cross he turned away.

The ladies tranquilly sought their accustomed places and began to prepare for the morrow's feast. Presently one's peace of mind, the original objector's, perhaps, was disturbed. She went every week to confession, how miss it now? Did he give absolution or only a blessing in that parting gesture? She had never believed that he was odd, but people might be right after all. So, becoming very angry with her dear confessor, not willing to disobey, yet doubtful of her present dispositions, she sought the house of the Dominicans, and told her doubt very prudently to a Father of great theological repute, a distant kinsman.

"Was that the Bishop's brother?" was the first comment.

"I came for advice, not conversation," she retorted, angry at his penetration.

"Then," he replied, "you should have gone to the confessional, not the parlor. Neither your doubt nor vexation is a sin; you must make your mind up for these things under such spiritual direction."

The old allegiance returned: "He is a saint."

"Yes," doubtfully, "if he were not so *crotchety*."

Controlling herself—"He is a saint!"—with tremendous emphasis.

"Then why not take your doubt to him, and not come to a sinner?"

"Because one sinner can understand another better than a saint, sometimes," was the retort, as she left her Reverend kinsman to resolve for the hundredth time that he would never again measure words with a woman; and to delight many a pleasant circle with a story that was too good to keep to himself.



A SOUTH AMERICAN SAINT.

ST. FRANCIS SOLANO, FRANCISCAN, 24 JULY.

ONE day in the sixteenth century two Spaniards of Andalusia might have been seen engaged in a violent duel with swords. By the hatred blazing in their dark eyes it was evident that they sought each other's lives. Suddenly a bright-eyed boy appeared on the scene and hastened toward them.

"For the love of God," he cried in a gentle and persuasive voice, "don't strike at one another in such a dangerous way. There is no one here to reconcile you, and if you keep on one of you will certainly be killed."

The duellists were abashed and confounded by this artless and innocent pleading. For a moment they hesitated and then, touched by what they felt was an almost supernatural warning, they sheathed their swords and went away good friends.

The peace-loving child was Saint Francis Solano who afterward became distinguished as the great Franciscan missionary in South America. The anecdote is typical of his whole life. It was one of peace, peace especially in the tropical jungles to the hearts of the poor savages so terribly torn by the demons they worshipped.

Francis was born at Montilla in Spain in March, 1549. As with many of the Saints, it was largely owing to the pious counsels of his parents that he attained his great sanctity. As a boy his candor, modesty, and extraordinary amiability won him a host of friends, but none of these friends durst let an improper word escape him while Francis was near. The blush which would at once mantle the boy's cheek was worse to them than the most stinging reproach.

Such a flower of virtue naturally craved the soil where it could blossom most genially and be nourished most strongly, and so at the age of twenty our Saint became a Franciscan.

As a novice he always wore a hair-shirt next to his body, slept on a heap of fagots, kept an almost continual fast, and during Lent and Advent scourged himself daily to blood. It was no passing fervor. He was thus fortifying himself against the assaults of the devil, and preparing himself for great labors in the service of God. To the end of his days his austerities were equally severe.

In due time he was made Master of Novices, and afterward was devoted to the work of preaching. This latter office he discharged with a success which occasioned him intense alarm. Immense crowds flocked to hear him, and everywhere the profoundest respect was shown him. He dreaded lest he should be puffed up with pride. He therefore sought for other fields of labor, and applied to be sent to the Barbary States in Africa, in hopes even of winning there a martyr's crown. Instead, he was sent to America.

Off the coast of Peru, the Saint's vessel was assailed with a furious tempest which threatened to sink it. The captain lowered the long boat and told the more distinguished of the passengers to escape in it with him. Among these was Saint Francis Solano. The Saint, however, looked back at the many who had no such means of escape, and he nobly refused to fly.

"God forbid," he exclaimed, "that to save my temporal life I should abandon my brethren who are in danger of losing their eternal life as well."

The captain and his company thereupon left him to his fate. Lifting up his cross, he exhorted all to make an act of contrition, and then, while the vessel was cracking and breaking to pieces all round him, he hastened to and fro encouraging the unfortunate people, baptizing many of the slaves and hearing dozens of confessions.

In the midst of this labor, the vessel split in two and one half sank to the bottom of the sea. The other half, on which our Saint was, remained floating, but in imminent danger of sinking at every moment.

"Keep up your courage, my friends," said Saint Francis. "We are not going to drown. In three days the captain's boat will return and save us."

The people were at first incredulous, and the Saint was kept busy giving them lessons of hope in God, but on the third day the captain's vessel reappeared and took them all safely to shore.

Saint Francis Solano lost no time in getting to his missions. He was assigned to the province of Tucuman, and soon his voice was heard announcing the Gospel through the forests and deserts of the Rio de la Plata.

The languages of the savages were many and widely differ-

ent from each other, but by the grace of God he learned them with surprising rapidity. One especially difficult language he learned so well in fifteen days as to speak it like a native. The savages at first attributed this wonder to magic, but by his beautiful instructions he soon undeceived them.

But prayer and fasting and other bodily mortifications were what Saint Francis relied on most for success. In every direction he roamed in quest of souls, but in time his fame became so widespread that the souls rather flocked to him. It often happened that whole tribes sought him out to see the great wonder-worker and learn his captivating religion.

One Holy Thursday, while his faithful people were at their devotions, a swarm of wild Indians came down upon them threatening death. The Saint went out alone to meet them. Though they spoke several languages all understood him, and were soon spell-bound as he addressed them. When he concluded, more than nine thousand of them begged to be baptized, and all of them remained fervent and edifying Christians for the rest of their lives.

Miracles and prophecies abound in his life. One of the most striking of his prophecies was made at Truxillo near Lima in 1603.

"Fifteen years hence," he said, "this town will be destroyed, and this church with it, all except the pulpit in which I am preaching." And so it came to pass on the very day named. An earthquake shook down the whole city, and the pulpit alone remained intact amidst the ruins.

The year following this prophecy, he delivered a great sermon in the public square of Lima, denouncing the corruption of the people and, like Jonas at Nineve, threatening God's chastisements. The effect was so thrilling that the whole city was converted and did penance in a most edifying manner.

A wasting fever came upon him in the end, and he prophesied that he should die on St. Bonaventure's day, that seraphic Doctor being his Patron Saint. His death did occur on that day, the 14th of July, 1610, and was attended by many beautiful circumstances.

As he lay dying, the fever left him, his breath exhaled a sweet odor, and his hands lost their emaciated appearance. His

religious brethren were singing the *Credo* when suddenly he heard the church bell signal the Elevation of the Mass. Gazing lovingly on his crucifix, he crossed his hands and crying "May God be glorified!"—his favorite ejaculation—he quietly breathed forth his holy soul.

OUR MISSION WORK.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS has had so many missionary works to present to its readers that it is worth while, for once, to set them down in order. They are all quite in the line of its own work.

1. The agency of the *Holy Childhood* has been transferred from New York to this office, as announced in our last. This is quite distinct from the little subscription we had kept up for the last few years in favor of the Chinese mission at Tsong-Ming.

2. We have also, from time to time, received little donations for the *Missions of the Rocky Mountains*, under the Society of Jesus. Many will recall our appeal for vocations to the work of the *Ursuline Nuns in Montana*.

3. The *Oblate Fathers*, whose missions literally stretch across the entire continent, from Labrador to British Columbia, and who go as far toward the North Pole as any traders can push their way. We have never before had occasion to make a direct appeal for them, but we have lately heard that books, especially of theology and devotion, are very much wanted in their difficult and destitute missions. The libraries of many a priest or community have duplicates of such works.

4. The *Benedictine Fathers of the Sacred Heart*, a name of happy meaning to the readers of the *Little Messenger*, have recently asked for help from a severe loss caused by fire to one of their principal houses in the Indian Territory.

5. Another work, which we have several times recommended, is for the colored people and is represented by the *St. Joseph's Advocate*, published in Baltimore. In our present number we give some of the edifying stories of Father Slattery, who publishes the *Colored Harvest*, in the interests of this work.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

THE LETTERS PATENT, OR "CERTIFICATE OF TRANSFER."

What are the Letters Patent, commonly called "Certificate of Transfer"?

The 16th of the common rules of the Sodality says:

If it should ever happen that any one has to leave the Sodality to make a journey, let him give information of it to the Director and Prefect, and ask them for *letters patent*, so that he may be received as a member of the Sodalities that may exist in the place to which he goes; and since, even during his absence, he is a sharer in the merits of the Sodality, it is becoming that he should occasionally give the others news of himself and of all that concerns him, writing to the Prefect and recommending himself to the prayers of the members. But wherever he may be, let him take care to show himself a true child of the Sodality, and endeavor, by the blamelessness of his conduct and the example of his life, to edify all and lead them to virtue.

The object, then, of the Transfer-certificate is to enable a Sodalist, when obliged to leave the Sodality in his parish on account of change of residence, to enter the Sodality in his new parish without undergoing the usual probation. It is due to the Sodalist that he should be received among his associates without delay and share in the advantages of the regular devotional exercises of the Sodality.

Does this certificate give the right of transfer to any and all Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin?

It transfers to all Sodalities composed of the *same* or a *similar* class of persons. We speak only of Sodalities that have been canonically erected and duly affiliated to the Roman *Prima Primaria*, not of merely local associations. If we suppose a young man is a member of the Young Men's Sodality in the parish he has left, the Transfer-certificate he holds from its Director entitles him to membership in the Young Men's Sodality of his adopted parish, because composed of the *same* class of persons. It would also give him the right to enter the Men's Sodality, because composed of a *similar* class. He would have the privilege, too, of joining a mixed Sodality, one not restricting membership to a particular age or sex. But he could not enter the

Married Men's Sodality, much less any of the Sodalities of women, even if there were no other in the place.

The reason of this limitation comes from the diploma of erection and affiliation, which grants the privilege of enrolment only to persons of a certain age and sex as specified in the application, when the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus was appealed to for the diploma.

From whom is the Sodalist to receive the Transfer-certificate?

From the Director, who should give it willingly and cheerfully. It is usual also to have the Prefect countersign it and, in some Sodalities, the Secretary affixes his signature. This is the custom in the Roman Primary Sodality. On going to another place of residence, the Sodalist seeks admission into the Sodality of his new parish by calling on its Director and presenting the Transfer-certificate. The Director will at once admit him and refer him to the Prefect, who will give information on the time of the Sodality's weekly meetings, its local regulations, and the like.

Can a Sodalist share in the privileges of the Sodality when absent?

Forced absence does not deprive a member of the Indulgences of the Sodality. Sodalists, who are obliged to travel, or spend a portion of the year at the seaside, springs, or mountains, are none the less members and may gain the Plenary Indulgences for the feasts of the Sodality, though naturally the Plenary Indulgences of the Communion attached to the weekly meeting and the partial Indulgences for attendance at the devotional exercises and conferences will be lost.

One of the most edifying cases that has come to our notice is that of a young 'drummer,' who is often obliged to absent himself from the meetings of his Sodality, yet never fails to communicate on its feast-days, in spite of the difficulties his distracting business throws in the way.

Absentee Sodalists should remember, too, their privilege of gaining a Plenary Indulgence twice a year for making either a general confession, or a review since the last. This is a praiseworthy practice, purifying the heart and bringing the Sodalist nearer to his model and patroness—Mary Most Pure.

A TRADITION OF TADOUSSAC.*By Kathleen.*

In the Springtime of his manhood and his young life's first romance,
He left his friends and home in the pleasant land of France;
And with the hope of conquest filling the heart within his breast,
And never a backward glance, he sailed into the West;
His mail the black robe of the priest, his crucifix the sword,
His conquests—the souls he led captive to the Lord.

More than a hundred years ago, a striking event occurred at the lonely mission and trading-post of Tadoussac, where the river Saguenay enters the Lower St. Lawrence. It made so profound an impression on the people that, after the lapse of all these years, the name of Père de la Brosse has but to be mentioned to some old *habitant*, and—whether he hails from L'Île Aux Cou-dres, Baie Saint Paul, or Tadoussac itself—you will be told the story of the death of that well-beloved priest and missionary, with a simple faith as refreshing as it is rare in this skeptical century of ours.

It was the 11th of April, 1782, and the loneliness of the long winter months had given way to the stir and traffic which the breaking up of the ice brought to the trading stations along the coast. A long line of bark canoes drawn up on the beach, and a village of wigwams on the hillside, told that the Indians had arrived with their spoils from the winter hunting-grounds. Here came the hardy traders and agents of the great fur companies and here too came the Père de la Brosse. He was an oldtime missionary of the Society of Jesus, keeping up the work of other days though his order had now been suppressed for several years, and he and his comrades could look for no long continuance of their work.

It was his harvest time for God, and all that April day, he was seen in the chapel, praying, confessing, and—best-loved task of all—baptizing the little Indian children, as though no shadow of approaching death lay heavy on his soul.

When evening came, he went as usual to pass a couple of hours with some friends. They noticed no change in his usual cheerful manner, until he arose to leave them. Then, indeed, the solemnity of his manner filled them with a sudden dread, even before he bade them farewell in touching words.

"I am bidding you adieu, my friends, adieu for eternity! You will see me no more on this earth. To-night at midnight you will hear my chapel bell; it will announce my death. If you do not believe me, come and see for yourselves, but do not, I beg of you, touch my body. Go to L'Ile Aux Coudres to-morrow and bring M. Compain [the priest] here to bury me. You will find him waiting at the end of the island. No matter how stormy the weather is, have no fear; I answer for the safety of those who make this voyage."

Awe-struck at his words, in such apparent contradiction to his hale and hearty appearance, his friends refused to believe him. But with an air of authority he again said that, before the dawn of another day, they would know the truth of his words; and so he left them.

Anxious and wondering, hoping against hope, they sat awaiting the midnight hour. Ten o'clock came—eleven—midnight, and loud and clear the chapel bell, tolled by no mortal hand, rang the funeral peal.

All arose as one man, and ran toward the chapel. They entered, and by the dim light of the Sanctuary lamp saw the black-robed figure of their "good Father." His white head was bowed between his clasped hands; he lay dead upon the altar step.

Soon the news spread through the settlement, all business was suspended, and from early dawn whites and Indians flocked to the chapel. The tears and sobs of the ones, and the deep silent grief of the others, showed how well they loved him.

The day was ushered in with such a terrific storm that no man dared to launch a boat. At last, one of the officers of the post called for three good men to accompany him, reminding them of the last words of the dead priest. Full of faith they bravely embarked and, so quickly was the stormy passage made, that about eleven o'clock the same morning the Cap Aux Oies was rounded and in an incredibly short time they came in sight of the island and of the man they sought.

From afar off M. Compain saw them, and as soon as his voice could reach them, he called out: "Père de la Brosse is dead. You have come to seek me for his burial."

He too had heard, as he sat reading the previous midnight, the tolling of his own church bell. Filled with astonishment, he

hastened to ascertain the cause; but though the solemn peal rang out in the silence of the night, no ringer's hand was on the rope.

Then, distinctly to his ear, came these words: "Père de la Brosse has just died at Tadoussac—with the tolling of the bell his soul passed away. Go you to-morrow to the end of the island; a boat will come there to bring you to perform the burial rites."

And meanwhile, at Chicoutimi, Ile Verte, Trois Pistoles, Baie de Chaleur, and Rimouski—all missions founded by the good Father—the bells rang out his funeral knell at the very hour that he gave up his soul to God.

So long as his body lay buried under that humble altar at Tadoussac, never an Indian passed up or down the broad river, but he drew up his bark canoe on the beach and went to tell the simple story of his joys and griefs to *le bon Père* who had been their friend and father for more than thirty years.

But all this has passed away. The little chapel still stands, though the remains of the beloved founder were removed to the handsome new church at Chicoutimi. It was a pity, perhaps, but he has his best shrine in the hearts of that faithful people who have kept longer than any other to the traditions and simple lives of their fathers.

OUR LADY'S CALENDAR.

2d—The Visitation. The mystery, which this feast is intended to bring back to our minds, is also commemorated in the Rosary, being the 2d Joyful Mystery. It is told in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. This is called the Blessed Virgin's Gospel, because of the many details given concerning our Lord's childhood and His Blessed Mother. In fact, Christian tradition has it that St. Luke took much of his Gospel from our Lady's lips. After the Angel Gabriel had announced to the Blessed Virgin Mary that she should *bring forth a son and call his name Jesus*—this is the 1st Joyful Mystery of the Rosary, "The Annunciation"—it was also revealed to her that her cousin Elizabeth should bear a son, John the Baptist.

And Mary rising up in those days went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda: and she entered into the house of

Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth. This was the Visitation, and it was attended with great mysteries. First was the sanctification of St. John the Baptist, before his birth. Then Elizabeth, the Gospel says, *was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she cried out with a loud voice and said:* BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN, AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB. These words have been adopted by the Church in the daily prayer that is on the lips of every Catholic—the *Hail Mary*.

16th—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This is associated in the minds of the faithful with the Brown Scapular, so highly prized by them, not only because of the Indulgences the Church has granted it, and of its giving its wearers a share in the merits of the great Carmelite Order of our Lady, but also because of its promises of grace at the hour of death. The Scapular was first given in a revelation to St. Simon Stock.¹

26th—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This third feast really belongs to our Lady. All the world knows that this Saint of Christian matrons and of all who care for the young, is greatly honored in her various places of pilgrimage; and nowhere more than in her Canadian shrine below Quebec. We have already given² a description of this sanctuary, with its 80,000 pilgrims yearly. The work done here is what the piety of those devoted to Our Lady of Martyrs would wish to see accomplished at her shrine in Auriesville, with which we may connect the feast of the 31st, St. Ignatius, the Founder of the Society of Jesus, whose mission this was. From the time of his conversion he always wore about him the picture of the Sorrows of Mary.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since May 1st:

L. W. W., Phila., Pa.,	\$1.00
Mrs. J. H. O'Neill, Lincoln, Neb.,	1.00
Mrs. O'Halloran, Minneapolis, Minn.,	1.00
Friend, Troy, N. Y.,	1.00

¹ The life of St. Simon Stock was given in the *PILGRIM* for May, 1887, and the forthcoming large *MESSENGER* for July has a serious article—"The Meaning of the Scapular"—with a description of its connection with Mt. Carmel, where the Prophet Elias and his followers had their cells.

² In *PILGRIM* for August, 1887.



The League.

THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES, 17 JUNE, 1889.

A VISION OF THE SACRED HEART.

IN a moment of holy dreaming,
Through light of an orient sheen,
I see in the coming June time
A vision I've never seen;
A glory of peerless splendor,
Like the Monarch on Easter day
Who burst the tomb asunder,
And divinely went His way;

Like the grand transfiguration
That shone more white than snow,
On Tabor, blessed of mountains,
In the days of long ago;
Or the glory of Christ ascending
From Olives, when Angels bright
Came down to meet the Saviour
In floods of unending light.

I see, with unbounded rapture,
The Heart of the Virgin's Son
Ablaze like a roaring furnace,
For souls that His Passion won;
And deep in that Heart of fire
Are written, in words of gold,
The names of the Saints and Martyrs
Who loved Him a hundredfold.

Was ever a scene so splendid
As that which I now behold—
The Heart of the Son of Mary
O'erflowing with love untold,
To charm the benighted sinner
And illumine his erring way,
Bestrewn with deceptive roses
That poison and then decay?

Two hundred years have vanished
 On the pinions of fleeting time,
 Since the Blessed Margaret Mary
 Saw Jesus' Heart Divine;
 And His voice, like sweetest music,
 Requested that nations bend,
 In solemn consecration,
 To His Heart for a better end.

And down the stream of ages,
 In solemn and sublime strain,
 Comes pleading the Heart of Jesus,
 This one request to gain.
 O Leaguers, the work is holy;
 Come, gather the harvest in—
 The names of the Christian people
 Who desire His Heart to win.

Oh, hasten your precious labor,
 To fill up the Golden Books
 Of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 Whose loving and tender looks
 Shall fill you with holy rapture
 And banish all cares away,
 And crown you with benediction,
 On the dreadful Judgment Day.

Father Gavan, in California Catholic.

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

[As these pages go to press, the full details of the great disaster at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, are becoming known. On the last day of May a sudden inundation swept bare what had been a smiling valley with its many towns and happy homes. Money has been coming in for the destitute survivors; but it is not too late to ask prayers for the dead as well as the living. It is a striking example of a chapter in the book we have just published, as the 1st number of our *Sacred Heart Library*—Association, a source of strength in every order of things (*Father Ramière, in Apostleship of Prayer, c. ii. 3.*). The newspapers, just as the waters were subsiding and the full horror of the destruction was becoming known, reported the following incidents, well fitted to recall the mind to higher things.

All passeth away,
 God only shall stay—

this is the lesson which St. Teresa had written on her bookmark.]

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's operators at Switch Corner, "S. Q.," which is near Sang Hollow, tell thrilling stories of the scenes witnessed by them on Friday afternoon and evening. Said one of them:—

"In order to give you an idea of how the tidal wave rose and fell, let me say that I kept a measure and timed the rise and fall of the water, and in forty-eight minutes it fell four and a half feet. I believe that when the water goes down about seventy-five children and fifty grown persons will be found among the weeds and bushes in the bend of the river just below the tower. There the current was very strong, and we saw dozens of people swept under the trees, and I don't believe that more than one in twenty came out on the other side."

"They found a little girl in white just now," said one of the other operators.

"Good God!" said the chief operator, "she isn't dead, is she?"

"Yes; they found her in a clump of willow bushes, kneeling on a board, just about the way we saw her when she went down the river." Turning, he said:—

"That was the saddest thing we saw all day yesterday. Two men came down on a little raft, with a little girl kneeling between them, and her hands raised and praying. She came so close to us we could see her face and that she was crying. She had on a white dress and looked like a little angel. She went under that cursed shoot in the willow bushes at the bend like all the rest, but we did hope she would get through alive."

"And so she was still kneeling," he said to his companion, who had brought the unwelcome news.

"She sat there," was the reply, "as if she were still praying, and there was a smile on her poor little face, though her mouth was full of mud."

Among the miraculous escapes is that of George J. Lea and family. When the rush of water came there were eight people on the roof of Lea's house. The house swung around and floated for nearly half an hour before it struck the wreck above the stone bridge. A three-year-old girl, with sunny golden hair and dimpled cheeks, prayed all the while that God would save them, and it seemed that God really answered the prayer and directed the house against the drift, enabling every one of the eight to get off.

* * * * *

From that uncreated world which is in God, let us lower our gaze to the created world that surrounds us. There we shall find at every step traces of that law which rules the Divine Nature Itself. Everywhere we shall see the most striking proofs of the resistless force given by association to the weakest creatures.

What is weaker than a fibre of hemp or flax? A breath is enough to break it in twain. But twist together a sufficient number, and you have cables strong enough to drag along ships. What has less resistance than a drop of water? Under the least pressure it falls back and flows away. *Yet when a sufficient number of drops of water unite together, you see the most solidly constructed dykes yield before their impetuous onrush, and buildings which cannon would scarcely demolish fall as if they were but straw; while giant trees and rocks of enormous size are whirled along like grains of sand, and whole valleys are devastated, and even mountains upturned from their foundations.* Entire armies have been put to flight by swarms of the least and feeblest of insects. And to what must we assign the frightful power of wind, and the yet more wonderful power of steam, if not to union—to the association of elements the most powerless and the least easy to grasp of themselves?

REST.

By Mary A. A. Conroy.

O weary ones, who live and suffer here,
A Friend there is Whose love is all sincere—
A Refuge blest where, healed and purified,
All may find rest, whatever shall betide.

You who still languish 'neath the weight of sin,
And you who would sweet peace and pardon win,
Come to the Heart of Jesus Crucified!
There full forgiveness ne'er shall be denied.

Come unto Me, and I will give you rest,
Saith He, our Lord; and surely He knows best
How our poor souls are by temptation tried,
Since He for them has lived, and suffering died.

O Sacred Heart! be Thou our shield and stay,
Be Thou our hope through all life's weary way:
Open for us Thy saving portals wide,
O Sacred Heart of Jesus Crucified!

BLACK BUT BEAUTIFUL.

By Rev. J. R. Slattery.

AMONG her negro children, the Church has had lamentable losses since the war. Recently freed from slavery and identifying too often, alas! their masters' politics with their religion, many of the Catholic negroes went over to the sects, chiefly to the Methodists and Baptists. Amid this ruin, however, it is consoling to find notable exceptions, of which three will form the matter for this paper.

One of the old slaves of the Carroll family, now living in Baltimore, is chambermaid in a wealthy Catholic family. Her life had kept an even tenor from her earliest years. Leaving the Manor—the familiar name for the Carroll mansion—she soon got the place she is now in. Of the same even kind has her daily life been, faithfully Christian and externally free from the hard trials to which so many of mankind are a prey. Rising by five o'clock, this old woman, for age is whitening her crispy locks, prepares the fires in the house, and gets to church promptly for Mass at six, returning in good time for her work so as not to put about the family. Five times a week she receives the Bread of Life, which is her chief sustenance; for she is very abstemious.

Following an old-time practice, she eats no meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and keeps Lent and all fast days in the Apostolic fashion, not breaking her fast till after sunset. Needless to add that her dealings with every one, superiors or equals, breathe the meekness and humility of the Adorable Heart, Which surely rejoices in the hidden, unknown life of Its devout servant. The old woman's generosity, which is a rare virtue now-a-days, is simply astonishing; for, regularly every month, does she give one-half of her wages to the church. Truly, a beautiful Catholic life, worthy of imitation by all of us! It may be summed up in this one sentence of the Following of Christ: "A pure, simple, and steady spirit is not distracted by a multitude of affairs; because he does them all for the honor of God, and, at rest within himself, strives to be free from all self-seeking."

The next story of negro devotion is a bit of curious history.

About ten or twelve years before the war, a slave mother, who was a devout Catholic, was leading by the hand her little boy of seven or eight years along the streets of Baltimore. By some chance, the child was parted from her. While wandering around, a respectably dressed white man accosted the boy, and showing pity for him and then giving him some candies, coaxed the guileless child to go along with him in search of the lost mother. The pair walked up and down the streets of the city in their fruitless search, when finally the man led the footsore and heart-sick child to a large building, in which he was promised rest. On entering, the boy was ushered into a large room full of negro men and women of all ages and descriptions, in all postures: sitting, standing, and lying at full length. Little heed was paid by the motley crew to the new-comer, who, soon tiring of the place, tried to get out, but the door was locked. Going to the windows, he saw they were heavily barred with iron; thence he wandered in fear and dread around the room. An aged slave, noticing the child's anxiety, kindly spoke to him and soon learned the day's history. With tears streaming from his eyes, which fell upon the innocent face of the child, the old man bent over and told him that they were in the slave pen and his guide must have been a trader. Again and again the child, young as he was, had heard of kidnapping, for the "pen" and "trader" were familiar terms in the "quarters." Now, to his heart-rending cry for his mother, only a look of pity could be given; and that mother he was not to see again for nearly thirty years. The next day, he was sold to a planter living in Alabama.

Although so young, he had, however, been taught his prayers by his devout mother, and in his new home he was faithful to them for a time. Gradually, however, he forgot them save the "Haily Mary," as he even now will call it. This prayer to the Queen of Heaven was his life. He was constantly saying it; out in the fields, in the cotton patch, along the roads, when driving his mules, in short, everywhere and always. Beaten by his overseer, abused by his fellows, he still stuck to the prayer. Time and time again, his brother slaves brought him to their rude churches and even forced him up to the mourners' bench; the refrain he had for all their melodies was the "Haily Mary." And always he declared his faith, although in all those years he never saw a priest nor entered a Catholic church.

When the war was over, the newly made freedman started to work his way back to Baltimore in the fond hope of seeing his mother, if alive. His journey, which was made along the Mississippi, lasted several years and it was only some time in the seventies that he reached his childhood's-home—a man in the prime of life. After several years of search, he found his aged mother, whose joy on seeing her long-lost boy can be better imagined than described. In 1878, he presented himself to the writer for instructions and soon made his First Communion, receiving shortly afterward confirmation; he has been a monthly communicant ever since.

The third case is altogether different. Among the slaves of Baltimore in 1846, was a remarkably handsome quadroon girl about twenty years of age, who was brought up a Catholic and was very devout. In some way or other, her mistress grew suspicious of her and soon showed it, which the girl could not but notice. One day, when engaged in dusting the parlor windows, she saw an evil-looking man passing the house, who scanned her very closely. At once, almost by instinct, the thought of the trader flashed across her mind. Her fears were not lessened when an hour or so afterward the same man called at the house and was ushered in by the trembling girl. He spoke kindly to her, but her heart foreboded evil. Upon leaving him, the unfortunate girl rushed to her mistress's room, and, throwing herself at her feet, implored her not to sell her. Pacifying her as best she could, the mistress led the poor thing back to the parlor and handed her over to the trader, for such he was. In a wild frenzy of despair, the quadroon flung herself again at her mistress's feet, who, naturally tender, hurried away to escape the scene, her own eyes brimming with tears. In a gruff voice, the trader bade the girl arise, come along and give him no trouble. Blessing herself and placing herself under the care of the Blessed Mother of God, she meekly followed her new master and in a day or so reached Richmond, Virginia.

For three weeks she was in the pen, being daily forced to undergo repeated examinations, at once rough and repulsive. To every would-be purchaser she said she was a Catholic, all the while praying fervently to the Mother of God not to allow her to be robbed of her faith or virtue. Finally she was bought by a

Protestant family, who soon became very fond of her. Not only did they allow her every privilege of her faith, which the poor soul desired, but even fitted up in her room a small altar with a statue of our Lady upon it, setting it off with some plain candlesticks and vases. The girl always managed to have candles in abundance, and was allowed by her kind mistress freely to cut flowers for her little shrine. Here the once-heartbroken girl found a home, to which she became so much attached that, when the war was over and herself free, she remained with her old mistress, no longer rich but sadly impoverished like so many others in the South: nor did she leave her loved mistress till she closed her eyes in death.

In Richmond she was a greater wonder to her fellow slaves. For she was the first Catholic slave, or at least the first who openly stood up for the Catholic Church. For years, they made her the butt of endless annoyances, called her by every vile name, and on some few occasions went so far as to pelt her with stones. Under it all, like her Divine Master, she was silent and finally won also their respect. And in fact "Aunt Emily" became the beloved of white and black; Catholic and Protestant alike. Since her mistress's death, she has been supported by the Catholics of Richmond, and, when about two years ago she was at death's door from pneumonia, several leading Catholic gentlemen of the city volunteered to act as pall-bearers in case of her demise. During her convalescence—in fact, throughout her whole sickness—there was a continual succession of visitors, Bishop and Priests, Brothers and Sisters, ladies and gentlemen, to the sick chamber, with ever-fresh supplies of delicacies.

For thirty years, "Aunt Emily's" steady prayer was that the Lord would spare her to see a church in Richmond for her people. The Master has granted her prayer.

But these were few and far between, some one may say. True; yet a race, which can have such sons and daughters, is well worth laboring for—and, for that matter, dying for also. God grant that in the hearts of some readers the Holy Spirit may stir up that blessed fire, enkindled on this earth by the Sacred Heart, which will drive them, Abraham-like, out of their fathers' houses to become missionaries, as Priests or Brothers or Sisters among the black millions of the Sunny South.

LEAGUE GRACES.

I. *May 22, 1889.*—I have a victory to record for the prayers of the League and desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart. The case is remarkable as showing the sympathy of the Divine Heart even for our temporal needs. A young man (my brother) had been out of work for several months owing to the collapse of the house in which he was engaged, and it was not until he was four or five months looking in vain for an occupation that I recommended his case to the prayers of the League, on our list of intentions. This was in March, and as I calculated that the intentions of that month would not be entered on the intention sheet until May (being required before “first of *preceeding* month”) I found it difficult to keep up the poor fellow’s spirits during the whole of April. I assured him that by the 9th of May, the day marked for “employment and means” he would certainly get *something*. A few days ago I received a note from him stating that in the “early part of the month” he got, on the same day, offers from *three different sources*. This was after about eight months of waiting and searching in vain.

II. *May 20, 1889.*—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a young lady who underwent an operation and who was told another was inevitable. A Badge of the Sacred Heart was given her with a promise that if her cure would be effected, the fact should be published in the MESSENGER. A short time after wearing the Badge, the painful ordeal she expected to undergo was averted, and since she has been enjoying good health.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Confessors and Directors of Souls.



THE General Intentions of this year follow step by step the recommendations made by our Holy Father Leo XIII. in his late Encyclical Letter to the universal Church. The misfortunes of our times are due to the passions of pride, sensuality, and the love of riches. After treating of these, the Encyclical goes on: "It is now time to turn our thoughts and our words toward you, whom God, when He conferred on you His divine powers, chose as His helpers in the dispensing of His mysteries. In truth, if we seek for means to secure public safety as well as the salvation of individuals, there is no doubt that the clergy can have the weightiest influence over the one and the other."

This is the sublime power given to the priest on the day of his ordination. As confessor and director, he is to bring God down to souls and lead souls up to God. In the tribunal of penance, his first duty is to lead souls to profit by the pouring out of the blood and grace of Jesus Christ through the sacramental absolution. Then he has for his task to direct and urge forward as many as he can to the Holy Table of the Eucharist; for it is in accordance with the wish expressed by the Council of Trent, that this Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ should become in our days of persecution and scorn as frequent as in the days of the early Church. This can be done only through the influence of the directors of souls.

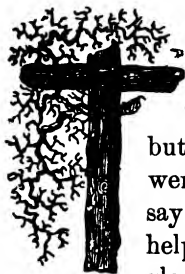
Last of all, like the true Angel of the Lord, he should lead forward the souls confided to him to their eternal salvation, and should guide each one according to that particular kind and degree of perfection to which it has been divinely called. *Be ye perfect*, our Saviour says, *even as your Heavenly Father is perfect*. In our day, more than ever before, there are great obstacles to the action of the director of souls; and most of all he must possess in himself personal holiness, practical knowledge, and the fire of zeal. These qualities the director can gain in their fulness only from the adorable Heart of Jesus Christ Himself—the Model and Source of holiness and science and zeal. It is then a fitting Intention for which all Christians should pray, that their confessors and directors should have greater and more earnest devotion to the Heart of Jesus Christ, Which has so loved souls.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

AUGUST, 1889.

No. 8.



AN AUGUST TALK OF MARTYRS.

THE month of July told us what the Church means by calling certain dead persons Saints ; but it was only the outside meaning of a Saint, as it were, or why the Church bestows the title. It did not say what the Saint did while here on earth, with the help of God's grace, in order that God should so glorify him after death. We have then another question to ask for August—What did the Saints do while they were alive?

One of two things : either the Saint led a life of heroic holiness, or, if his life was not above the ordinary, then his death must have been truly heroic—that is, he must have given up life itself for the love of God. In other words, all the canonized Saints either died for the faith and so are Martyrs, or else they lived long lives in accordance with the teachings of the faith, and practised constantly heroic virtue.

In the Calendar of the present month, we have several names of which we know only that their owners died for the faith at the hands of the early pagan persecutors. Such are St. Cyriacus and two comrades (8th) who were Martyrs little over three hundred years after the death of Christ, and St. Zephyrinus (26th), who, like all the first Popes, died a Martyr. The feast of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist by the wicked King Herod (29th) is also that of a true Martyr, though he died before Christ had died ; and he was canonized more than once by words of our Lord Himself.

For the Martyrs, in general, two things are needed for their canonization. First, it must be proved that they really died for

the faith of Christ, and not for private or political reasons. Secondly, after their death, God must manifest His will, by the working of miracles, that they should be venerated by the Christian people as His Martyrs. This agrees with the meaning of the word Martyr—*witness* to Christ; and the Martyrs bear witness to the truth of the Christian faith with their blood.

St. Oswald (9th), King of the Northumbrian Saxons, had been converted to the faith of Christ by the Irish monks of Iona in Scotland, where he had taken refuge from his enemies when a boy. On his return to his kingdom, he set up the tree of the Cross as his standard against the pagan foe, and conquered so far as to found a Christian kingdom. But in the thirty-eighth year of his age, by subtle wiles, he was killed at the foot of his holy tree—called Oswestry—by the chief who had united the incensed heathen against him. As we have explained concerning those ancient times, it was the popular voice which first canonized him, but miracles spoke loudly of the favor he had found before God. His hands remained free from decay, and the great wooden cross became a shrine of pilgrimage for all the people.

St. Lawrence (10th) was the deacon of Pope St. Xystus (6th). He had charge of the alms collected for the poor of Rome. When he saw his Father in Christ going to martyrdom without him, he cried aloud after him. But the dying Pope consoled him and bade him prepare, for his own turn should soon come. So he calmly awaited the coming of the persecutors. St. Romanus, guard, whom he baptized, suffered the day before (9th). He was slowly broiled to death upon a gridiron, and exultingly called to his tormentors—"Turn me now, for I am roasted enough." God had, indeed, as his office declares, *tried him by fire; and iniquity was not found in him* (Psalm xvi. 3). His name is in the Canon of the Mass. He has ever been among the most popular Saints; and to this day the stubble of the fields around Rome is burnt in his honor on his feast.

St. Philomena's tomb was discovered only in the present century; but the miracles worked by her have sufficiently warranted the great devotion which has arisen toward her (11th), especially as a patron of the young at the time of their First Communion. She was greatly invoked by the holy Curé d'Ars, to whom so many pilgrims flocked during the second quarter of this century.

But it is not only the death of Martyrs that is dear to the Church, whose glorious witnesses they are, but everything connected with them. Thus on the 1st, we have the feast of St. Peter's Chains; and on the 3d the Finding of the Relics of St. Stephen, the First of all the Christian Martyrs—more than three centuries and a half after his blessed death. As in all cases where the Church proposes anything to her children's veneration, the truth of these relics was proved by the witness of many and continued miracles, of which even the great St. Augustine (28th) speaks.

Sometimes among these Martyrs, the most touching relationship is found, as when Sts. Paul and Juliana his sister (17th) gave up their lives together for the love of Christ.

St. Bartholomew the Apostle is considered to be the same as Nathanael, whom our Lord Himself declared to be an *Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile*. He gave up his life after he had preached to the people of many lands from India to Armenia, where he converted the very family of the persecutor who put him to death.

The Church praises God at the hour of Matins—with *the white-robed army of Martyrs*; and at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass she repeatedly unites the Priest's intention with theirs in their life-sacrifice; she sings at Prime—*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints*; and in her Litanies, Mary God's Mother is called the *Queen of Martyrs*, and along with all the others is invoked—*All ye Holy Martyrs, pray for us*.

—*The time would fail me to tell of those who by faith conquered kingdoms, . . . stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, recovered strength from weakness. . . .*

—*Others were racked, not accepting deliverance, that they might find a better resurrection.*

And others had trial of mockeries and stripes, moreover also of bonds and prisons:

They were stoned, they were cut asunder, they were tempted, they were put to death by the sword;

Of whom the world was not worthy.

St. Paul to the Hebrews, xi.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

By E. Carmel Hendry.

I TOOK my niece, Anna, with me once when paying a visit to my dear friend Gertrude. I knew that the submission to God's holy will and gratitude for His spiritual benefits which animated the soul of that fervent convert would find expression in her conversation; and I hoped her words might help to strengthen the child's heart against the distractions of fashionable society, into which she was soon to be introduced.

After our first greetings, Gertrude reminded me that the day was the anniversary of her conversion.

"Oh, what a day of joy it was for me!" she continued; "the beginning of a life that, as I review it, stands out in glorious contrast with the miseries I had just left. For you must know, sweet one,"—turning to Anna—"that in my youth I was poor, friendless and forlorn; but now I am so wealthy that I cannot keep an account of my riches. I have of friends a *great crowd that no man can number*; and sweet hope has become my portion forever and ever."

Anna gave me a wondering glance. I knew she was puzzled how to reconcile Gertrude's statements with the facts that were well known concerning her.

The first of these facts was that she had once been very wealthy, and had lived in great luxury and splendor; but through the dishonesty of a relative she had lost all but a pittance that afforded her a lodging in the shabby room in which we were visiting her. The second was that in the days of her prosperity she had been an acknowledged belle in society, on account of her wealth, beauty, and accomplishments, and that hosts of friends and admirers had flocked around her. The third was that she had found delight in the enjoyments of fortune, and had been the brightest, merriest, and most buoyant of her set, rejoicing in the golden future which her many advantages, including superb health, promised her.

How could she speak of her present lot in terms so glowing, when in truth she was miserably poor, when her friends were few and nearly all as indigent as herself, and when her poor body was racked by the tortures of the malady which was hurrying it into the grave?

"Won't you tell Anna the story of your transition, dear Gertrude?" I said almost eagerly. "She would so like to hear it."

"Gladly. I love to dwell upon the happy theme," she answered; and, while Anna drew closer to me and laid her hand within mine, our devout friend fixed a loving glance upon a crucifix that hung near her, and thus began her tale.

"On the day that my changed circumstances brought me to this abode, I was sad and restless, and that night I walked the floor until morning dawned again. Then, as the weather was sultry, I resolved to stroll out for a breath of air. When I reached the street, the sound of a melodious bell, ringing in a peculiar measure, fell upon my ear. A shabby old woman who was passing stood still at the sound; and, after making a strange motion with her hand, muttered some formula with many devotional gestures. As I felt sure from the aged dame's aspect that she was sane, my curiosity at her strange behavior prevailed; and addressing her, I inquired its meaning.

She answered mildly that she had been saying the *Angelus*; and at my request she repeated the prayer, which she informed me was recited three times a day by Catholics throughout Christendom.

On hearing this, my heart grew heavy with regret to think that I who, though professing no form of religion, had always believed in Christ and revered the mystery of the Incarnation, should never have been led to pay this touching tribute of respect and affection to the great action that gave a Redeemer to mankind. I could not refrain from putting further questions, in a delicate manner, to my companion, and thus I learned that for many years she had been attending the half-past six o'clock Mass every morning.

When I complimented her on the self-denial she displayed in this action, she said seriously: 'Well, ma'am, it's always been a little hard on me seeing that I wash for a living, and it's worse now that I'm growing rheumatic. But I've been poor in this world, and I'm tired of poverty; I want to be rich in the next.'

'What a foolish notion!' I answered indignantly. 'In the life beyond the tomb there is no traffic with filthy lucre.'

‘Oh, I don’t mean that!’ she said contemptuously. ‘I’m not striving for the riches that can take wings and depart, but for the treasures God bade us lay up in heaven.’ •

By this time we were at the church door. The good soul invited me to enter, and placed in my hands the prayer-book she carried, saying: ‘I won’t miss it; I’ve got my beads.’

So grasping it, I followed her, to find myself in one of the buildings I knew as ‘Popish Mass-houses.’ I didn’t look around much, being too busy examining the book, the contents of which interested me deeply. Presently a priest clad in white vestments came out of the sacristy, and by means of the book I managed to follow him through the Mass in a blundering fashion. When the service was ended I found myself weeping bitterly to think that the Almighty Lord of heaven was offered in sacrifice every morning for my sins and necessities, at a time when I had been sleeping away the fatigue of a night spent in frivolous amusements, ignorant, unmindful of the wondrous miracle.

After seeking my friend and returning her book, I walked into the sacristy and confronted the priest. I began by telling him I was a stranger, and he interrupted me to remark calmly that, in passing through the church before Mass, he had noticed me, and feeling sure that I was not of the fold, he had been moved to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for my conversion.

I was about to make a haughty answer, but was restrained by the consciousness that my convictions were won by the faith he professed and that the marvel must have been accomplished through his prayers.

From that day this zealous servant of God began to bestow upon me a generous share of the riches his Divine Master had entrusted to him for poor needy souls. When he had dowered me with the silver of instruction and the gold of edification, and crowned me with the diamonds of baptism, he permitted me to present myself, not once but many times, at the banquet prepared by the King, where my soul’s hunger was appeased by the *Living Bread that came down from heaven*. He also bestowed upon me, at times, from his inexhaustible coffers, the pearls and amethysts of penance, and saw that I was arrayed in the jewelled armor of confirmation. And, one day, he or another of his fellow-almoners of the alms of God’s grace and mercy will send my

soul on its way to eternity sparkling with the rubies of the Precious Blood, as applied to my soul in the last Sacraments of the Church."

"And what of your friends, dear Gertrude?" I said, as she paused to wipe away a grateful tear.

"First among them," she answered, "are our Divine Lord and His ever-Blessed Mother. Then come the Angels, and the Saints—illustrious men and women of every age and clime. The New Law being the fulfilment of the Old, I have a claim on the friendship of Noe, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses. The holy and mysterious Melchisedec seems also very near and dear to me, because of so many of his royal descendants who, wearing his mantle, offer up the Chalice of Salvation every day for all faithful Christians, of whose number, through God's grace, I am one. But these cherished friends are too many to be enumerated, and oh, how proud I may well feel of them, for every element of greatness has existed in their exalted souls! All were eminent for sanctity; some also for genius, learning, heroism, or munificence. There is no virtue that can adorn the human soul that has not been practised by them in perfection over and over again. They have been the pioneers of civilization, the promoters of progress, the enlighteners of ignorance, the calmers of turbulence, the reformers of morals, light to those sitting in spiritual darkness, health to the sick, and salvation to the perishing. How frail and impotent is human friendship compared to that of those who enjoy the security of immutability, and whose intercession is more efficacious to aid me than the united power of the mightiest monarchs on earth!"

"And now, dearest, a few words of the hope that animates you; and we will leave you to the repose you so much need," I said, as she again ceased to speak.

"Ah, what have I not to hope for!" she answered. "Is not even this earth made glorious by the thought that we are Christ's and He is ours. Whenever I greet the dawn, the blessed prospect of another day, spent by His grace in union with Him, rejoices my heart: and oh, the knowledge that after this, our painful exile is ended, there lies before us a bliss that *eye hath not seen, nor ear heard nor hath it entered into the heart of man* to know—a bliss that enraptured vision has but beheld *through a glass*

darkly, and that the pen of prophet or Apostle, with the ardent language of inspired eloquence, has but feebly described !”

She sank back exhausted, though her wan face wore a look of rapture. Anna and I, after some little ministrations, kissed her farewell, and left her to the companionship of her lofty thoughts.

Two months later we attended the requiem Mass that preceded Gertrude’s burial.

As we left the church my darling said to me in her grave sweet voice: “Aunt, I have of late often recalled these words from Tennyson’s bugle song:—

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

“If dear Gertrude, on meeting that old lady, had not been attracted by her simple faith and devotion, she would never perhaps have even entered a Catholic church. Then, if Father Felicitas had not been holy and fervent he would not have led her soul to the height it attained. If I had not heard her edifying conversation, which was the outcome of her spiritual exaltation, I might have learned to prize the wretched vanities of the world; while, as it is, her fervent words convinced me of their nothingness. As the result of this conviction, I have resolved—and my dear parents after a struggle have given me their sanction—to devote myself to the service of God among the religious of His Sacred Heart.”

How much further those echoes of divine wisdom have rolled onward through the zeal and piety of Madame Anna, who has now worn the holy habit of religion for many years, is known only to the recording Angel. God grant we all one day may hear them, woven into the strains of celestial harmony that delight the ears of the ransomed standing in the presence of the Lamb!



A SAVING SNEEZE.

By a Sister of Mercy.

I WAS called early one Sunday morning to the Instruction Room, and found there a woman who frequently came to me for that sympathy so necessary to certain poor souls. Without friends, either by the dispensation of Divine Providence or as the result of their own fault in not making themselves agreeable to those around them, they crave the assistance of a few timely words of counsel when in doubt, or of sympathy when under affliction. To-day, however, this woman had evidently not come through either of these motives. She was accompanied by a young woman with a fair, gentle, and pleasing face, who held by the hand a bright and intelligent-looking boy.

My old acquaintance hastily came forward and drew me back into the hall, as if for a private conference, before introducing her companion. When out of hearing of the latter, she excused herself for calling at such an early hour and stated the object of her visit.

The evening before, her companion, an entire stranger to her, had come with her little boy to the house in which she boarded and had occupied a bed near her. Early this morning my acquaintance had risen to prepare for Mass, at which she was to communicate. Moving quietly so as not to disturb the other occupants of the room, she was attracted by a sneeze from the little boy, and was astonished to hear him exclaim after it in quite a loud tone: "God bless us."

She thought that the child must surely be a Catholic, although the evening before the mother had informed her that on the morrow she was to enter a Protestant Home, for which she had a letter of admission from a prominent minister. Moreover, the woman had declared herself a Protestant. Having no time to lose just then, the Catholic hastened to Mass, but upon her return did not fail to enter into a conversation with the woman and endeavor to learn her history as well as that of the child, who she felt certain was a Catholic.

The woman was not at all reticent, and informed her that she was a widow and that she had always lived very comfortably until the death of her husband. Even after that event, she had maintained herself and child quite comfortably until the present

winter, which was a most severe one. Her patrons having either moved away or not being able to continue giving her work, she had at last been obliged to give up her rooms and seek for admission with her child into a Home for the destitute. For one reason she did not so much regret this necessity; being obliged to be away from home all day she had been forced to leave her boy in the care of strangers, and he had formed intimacies with street children which were far from being beneficial, so that she feared the early lessons she had inculcated might be completely effaced.

"But is not your little boy a Catholic?" my acquaintance boldly asked. The woman looked at her with surprise, but answered that he had indeed been baptized one, as his father had been a Catholic, but that now he did not know the difference between Catholic and Protestant.

"I thought he was one when I heard him say 'God bless us' after he had sneezed this morning, and I was determined to find out whether it was not true."

The woman smiled, and said he had learned the expression from his grandmother on his father's side. She was a pious old woman and very fond of the little boy.

"He has several Romish practices," she continued; "he can bless himself too."

"*Catholic*, you mean," interrupted the other somewhat hastily.

"I beg your pardon," the woman replied gently, "I meant no offence by the expression, which is more of habit than intention. My family were rather bigoted and were much displeased with me for marrying a Catholic, but, not knowing much about his church, I had no prejudices. In fact, all those of that denomination whom I have seen have impressed me favorably, and my husband was a good man."

"But if your child is a baptized Catholic, it would be very wrong for you to bring him up a Protestant, and God would not bless you or him," pursued the other, determining to follow up her advantage.

The poor mother was somewhat frightened at the serious words and manner of her new friend, and said that she was quite willing to bring him up in his father's faith, but that she did not know how to do so. The Rev. Dr. A—— had befriended her in

her necessity and gained admittance for herself and child into the Home attached to his church.

"If I do not accept his kind offer," she added, "I shall be homeless. When my child is a few years older, perhaps I can make some other arrangement, but I see no alternative for the present."

"Nevertheless it will be a sin," continued her zealous friend, "to endanger the faith of your child, and you will have to answer for it before God"; but, seeing that she had already touched the upright and timorous conscience of the woman, she would now apply the consoling balm.

"Come with me to the convent, and we will see what can be done there for you."

"To-day?"

"Yes, immediately," and they started at once, with the result we have already seen.

I was much pleased with the mother, who was certainly very ladylike, and with the pretty manners of the little boy. We entered into quite a lengthy conversation which resulted in her accepting an invitation to go to one of our branch houses, an orphanage, where she could make herself useful and at the same time be near her child. She was delighted and set off at once.

The child received instruction in his faith suitable to his years, and imbibed it readily. He even imparted it to his mother, who seemed so pleased with her surroundings that she decided to remain with the Sisters as long as they would keep her. Although under no constraint, she attended Mass on Sundays and listened attentively to the instructions given to the women of the house every Wednesday evening by the chaplain. She was also frequently seen in the chapel during her free time.

It was not a matter of surprise to the Sisters when she asked to be received into the Church, and it was an indescribable source of happiness to her. The boy when old enough made his First Communion; and, when able to assist his mother in different small ways, she finally decided to take up rooms. Through the help of the Sisters, she procured work by the day. After keeping her boy at school for a time, she found him a position in which he was able to assist her by his earnings to pay the rent as well as to clothe himself respectably. She remained a fervent Catholic.

CHARCOAL-BURNER, BISHOP, AND SAINT.

ST. ALEXANDER, BISHOP AND MARTYR, A. D. 250, FEAST 11 AUGUST.

ALEXANDER was not always a charcoal-burner. He was born of a distinguished family, and enjoyed an ample revenue which allowed him to pursue the higher courses of study and make himself proficient in all the polite accomplishments of the day. His bearing was graceful and attractive, while his uncommonly handsome features drew the attention of all who passed him.

This personal beauty and profound learning were what brought about his change of life.

His delicacy of conscience, combined with his experience of the ways of the world, convinced him that his beauty might prove but a snare to the angelic virtue of purity, and his learning but a foe from within that would sink him into vanity and pride. With humility and purity lost, what could save him?

Pondering the dangers that beset him, he was inspired by God to conceal both his beauty and his learning under a deep disguise. He sold his property and gave its price to the poor, and then left his native place to live in the town of Comana, not far from the present Black Sea, and became a charcoal-burner.

His smutted face and soiled and tattered garments effectually hid his comeliness, and the uncouth speech he adopted warded off the least suspicion of his gentle birth and learned accomplishments.

Alexander was now very happy. He knew that his soul had been freed from a thousand dangers. When not engaged in burning his charcoal or delivering it from door to door, he could spend the time in prayer at the church or in the study of the Scriptures at home, and no fear of admiring glances or public applause could disturb him. His name was well known, it is true, in Comana, but it was only as that of an honest but ignorant tradesman.

By and by the Bishop of Comana died, and all the prominent clergymen and chief men of the people gathered together, as was the custom in those days, to elect his successor. The prudence and holiness of St. Gregory of Nyssa made them send for him to preside at their meeting.

St. Gregory found the opinions very much divided, and, to his horror, found several men proposing candidates whose only recommendation was their nobility of birth, their great possessions, or their exalted secular employment. His opening address was, therefore, on the real qualities needed in a bishop, lowliness of spirit first of all, and then consummate tact and amiability, together with firmness of will.

Indignant at this rebuke, one of the men cried out contemptuously: "If the most distinguished people of the city will not suit you, then select us a man from the dregs of the populace. Yes, instead of casting our votes for those men of merit, suppose we take Alexander the Charcoal-Burner, with his rags and smutty face, and put him on the episcopal throne."

The scoffer spoke more wisely than he thought.

A light from heaven revealed to St. Gregory that, in spite of himself, the man had spoken under divine inspiration. He asked who Alexander was and bade them bring him forward. The charcoal-burner soon appeared, shamefaced and meanly clad as usual.

St. Gregory, however, penetrated his disguise. He saw that before him was standing a man of unusual sanctity. The crowd jeered at him, but the Saint saw by the joyful way in which he received their insults that his heart was united to his suffering Redeemer. Only a saint could show such modesty, gravity, and humility. Gregory accordingly took him aside, and held a long conversation with him, ordering him as his spiritual father to tell him everything.

Alexander was filled with confusion, but could not disobey. When his wonderful story was over, Gregory ordered the attendants to conduct him to the bath and then array him in priestly garments.

Returning to the assembly, Gregory continued his discourse on the qualities of a perfect bishop, and did not cease speaking until the attendants re-entered with great reverence and solemnity, escorting Alexander dressed as a bishop.

The transformation was complete. Even those who had mocked the lowly charcoal-burner were now struck with admiration at the beauty of his countenance, the majesty of his bearing, and the modesty of his whole appearance.

"This man," said St. Gregory, "is the charcoal-burner whom you have reviled. You have judged him only by his exterior, but that exterior has hidden the worthiest soul in your town. The devil foresaw that this man would destroy his empire, and so has set you against him; but our Lord gives him to you to-day as your chief, your bishop, and your father."

The words of Gregory and the indescribable dignity of Alexander carried such conviction with them that not a dissenting voice was heard. The election of Alexander the Charcoal-Burner to be Bishop of Comana was unanimous. He received the various degrees of holy orders in due succession and finally that of bishop itself from the hands of St. Gregory.

His first address to the people was a marvel of simplicity, beauty, and vigor, and he became at once a shining light in the Church in Asia. All his actions were those of the wise man, the true father and the Saint, and, when the persecution of Decius broke out, St. Alexander the Charcoal-Burner gave the supreme proof of his love of God by choosing rather to be burned to death than deny his faith.

THE SACRED HEART IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By an Indian Missionary.

CATHOLIC, Protestant, Jew, and Atheist have visited our Reservation within the past year. All left it much pleased with something they could not describe.

What is it? they must have asked themselves. We have seen more beautiful places, more pleasing features and better clad people than the poor Indians; their village is but a poor one compared to that of the whites. Modern civilization has but slightly touched them. What then is the cause of this wonderful impression?

Perhaps without waiting for the truth, they let other thoughts and pleasures choke the good seed that, if properly tended, might bring forth a rich harvest.

Though modern civilization has had but little effect upon us, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Great Civilizer of the human heart, is with the poor Indians in its simplicity. Its devotion is

taught them along with the first truths of Christianity, and to this cause alone that something indescribable must be attributed. This becomes the more evident the more you know them and see the good effects that Divine Heart is working among them. Peace—*peace which the world cannot give*—reigns over the whole tribe, so that they may be called a happy family. What color, what race, what nationality in the world could present so beautiful a sight?

But let us come to particulars. The following instances have occurred since Christmas.

Death among the tribe is generally from consumption. When they find themselves getting weak, they move from their homes to the little village near the church, that the priest may visit them often.

Joseph, a man about thirty-five, had seen all his family die away. Child after child went, until he was left with his wife and a little one scarcely able to toddle about. Shortly before Christmas he came to the village. He was then unable to leave his little pallet, but hoped to be cured for the sake of his brother—one of the few wild men of the tribe—over whom he had great influence.

Christmas came, and the Father in charge had to go to another mission, so that Joseph through some mistake was not visited for three or four days. On Saturday evening he asked for a priest to hear his confession. He seemed very sad and dejected. Was it at seeing another Black Gown? For Father Joseph his namesake, whom he had known for many long years, was gone. This made the priest feel ill at ease, and he could not speak the language fluently enough to explain himself as he wished.

The confession ended, Joseph turned to the pictures of the Sacred Hearts of Jesús and Mary—the only ornaments in any of the cabins—to tell the cause of his sadness. For twenty years he had never passed a Christmas without receiving the Body of our Lord. The big tears rolled down his cheeks as he told his tale of woe; but when informed that Communion would be brought him on the morrow, the Sunday after Christmas, and on New Year's day, the clouds that seemed so hard to drive away but a few moments before were now changed into the sunshine of peace.

"But oh," he said, as the priest was leaving, "shall I get Communion on the First Friday also?"

This being promised, nothing more was desired. The two weeks that followed were devoted to thoughts of heaven, as he gave up all hopes and wishes to remain longer in this life.

What an example of patience and resignation to the will of God he showed during that time! A few hard skins were the only thing that lay between himself and the floor. When sufferings and pain afflicted him he looked to the picture of the Sacred Heart: "There," he said, "I find relief."

He was visited by the priest twice a day. Just two weeks from the first visit something prevented the Father's seeing him. About half-past seven in the evening he was again called. After reading some prayers, giving him a last absolution and the crucifix to kiss, he awoke from his apparent unconsciousness and told the Father that he was not dying now; but in four hours he would send for him.

The night before had been spent by the missionary on a sick-call, riding over the wild prairie amid a chilling, biting frost. Naturally it was not very pleasing to be deprived of a second night's sleep, especially as everything that could be, was done for him. To make a sort of compromise he was visited at ten o'clock, but this was neither pleasing to our Lord nor to Joseph. A little after eleven, as the priest was falling asleep, the call came that Joseph was dying and wanted to see him.

A supernatural joy lit up his countenance as the Father entered. All around were Indians praying, reciting the beads with the greatest devotion. When some prayers had been read, and the crucifix presented for the last time, the dying man turned and, fixing his eyes on the priest, drew breath after breath, without a moan or the movement of a muscle, until the last. His eyes, still fixed, had now nothing but a vacant stare. He saw no more with the eyes of the body from the very moment that he had predicted, four hours before.

The second instance is that of a little girl between six and seven. She was the only one left to her father and mother out of a very large family. The dreaded consumption had carried them off one by one.

The father refused to let her go to the Sisters' school, hoping that by his own care he might keep her alive. Last September the mother, in his absence, brought her to the school; but he could not rest until he brought her home again. There was no sign of sickness then.

About Christmas she came to the village unwell. She asked often for Joseph the Black Gown; for it was he who had baptized her, and she neither knew nor cared for any other. In fact, about this time the only grief in the tribe was that he was gone. Of course, any priest was welcome, but the affection of the Indians for those whom they know is greater than among the whites.

She made her confession amid intense sufferings, and then asked for Communion.

"But you don't know what you will receive."

"Oh yes! I shall receive my Lord Jesus."

What could be done but grant her request?

The week's agony that followed was saddening to see; but, as often as she was asked if she bore it willingly,—“Oh yes! for my Jesus,”—was her constant reply. The crucifix, or a picture of the Sacred Heart, she would put to her lips with delight. She had a picture of the Guardian Angel, and she would often ask it to bring her to Heaven. With these words on her lips she expired.

Here, moreover, we see verified that great boast of Christianity—the elevation of woman. But a few years ago a woman was considered little better than an Indian's horse; now she is cherished and respected with real affection.

The Mission of the Rocky Mountains is well deserving of the alms of the faithful, and, as in past years, the *PILGRIM* will gladly receive contributions for its support. Surely these poor Indians are the neighbors of whom Christ speaks to us.

Acknowledgment is made of a contribution to the Chinese Mission:

A. Broderick, Newton, Mass., \$1.00

The total sum contributed to the Holy Childhood, since the transfer of the Agency to the office of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (1889, 1st half-year), is \$1,352.77; to the Propagation of the Faith, \$12.97. The items in detail will be given in the *Annual Report*.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

May any one be received into the Sodality?

Evidently, there must be discrimination in the admission of members.

The chief aim of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality is to enkindle and foster in the hearts of the Sodalists a more than ordinary devotion to the Mother of God. Benedict XIV. in his *Golden Bull* on the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin says that its members are "consecrated in a special way to her honor and service and are taught to climb the heights of Christian perfection and press forward to the goal of eternal salvation, under the chastening eye of her who is the *Mother of fair love and fear and knowledge and holy hope.*"

The fact, too, that the rule on the reception of members requires the Director to make inquiries about the age, profession, virtue, and other qualities of the applicant shows the necessity of discretion in receiving members. Moreover, the probation to be undergone and the power of the Council¹ to vote on the admission or rejection of a candidate is another evidence that all persons are not to be admitted into the Sodality.

The success of the Sodality is not to be judged by the number of its members, but by their qualities. The indiscriminate admission of every one into the Sodality, regardless of his fitness, would be to destroy its influence, impede its growth, paralyze its activity, and defeat its end. What the Sodality requires, are generous characters, manly hearts, upright minds, and energetic wills, not persons who are satisfied with the bare obligations of religion. They should be persons who are not afraid to try, at least, to "climb the heights of perfection."

What persons may be admitted into the Sodality?

Any one who is faithful to his religious duties, making his monthly confession and Communion, and is willing to observe

¹ See April PILGRIM, 1889, page 115.

the regulations of the Sodality, need have no scrupulous fears of applying for admission. Such a one the Director will accept without hesitation. One having this religious practice and desire will surely profit by the graces of membership. The monthly confession and Communion is an essential regulation of the Sodality.

Those who have not been accustomed to this practice yet feel that they would wish to begin it, may also be admitted. The probation will give a trial of their wish and show the constancy of their resolution. The object of the probation is gradually to familiarize the candidates with the Sodality's observances. The influence and example of the Sodalists will greatly encourage these beginners in what will be quite a new and beautiful life to them. There is no doubt that many who have not had the practice of monthly confession and Communion, through false fears or a misunderstanding of the value of the Sacraments, will discover a new element to make their lives happy in complying, like the older members of the Sodality, with this easy and pleasing duty. They will find this regular frequentation of the Sacraments a revelation to them, a source of strength, consolation, sweetness and happiness they had not thought of, and the effect of this will be to make them eager in observing conscientiously the Sodality's regulations and proving themselves worthy of the privilege of being received into its body and claiming our Lady's special protection.

What is to be done when the one on probation does not give proof of his fitness?

If the probation, which usually lasts three months, has not been satisfactory, the rule requires that the period of trial be prolonged. If the end of the second trial still finds the candidate indifferent and careless, he should be asked to withdraw. To allow such a one to remain longer, even as a Postulant, would be to do serious harm to the whole body of the Sodality. But it is not likely that any aspirant to membership in the Sodality will regret his resolution when surrounded by the influence of Sodalists who are regular and devout at the exercises, and when he hears the fervent words of the zealous Director that tell of the glorious virtues of the Virgin Mother and of the honor of being one of her children.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.**OR THE MISSION OF THE MARTYRS.**

[The following article is taken from a late number of the *London Month*. The story has been often retold in connection with the shrine at Auriesville, where Father Jogues gave up his life; but it will still prove attractive in this new setting.—EDITOR.]

*We fools esteemed his life madness, and his end without honour;
How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints.*

Wisdom, v. 4, 5.

EARLY one morning, on a bright beautiful day in August, 1642, a little procession of twelve canoes was slowly making its way from Quebec up the great river of St. Lawrence.

Those who have read the story of the Huron Mission, will know that the young man who sits in the first boat, in a long black robe with a crucifix hanging from his girdle, must be one of the Jesuit Fathers. It is Father Isaac Jogues—and for six years he has shared in the difficulties and dangers of that Mission. He is now on his way back to the priests there, bringing them a precious supply of sacred vessels for the altar, clothing, writing materials, and many other things of which they were much in need. For three years they had not been able to get anything from Quebec, because of the fierce Mohawks and Iroquois who haunted the banks of the St. Lawrence, ready to swoop down upon unprotected travellers.

At last Father Jogues undertook the perilous journey, and he is returning with a party of Huron traders who have been for their yearly visit to Quebec. With him are a few Huron converts and two young Frenchmen, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, who had given themselves up to the Mission though they were not priests.

At first sight, any one looking at Jogues' slight frame, and the pale refined face, would have thought him ill-fitted to bear the hardships and dangers which these Apostles in the New World had to encounter. But a second glance showed that there was no weakness of will in the firm mouth, and if bodily strength was wanting, it was made up for by energy and unusual activity.

Like the other priests, he had obeyed literally Christ's words and had left home, country, and friends, for His sake and the Gospel. His parents were rich, his home was in sunny France. There, fond of study, and with greater gifts than are given to

most men, he might have made his name famous by his learning. But when he grew old enough to choose what kind of life he would lead, he found that the choice lay between two widely different paths.

On the one hand, much delight, much present earthly honor and happiness; on the other exile, toil, and a mysterious joy, that only those who suffer can know.

The one path was a smooth often trodden road; the other was the King's highway of the Holy Cross, marked with the deep foot-prints of the Son of God. He could not hesitate—what matter how hard his life, so long as it was spent with such a Fellow Traveller! So he joined the Society of Jesus, and soon was sent out to the Huron Mission.

Of what was he thinking on that bright August day, as his eyes watched how cleverly the Indians guided their frail little boats? for they were passing through a part of the St. Lawrence called the Thousand Isles. It may be he was looking forward to the joyful welcome that awaited him at his journey's end, or perhaps he looked back with feelings of thankfulness that God had so far prospered him on his way.

What would he have felt had he known that this would be the last time for many a long weary day that he would enjoy the beautiful world and move in it as a free man? Had such knowledge been granted him, may we not believe that feelings of joyful thankfulness would still have filled his heart? for his one desire was to do God's will whatever it might be. As the day wore on, it grew very hot, and there was that strange stillness in the air which often comes with intense heat. The canoes kept close to the shore, partly to escape the current, and partly to get into the shade of the great forest that reached down to the river's edge. They moved on slowly because the water was shallow and there were thick groups of tall bulrushes in their way.

Suddenly a frightful yell broke the silence. The hearts of the Hurons died within them. They knew it only too well. The war-whoop of the Iroquois! The next moment, as if by magic, canoes full of the savages shot out from behind the rushes where they had been lying in wait, and bore down upon the little Huron fleet.

A wild scene of panic and confusion followed. Jogues

sprang into the bulrushes and might have escaped, when a shout of triumph stopped him. He looked round and saw that René Goupil and several of their converts had fallen into the hands of the victors. He could not desert his companions, so he came out of his hiding-place and to their astonishment let the Iroquois seize him.

Couture, the other Frenchman, might have escaped, but he too turned back to share in whatever might happen to the beloved Father. Five Iroquois rushed at him and fired but missed him. Hardly knowing in his excitement what he was doing, Couture shot one of the savages dead. The other four sprang upon him, and with mad fury stripped him and tore his hands with their teeth. Jogues could not contain himself at the sight. Reckless of what might follow he broke away from his guards and threw his arms round his friend's neck, but he was dragged back and beaten with clubs till he fell senseless to the ground. As soon as he recovered, the Iroquois mangled his hands in the same horrible way. They then set off with their prey, but before leaving, Jogues, in spite of his agony, dragged himself up to a Huron who was left lying on the shore, and with his poor bleeding hands, sprinkled him with the waters of Baptism.

They then crossed the St. Lawrence and made their way to the nearest Mohawk village. The prisoners passed thirteen days of almost unceasing torture. Sometimes their fiendish captors formed themselves into two rows, and made the Christians pass between them, beating them with clubs and thorny sticks till they fell down covered with blood and half dead. Night brought them little rest, for they could not sleep because of the fever of their wounds aggravated by the swarms of mosquitoes.

Father Jogues forgot his own sufferings in trying to cheer his companions. He told them it wouldn't be long before the pain they bore here would be changed into joy for ever! Wasn't this what they had looked forward to? Christ had laid down His life to redeem them, and in carrying the good tidings to these ignorant savages, should they murmur at the pains which reminded them that "without shedding of blood, there is no remission"?

At last they came near the first Mohawk village. It stood on a hill, and the captives, weak with their wounds and bruises,

and half-starved, for they had had scarcely anything to eat except wild berries, were forced to help in carrying up the plunder from the canoes. When they got close to the town the Iroquois gave a whoop, and a swarm of Mohawks, young and old, streamed out to meet them; all had sticks in their hands. They ranged themselves in a double row up the hill, and as each prisoner passed between them, he was greeted with yells and screeches and a volley of blows. No wonder that for a moment Goupil and Couture's courage failed, but again Jogues cheered them on.

"Think of this," he cried, "as the narrow road that leads to Paradise!" When they got into the town they were put on to a high wooden platform, and the crowd came round and mocked and hooted at them. Then a chief called out, "Come, let us caress these Frenchmen!" so they climbed on to the platform and one cut off Jogues' left thumb, and tortured them all in other ways more cruel still. They were not merciful enough to kill them. It was sport to see how much a Christian could bear.

Couture was soon separated from the others, and Jogues and René Goupil were dragged on in triumph from one town to another and tortured in each. Although nearly dead with pain and exhaustion, they were always ready to teach and baptize any who seemed inclined to listen as they told of Christ's great love in dying on the Cross, and of the Heaven opened to all who follow Him.

It is impossible to describe all the shocking cruelties they had to suffer. They endured them not only patiently, but joyfully. One day in the autumn the Father and Goupil, dressed in tattered skins, were walking in the forest near one of the villages. They were enjoying the few minutes' relief from the cruel taunts and the sight of wild dark faces, and they knelt down together in earnest prayer that God would let them keep faithful to the end.

"Courage, my son," said Jogues. "What joy can be greater than to be united to Christ? And if we know something of the fellowship of His sufferings, is not it almost as great a happiness as the rest in Paradise will be? We are in Him. What can really hurt us?"

As they went on with their walk, two young Indians joined them. Jogues thought there was a suspicious look on their

sullen faces, and as they got near the village, one of them suddenly drew a hatchet from under his blanket and struck Goupil on the head. He fell, murmuring the Name that had so often been on his lips, "Jesus!"

Jogues too fell on his knees, and bowing his head, waited for his turn more eagerly than ever prisoner longed for his release. But the blow did not come. "Get up and go home!" said the Indian, savagely. Bitterly disappointed, the priest rose. Seeing that his companion still breathed he bent over him, and after the words of absolution, whispered: "Depart, O Christian soul in peace." How he must have longed to go too! But there was more yet for him to bear and do. The stone must be cut and polished still brighter before it could shine as one of his Lord's jewels.

So he followed the Indians and saw the martyr's lifeless body dragged through the town amid hootings and triumphant yells. He himself was kept as a captive.

He was now left alone without any earthly friend to cheer him, but the brave steadfast soul only clung the closer to the Hand ever stretched out to save him, when it seemed as if he must sink in the deep waters of anguish that rolled over him.

At the end of the year a party of the Indians went on a deer hunt and took Jogues with them. He had to follow them through the dark forests, fetching them water or firewood as meekly as if he was one of their squaws. His cruel masters could not make him out. They abused him and he never answered them; they ill-treated him and were always met with the same unflinching patience. Perhaps all spirit had been crushed out of him? They soon found they were mistaken. Once when he was kneeling down saying his prayers, they taunted him with praying to a God Who either did not listen to him, or else was not strong enough to help him. In a moment the gentle, persecuted slave was changed. His eyes flashed. He drew his limbs together as if he could have sprung upon his enemies, not because they had mocked at him, but at his God, until even the Indians cowered before his stern look and resolute bearing.

When it grew too dark for them to hunt, they lighted a great fire, slung a kettle across it, and sitting round, made merry while they feasted. The Father sat apart, perishing with cold

and nearly starved, for the savages offered up all the game they had killed to one of their gods and ate it in his honor. Jogues could not eat what was sacrificed to an idol, so he had to live on any roots and wild berries that he could find.

Often he would steal away from "this Babylon," as he called it, where night was made horrible with songs and yells, and wander further into the forest to escape the horrid sounds. As he went along he would comfort himself by repeating verses from the Bible. He must have felt how truly St. Paul had written: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or the sword? In all these things we overcome because of Him that loved us." Or he would look up at the bright northern lights flashing in the wintry sky and fancy they were glimpses of the glory of Paradise, until he almost seemed to catch faint echoes of the song of triumph, which the victors, whose fight is over, are singing there, and he would go on his way again, strong and rejoicing.

In one lonely spot to which he came, he carved a cross on the trunk of a great tree and knelt down in the snow before it. The gloomy pines waved above him, the stars shone kindly down, and He Who is always watching over His beloved most surely filled his heart with His own peace and joy. The Indians were constantly moving about from one place to another, and Jogues lost no opportunity of trying to convert the people in the different villages they visited. Often they made inroads into the Huron country and came back with prisoners, whom they tortured before they killed them. The priest would stand by them at the stake, baptizing and comforting them in their cruel sufferings. His own life was not safe from one day to another; at any moment of sudden rage, a Mohawk was likely to cleave his head with a tomahawk.

In the course of their wanderings they came to Fort Orange, a little Dutch settlement on the River Hudson. The Dutch were on friendly terms with the Mohawks and gave them knives and beads in exchange for their furs, but one of them named Van Cuyler was so shocked at the sight of the priest's wasted form and terrible wounds that he got an opportunity of speaking to him, and said: "There is a vessel close by, in the Hudson, nearly

ready to sail for France; I can give you a passage in her if you like. You had better escape if you can."

Jogues thanked him warmly, but was afraid that if he took his advice the Indians might fall on the Dutch in revenge.

"You needn't have any fears about that," said Van Cuyler. "We are strong enough to defend ourselves and this is too good a chance to be lost."

Again Jogues thanked him. "But forgive me," he added, "if I cannot at once accept your generous offer. Give me till to-morrow morning. I will spend to-night in prayer, and God will then tell me what He would have me do."

"What a fool the man must be to hesitate? What can be the reason?" said Van Cuyler, as he shrugged his burly shoulders and moved away. The priest passed all that night praying for God's guidance. It was such a tempting offer. To be free! To see his own country again! He felt almost dizzy with delight at the thought. But would it be right to go? Ought he not to go on with his old life, as long as there was any hope of more Huron prisoners to convert and baptize?

Yet on the other hand had not God Himself sent him this unlooked-for chance of escape, and was it not almost a kind of suicide to persist in staying with the Mohawks, who might kill him at any moment?

On the whole it seemed right to go, so as soon as it was light he went to the Dutchman and accepted his kind offer. Van Cuyler told him that a boat would be left on the shore for him, and he must seize the first opportunity to escape in it to the ship, where he would be safe.

Jogues and the Indians were lodged in a big barn belonging to a Dutch farmer. As soon as it was dark he stole out to plan his escape later on in the night, when, as he was passing the fence round the house, a large dog flew at him and bit his leg badly. Hearing the noise of the barking, the farmer came out with a light and led the priest back to have his wound bandaged. The Indians were lying on the floor wrapped in their blankets, and to prevent their suspecting anything, Jogues lay down beside them. Just before dawn, while they were still asleep, he rose softly and stole out of the house.

(To be concluded.)



OUR LADY'S CALENDAR.

5th (Monday)—Our Lady of the Snow. This is the anniversary of one of the most famous churches of Christendom and one of the oldest sanctuaries of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. When Liberius was Pope, in the year of our Lord 366, John and his wife, childless Roman patricians, desired ardently to devote their wealth to our Lady's honor, and they made a vow to that effect. But unable themselves to decide what the good work should be, they besought her with many prayers to make known her will. It was in the great heats of August—more oppressive in Rome than elsewhere—yet, behold, on this night snow fell and covered a part of the Esquiline Hill. Each of the pious spouses was warned in sleep of the prodigy, and that they should build a church on the spot. The same supernatural notice had been given to the Pontiff, and all the people with the priests came next morning to the spot covered with snow. There the great Basilica of St. Mary Major was built and still commemorates the wonder.

15th (Thursday)—The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This is a feast of great devotion among all Catholics, and in the United States remains of obligation, though the number of such holidays has been much reduced. It is our only commemoration of our Lady's ceasing from this mortal life; for truly *death* in her *is swallowed up in victory* (I. Corinthians, xv. 54). When the Apostles had gathered from the four parts of the world for her death, before separating again they reverently came to the tomb where they had laid the body of the Mother of their Redeemer. But when they opened it, that body, which had brought forth God to save us, lay no longer there. It had been taken up to heaven, to share the Resurrection before the time of others, and thus to give us a new foundation of our hope. The Assumption is peculiarly the day of the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, for on this day the martyrs of the old Mission were first tortured on the blessed site, and on this day for the past few years have taken place the great annual pilgrimages.

25th (Sunday)—The Most Pure Heart of Mary. All the promises of the Associates of the universal League of the Sacred Heart are made through "the Immaculate Heart of Mary"; but

especially those who promise the Second Degree (the daily Rosary decade) are banded together in her honor. For this reason a special Plenary Indulgence is granted them on this feast. Indeed, who can understand the meaning of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—of Its holiness, Its good-will and love—without learning also the heavenly beauty of the Most Pure Heart of her who bore Him, of her who was *full of grace*, and who is called *blessed* by *all generations* (St. Luke, i.)? And Jesus has given us His Mother Mary from His Cross—*Behold thy Mother* (St. John, xix. 27). It is Mary Immaculate at the foot of the Cross who is the special patroness of our shrine at Auriesville, and her statue as the Mother of Sorrows looks down on the kneeling pilgrims.

18th (Sunday)—St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary. As with St. Anne last month, so this feast of her spouse also belongs to our Blessed Lady. St. Joachim is the special patron of our Holy Father Leo XIII., who was known, before God raised him to be Head of His Church on earth, as Joachim Pecci. The pious Pope has done his patron the honor which was in his power, and made his feast of higher rank in the Church's offices.

Among the noteworthy servants of Mary this month, whose efforts in her service still bear much fruit, are St. Alphonsus Liguori, Founder of the Redemptorists (2d); St. Dominic, Founder of the Dominicans and of the devotion of the Rosary (4th); St. John Berchmans, the Jesuit scholastic who is patron of the common life and devotion of the young (13th); St. Bernard, in whose writings we have sweetest treasures of tender devotion, such as the prayer *Memorare*; and St. Philip Beniti, of the Order of Servites (23d), whose children, both priests and nuns, have recently taken root in our land.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since June 1st:

Farmers of Scammonville, Kas.,	\$11.75
L. W. W., Phila., Pa.,	1.00
Mrs. J. M. Tierney, High Bridge, N. Y.,	5.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00



TRUE LEAGUE WORK.

A COUNTRY CONSECRATION.—*H—, Md., June 3d, 1889.*—Yesterday was a day never to be forgotten at our chapel. Ten little boys and five little girls—a large number in a pike-road parish like ours—received their first Holy Communion amidst most beautiful and touching ceremonies. After this, at the half-past ten Mass, we had a public Consecration of Families to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The families numbered twenty-four, and I must say that the sincerity with which the Act was repeated by all was a very consoling evidence of their faith and genuine piety. At the Gospel, Father H. preached on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, making special reference to the consecration which was to follow. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given after Mass. The pastor then read, sentence by sentence the Act prescribed, and the representatives of the different families repeated the words after him very reverently. Some of them had remained four hours in the church for the purpose.

IN A CONVENT OF MERCY.—*Omaha, Nebraska, June 5th, 1889.*—Those devoted to the extension of the Holy League will, doubtless, read with pleasure a short sketch of the progress of this devotion at St. Catherine's Academy in the far west. The devotion was introduced among the pupils about eighteen months ago by a Jesuit Father residing at Creighton College, a most zealous promoter of the love of the Sacred Heart. By his constant care and encouragement, aided by the Sisters of Mercy who have charge of the education of the young ladies of this institu-

tion, the devotion has flourished and the love of the Sacred Heart continues to increase. Everything is done to promote a holy emulation among the pupils, and a sort of rivalry is carried on among the different classes. The name of the class having the greatest number of good works, at the close of the month, is placed in golden letters on a card, at the foot of a beautiful life-sized statue of the Sacred Heart, in one of the corridors.

Even the non-Catholic pupils seem to take to the devotion of the Sacred Heart, some of them saying many prayers, and reciting thousands of aspirations for the intentions of the League. The total number of good works performed by the children during the month of May amounted to 1,455,356. The reader may judge of their fervor. Previous to the Feast of the Sacred Heart they made a novena before the statue, which they are also accustomed to salute as they pass.

Every morning at 8.45, the pupils assemble in the little convent chapel, to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Those who are faithful in making this visit for nine consecutive weeks receive a white satin decoration with the words—Child of the Sacred Heart—printed upon it, in red letters. This honor is eagerly sought. Trusting that this description of how the devotion is practised at St. Catherine's may give some little glory to the Sacred Heart, and wishing much success to the MESSENGER in its good work, I am very faithfully yours,

A PROMOTER.

A PROMOTER'S RECEPTION.—*New Albany, Indiana, January 2, 1889.*

[The accounts of receptions of Promoters of June are not to hand as this goes to press (July 1st); but the present report from last December has lost none of its freshness by waiting.—EDITOR.]

Feeling sure you will be pleased to learn of the success of the Holy League in our parish, and trusting that it may be a source of encouragement to others who are engaged in this good work, we thought we would give you an insight into the way in which we have been conducting it.

In the first place we were ably assisted by our worthy Pastor, who a year ago this December highly recommended the practices of the Holy League to the congregation, and explained

the Three Degrees, laying particular stress on the essential practice of the First Degree, in order to the undertaking of the Second and Third Degrees.

The first enrolment was very encouraging, and about 250 were registered and received Certificates of Admission. We are happy to say that the League has been on the increase ever since, and now numbers about 500 members.

We have 36 zealous Promoters, 10 of whom are still on probation. We trust through the intercession of the Sacred Heart that they may be as faithful in the future as they have been in the past.

Our school children were the first to assist us by bringing in their parents and elder brothers and sisters. They are also most faithful in keeping up the Treasury.

Now, a few words about the reception of our Promoters. They have a very pretty statue of the Sacred Heart, which was brilliantly illuminated with olive oil lamps and candles.

The ceremonies took place at half-past seven in the evening, commencing with the Hymn of Consecration, followed by an appropriate sermon, after which the Promoters recited the Act of Consecration. This was followed by the distribution of Crosses and Diplomas.¹ Then came that old yet ever new Canticle—*Magnificat*. The exercises closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We trust that the Sacred Heart of Jesus will bless our efforts in the future as It has done in the past, so that the spiritual edifice we are endeavoring to raise on seemingly so solid a foundation, may be all we expect and hope.

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

¹ See *Handbook*, pages 126, 133.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Abolition of Slavery.



EW Christians are now living who have not felt, at least in sympathy, the great evils of slavery. Even the young generation has heard the sad tale from those who had personal knowledge of it. All through the early part of this century, under the leadership of the Popes, efforts were made to put down once for all the infamous trade which swept off human beings from their native land to be sold in America. Little by little, also, in all the American nations, South and North, the forms of slavery which did not recognize the natural and Christian rights of man and of the family, have been done away with, sometimes with much evil passion that has wounded a whole nation.

Now, once again, the Holy Father of all Christians has put himself at the head of a movement to strive against the plague-spot of human slavery in its chosen home—the wilds of Africa. There the Arab slave-driver flourishes in his evil in a way never even conceived in Western lands. Within the past few years whole tribes have all but disappeared before the inroads of these merciless traders in human flesh and blood. And the evil is constantly growing, so that there is no hope for the eternal salvation or even for the peaceful earthly lives of a large portion of the earth's people, unless the Christian nations of the world take up their cause with one accord.

How necessary this is from the principles of Christianity may readily be seen. The first teaching of Christ is that all men are our neighbors, and that we must love all as ourselves. We must therefore desire actively the salvation of these poor Africans, trembling in their wilds because of the bloodhounds on their track; and we must see to it that their right to live as men with their families be guaranteed to them. Then we can hope to see them embracing the faith of Christ; and it is the glory of our Catholic religion that a Roman Cardinal—an experienced missionary—heads the crusade which we are asked to join by our prayers.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

No. 9.

HEROIC VIRTUE IN SEPTEMBER.



SAINTS are the heroes of Catholics, that is, the heroes of their faith. A hero is a valiant *man of renown in his generation*, and in the generations that follow him as well.¹

Thus, St. Giles (1st) was only a Greek who loved our Lord. But, to serve his Lord better, he went away from his own country and wandered into the French forest, many ages ago. There he lived in solitude and prayer, having for his food the wild fruits and berries and for his drink the milk of a snow-white hind that Providence allowed him to tame. This was a life difficult enough even for the world to call it heroic, though the world would not be likely to understand why the Saint should choose such a life. One day the royal hunt wounded the hind, which fled for protection to the hermit's cave. The courtiers were amazed, and the valley was set apart for the Saint and a few companions who came to learn from him how to pray and be silent before the greatness of God. The wicked Saracens drove them forth, but they returned, and after a very long life—of more than a hundred years—St. Giles at last died. That he had a hero's renown may be seen from the fact that, in Catholic times, every county in England, save two alone, had a church in his honor.

St. Stephen (2d)—King and Apostle of Hungary, because he first brought that nation to the feet of Christ—is another hero, four centuries nearer to our own time than St. Giles. The result

¹ Ecclesiasticus, xliv. 1.

of his life-work—the conversion of an entire nation in the face of many difficulties—is more like what the world looks for when it hears the name of hero. Four hundred years later again, St. Lawrence Justinian, a nobleman of Venice who became afterward Bishop and first Patriarch of that See, led an heroic life of yet another kind. He lived in the midst of the crowd, but he set his heart carefully on the things of God. He was so wrapt up in these that he did not see the flowers along his path where he walked meditating in his garden, and even the thought of his dear mother seemed to him to turn him too much aside from his true work before God. These three Saints, of such different ages, have their feasts in the first week of September; and it is plain they are all heroes as far as the valor or strong-mindedness of their acts can make them so.

The second week of the month shows us other heroes who make known in their lives other conditions of a hero. The Christian hero must do difficult things which are worthy of renown; but he must do them because of his Christian faith. Many a pagan hero did great deeds for the mere sake of pride or love of glory, or perhaps through love of his fatherland or of those near and dear to him. But this heroism is merely natural. The Christian's heroism must be supernatural, that is, it must be done because of something that God has taught us and through love of Him.

St. Peter Claver (9th) was a young Spaniard who, first of all, gave up the world to enter the Society of Jesus. This required some will of his own, but it was not what we call heroic. But afterward, when Providence laid open before him the difficult field of labor among the African slaves brought out to South America, he embraced it eagerly and, for the love of Jesus Christ Who had died for these neglected beings, he led a long life in their midst. His labors were terribly severe and without relaxation; and his trials of soul and body—for he served alike the souls and bodies of these poor blacks, in whom he saw the glory of Christ—are beyond all our power to imagine. He lived only a little more than two hundred years back from our own day. God's love is enough to inspire such heroism in all ages, as it has done with Father Damian the poor Apostle of the lepers who has but lately died, and whose life was not unlike that of

St. Peter Claver, except that he had not such great numbers to deal with. Those outside the Church wonder at such self-denial, and do not appreciate that it is impossible to a merely natural philanthropy.

A great characteristic of all the Saints is their love of the House of God and of His worship in the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus St. Nicholas of Tolentino (10th) spent the labor of his best years in founding houses of the Order of St. Augustine, to which he had the happiness to belong; and we observe the same in the life of the holy Bishop, St. Thomas of Villanova, also an Augustinian and a famous preacher of holiness. St. Frederic (13th), in more than a half-century of humble parish priest's work, always in the same flock, did not think his labor was lost to the great universal Church, knowing that, if each does the duty before him, all will become perfect.

The third week of September shows another condition of the hero or Saint. Over and above the difficulty and supernatural character of the virtue which he practises, God must step in to bear witness, by wonders and miracles, to his true heroism.

Thus the lowly St. Francis was signed in feet and hands and side with his Master's Wounds, so that the love which united him with God was visible to all men, and is celebrated in the special feast of his Stigmata (17th). The very next day St. Joseph of Cupertino (18th) tells us how a simple soul may please God so as to stir many people to holiness of life. His miracles were so constant—though his worldly attainments were so scant that only by a special miracle was the Bishop persuaded to ordain him—that his superiors were obliged to shut him away from the people.

The fourth week of this month gives us one "confessor"—the title of those Christian men whose virtue the Church declares heroic, even though they did not die for the faith, but only "confessed" it before men. It is St. Finbar (25th) or Barry, founder and first Bishop and patron of Cork, in Ireland. He found it "a marshy place," but he left it with a church and school that were already a great centre of the Christian faith. His teacher had been the pupil of St. Gregory the Great in Rome. On the last day of the month comes St. Jerome (30th) the great Doctor of the Scriptures, whose translation—the *Vulgate*—the Church has received as her own in all the ages since.

WHAT GEORGE SAW AT HIS PRAYERS.

By L. W. Reilly.

IT all happened in this way. On the last day of May, in the afternoon, the teacher of George Kempton's class explained the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and asked the pupils: "Who will do something in honor of our Lord every day during the month of June?"

Instantly every little right hand in the room was raised and every treble voice answered: "I will."

It was pleasant to see the ready response of the children to the teacher's suggestion.

"Then," said the teacher, "decide to-night at your prayers what offering to make to the Sacred Heart. Don't promise to fast or to do anything else extraordinary for your age. Try something simple, in the line of everyday duty, and let the beauty of your action consist in the love and fidelity with which it is done. Now I wish you all good-bye."

"Good-bye," cried the children, and home they went.

That night, when George Kempton knelt down to pray before going to rest, he began to consider what he should promise to do for the Sacred Heart. But things within his reach would not satisfy him. He put his head in his hands and thought of doing wonders and attracting the attention of the world. Yes, he'd like to go to Molokai to take the place of Father Damien among the lepers. He wished he could go to Africa with Cardinal Lavigerie to help suppress the slave-trade and labor for the conversion of the negroes. He imagined he'd be delighted to go to China or Japan and there suffer martyrdom in the midst of the most excruciating torments.

While George was planning these heroic wishes, a great light entered the room and made it as bright as day. The walls seemed to recede and the apartment to grow large. He was no longer alone. The place was thronged with angels and saints. Suddenly they gave way, right and left, in order to form a semicircle, in the centre of which George saw, as soon as he recovered somewhat from his bewilderment, a throne of jasper, radiant with the glory emanating from the Person Who sat on it. He was clothed with a flowing garment of white, which was loosely bound with a girdle and was of a dazzling brilliancy. His hands were each

pierced with a wound from which rays of light seemed to proceed as from some immense diamond. His hair was long and parted in the middle. His face was of ineffable beauty, majestic, awe-inspiring. George dared not gaze at it, yet could not resist the longing to glance at it repeatedly, for the sight of it thrilled his very soul and filled him with a strange delight. Over the region of His Heart, flames seemed to flicker on His garment. He did not pretend to be aware of the presence of the boy, but with gracious sweetness received the homage of His court.

Presently an angel glided out from the midst of his companions and knelt before the throne.

"Lord Jesus," he said, and as he spoke the head of every creature present bowed in adoration, "these are the offerings made to Thy Divine Heart by the students of St. Nemo's College."

And then—George could not tell how—every one appeared to know the name and the offering of every one of the students.

Then that angel stepped back and another angel took his place, and said :

"Lord Jesus, these are the offerings made to Thy Divine Heart by the pupils of St. Ignota's Academy."

And, as before, a rush of knowledge concerning those pupils took possession of George's mind.

This proceeding went on for some time, one angel succeeding another, until finally, as the last angel stepped forward, George's heart gave a great bound. In some mysterious way, the boy knew that this was the angel guardian of the school which he himself attended.

"Lord Jesus," he said, "in my school something in honor of Thy Sacred Heart will be done by every student"—he paused a moment, which seemed a year to George ; then he added—"except one !"

Then all the saints and angels turned and looked at George. He cowered before them and dared not raise his eyes. Lower he shrank in shame and fear. The silence was terrible. Somehow, not with the sight of his body but with his soul, he saw that the Lord was regarding him, and he was comforted to note that, not with indignation but with infinite pity, those luminous eyes were fixed on him.

At length the angel guardian of George's school went on to say:

"George Kempton offers empty wishes of something heroic, but no actions."

The poor boy was dizzy with confusion. His brain swam. His heart throbbed so loud, its beatings seemed audible. He wished that the ground would open so that he could sink out of sight.

"He is slow to get up in the morning and has to be called several times—yet he talks of becoming a saint like St. Francis of Assisi.

"He studies his lessons carelessly—yet he wishes to become a priest to instruct others in their duties.

"He does not always obey his mother and occasionally speaks disrespectfully of his father when he is among his companions—yet he has chosen St. Aloysius for his patron.

"He uses slang words, smokes cigarettes, and, on the sly, in spite of his pledges, he reads stories about detectives and cowboys—yet he belongs to the Sodality."

Would the walls only fall down and cover him! thought the wretched boy. Again he perceived the sorrowful glance of the Lord, and he fancied that the light around the Sacred Heart grew dim.

"He slaps his younger brother and quarrels with his sister—yet he thinks he has the disposition to become a missionary.

"He is not careful to tell the truth on all occasions. Frequently he exaggerates, sometimes he prevaricates, and, twice within the month of May, he told falsehoods."

George listened in dismay. In his distress he moaned aloud. He thought that the list of his shortcomings would never be brought to an end. And the flame above the Sacred Heart, he noticed, appeared almost to have gone out.

"He does not kneel up straight when he says his prayers," continued the accusing angel. "Instead, he lolls with half his length on the bed, and, with his head buried in his hands, he often goes to sleep before—"

Just then a hand was laid on George's shoulder, and his mother said to him:

"Why, George dear, here it is midnight and you are fast asleep on your knees."

George awoke with a start. He threw his arms around his mother's neck and kissed her and cuddled close to her, and said: "I'm so glad, mother."

"Why are you glad?" she asked.

"Because it isn't true."

"Well, George, you must not be awake yet. What do you mean?"

"O mother, I dreamt that the guardian angel of our school told our Lord my faults before a crowd of angels and saints—and I thought that he'd never get done—and whenever our Lord would look at me, I'd feel so ashamed and so sorry—and He seemed to be so grieved that it nearly broke my heart to see Him distressed—and the light from His Sacred Heart grew dim—and I'm glad it isn't true—and I'm sorry I've been disobedient, and, O mother, I'll do better for—"

But here he burst into tears. His mother soothed him, and when he was quiet and in bed, she staid with him until he fell asleep.

This happened on the eve of June. Since then George has turned over a new leaf. And the teacher told the pastor yesterday that, of all the boys in his class, he thought that during the past month George Kempton had done the most for the Sacred Heart.

THE POOR MAN OF ANDERLECHT.

ST. GUY, PAUPER, DIED 12 SEPTEMBER, 1033.

AMONG the famous churches of Belgium, the collegiate church of Saint Guy at Anderlecht is by no means the least.

Anderlecht is a suburb of Brussels and contains a population of about nine thousand, and all the good people are devout clients of Saint Guy. He is their advocate with God in many of their wants, and amongst the farmers is especially invoked as the guardian of their crops and cattle.

Yet Guy was only a poor, simple, uneducated laboring man—commonly called, in fact, the Poor Man of Anderlecht. But Guy was far more—he was a Saint.

He was born and reared in great poverty, but as soon as he

reached the use of reason he thanked Almighty God that he was so poor. One reason for his gratitude was that he was thus saved from so many dangers to which the rich are exposed. Another was that his parents had taught him to study the life of Christ, and he had read there *that the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head*, and that *the servant is not greater than the Master*.

As a child everyone marvelled to see him so devout, so gentle, patient, and obedient. His poverty caused him many bitter hardships and humiliations, but never a word of complaint escaped him. How could the little boy repine when the image of his suffering Saviour was always before him? Like a true hero, he was glad to prove his love of God by the joy with which he bore his pains of body and mind. God is infinitely tender and compassionate as well as infinitely wise, and therefore sends us nothing that is not for our good and permits naught to befall us from which we cannot draw profit. So Guy prayed daily that God might give him an ever-increasing love of poverty and suffering. This is what it means to be a saint.

The sick and those poorer than himself were Guy's special friends. After his hard day's work was over, he visited the sick and brought them all the food he could collect, often with sweetmeats and flowers to tempt their appetite and refresh their senses. As long as his own table held a morsel of food no beggar left his door unrelieved, though indeed he did not wait for the needy to come to him. He went in search of them himself, and many a dextrous device he had for relieving their wants without wounding their feelings or letting them suspect they were receiving charity.

Guy's favorite place of devotion was the famous shrine of Our Lady of Laeken, not far from where he lived. Repairing thither once as usual, he knelt at prayer in the church with such a recollectedness and charming air of piety that the priest in charge called him aside as he was leaving. After a quite long conversation with him, the priest offered him the position of sexton in the church. Guy was of course only too happy to accept the offer.

His duties in his new place were humble, but to the mind of our Saint they were unspeakably beautiful. To keep the church neat, to decorate the altars, to attend to the sacred vestments, and

to ring the bell for divine service—what could help him more to unite his heart to God? The very sight of him moving about the church inspired the beholders with devotion, while under his hands the church itself always appeared a model of cleanliness and good taste.

Much, however, that Saint Guy did, none but God knew. When the church was locked at night, he knelt for hours in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and when at last he went weary to bed it was not till he had first scourged his innocent body with knotted whips. His meals were those of one making a continual fast, and what little money he thus saved found its way quietly into the hands of the poor and the distressed.

This very love of the poor the enemy of souls employed to delude him. A well-meaning gentleman of Brussels told him how he might invest a small amount of money in such a way as to bring him in a good revenue, which he could distribute in alms.

Guy did not recognize the temptation, and his great charity moved him to embark in the enterprise. To do so, he had to give up his position at Laeken. His enterprise, however, failed disastrously, and his eyes were at once opened to the deceit of the devil, who would have had him abandon his life of poverty and lowliness.

To punish himself for what he regarded as a grave fault, but which was really in its intention highly praiseworthy, the Saint undertook a pilgrimage on foot to the Holy Land. There, in the spirit of penance, he visited all the scenes hallowed by the presence of our Divine Redeemer, and shed abundant tears to think how little he had done to requite God's infinite love.

On his return, he met in the city of Rome the dean of the town of Anderlecht, named Wondulf, who was about to start for Palestine with a number of friends.

Delighted to fall in with a man of such eminent sanctity, the whole party begged Guy to make a second penitential pilgrimage thither and to act as their guide. He gladly consented and once more renewed his penances and tears in the Holy Land.

As the party were on the point of leaving Palestine, all of them except Guy were stricken down with a deadly pestilence. Guy nursed them in their last illness with the tenderness and

devotion which only the saints exhibit, and at their death reverently interred their bodies. He then returned to Anderlecht alone, having been absent on his self-imposed tour of penance seven years.

At Anderlecht, the subdean of the chapter insisted on his staying in his house, and there, on September 12th, 1033, he calmly expired, exhausted by his many fatigues.

He was buried with great honors, miracles were frequent at his tomb, in 1112 a splendid collegiate church was erected in his honor, and to-day few Saints of Belgium are held in greater repute than Saint Guy, the Poor Man of Anderlecht.

OUR MISSION AT TSONG-MING.

[A few years since, the PILGRIM quite unexpectedly became the means of transmitting a comparatively large sum to a Chinese mission where a single missionary Father was laboring in an island having a population of 2,000,000. Hence the title we have ventured to give it. EDITOR.]

Tsong-Ming, China, April 30, 1889.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER: To make your readers some return for the interest they have taken in our poor islanders, I should like to tell them once more a little of what we are doing here. In this way they will appreciate better the merit of their alms-giving, since a tree is always known by its fruit.

Commencing with our most important work, that of the Holy Childhood, let me gather two beautiful flowers in its field to offer your readers as a token of gratitude.

I.

We shall set out from the new and already flourishing orphanage of Tsen-ka-tsen—where since the feast of St. Peter we have received two hundred and fifty little orphans—and pay a visit to that of St. Lawrence. The latter is situated near a large town which was formerly very prosperous but has been ruined by opium. The orphanage is a very modest Chinese structure, but it was built expressly for the work and is quite sufficient for it.

As soon as the children catch sight of my white umbrella from a distance, they rival one another in exclaiming:

"*Ta-ta lai-tsè! ta-ta lai-tsè!* Grandpa is coming! grandpa is coming!"

Ta-ta is the term of affection employed here in addressing us; otherwise they call us *zeng-von*, "spiritual father." The title of *ta-ta* dates from the time of the persecution. In those days the missionary was obliged to hide himself with the greatest precautions, and the Christians, in order to prevent their children betraying him by their indiscretions, taught them to call him by no other name than that of *grandpa*. Since then the title has remained and become general throughout the island.

Grandpa having come, the children invite me to accompany them.

"*Ta-ta, lai-ya,*" they cry. "Grandpa, do come." How can I resist such an invitation from these little friends of the good Master? Let us hurry along with them, but let us remember our sweetmeats. What grandfather would think of visiting his grandchildren with his hands empty?

Permit me first, however, to introduce you to the directress of the orphanage, herself a former pupil of the Holy Childhood. Her history is too touching to be passed over in silence.

Agatha Zi-ne-tseng, now thirty-five years of age, was found by a good Christian shortly after her birth lying in a trough of slops. She was about three days old. The dogs and the hogs had not yet touched her, but she was apparently struggling in the last throes of death. The worms had begun to devour one side of her body, and had laid bare her very intestines.

The little creature, a horrible sight because of these sufferings, excited the tenderest feelings of compassion in the heart of our admirable Christian. The name of this woman was Paula Zi-kiong-ze. She was but little blessed with the goods of fortune, but she had a heart of gold and, besides the little Agatha, found means of adopting and bringing up six other orphans.

The heroic woman dressed the wounds of the child and gave it proper nourishment, and, as if God wished to reward her charity by a miracle, life and health were soon restored to it. In addition, the child began to exhibit great piety and remarkable intelligence. After making her studies, in which a considerable

knowledge of medicine was included, she was placed at the head of the orphanage of St. Lawrence, which she now governs to the satisfaction of the pagans as well as the Christians.

Having made the acquaintance of the directress, let us enter. The children are numerous, gentle and well-behaved. We must first sit down. The ceremonial of the house demands it. All the children then kneel and say in one voice :

“*Mong-mong, ta-ta, Welcome, grandpa.*”

I make them a sign to stand up and then give each one a sugar-plum. How glad they are to eat *the sugar from the West!* When we go away, they surround us in a like manner and press us to return.

“*Tsao-tié koné lè ya! Come again soon; come again soon!*”

Into this orphanage, in the ten months since the feast of St. Peter, we have received seven hundred orphans.

II.

I should like to cull another flower to offer you from the garden of the great central orphanage, whither I shall conduct you a little later.

Agnes Tsa-tsin-i, who teaches medicine there and whom people come a long way to consult, is also a pupil of the Holy Childhood.

At her birth, the nurse assured her parents that they must rid themselves at once of this child. If it should live, great evils would befall the family, as she bore a fatal mark on her forehead. I do not know what the mark was, but at all events the child was speedily condemned to death by these poor pagans, real slaves of the devil.

It was too much, however, for the parents to be themselves the executioners of their child, and they looked for some one else to carry out their intention. A Christian woman who had heard of what happened hastened to them as quickly as possible and asked that the child be given to her. She would take charge of everything, she told them. The parents understanding by this that she meant to put the child to death, gave it to her, and she started home in triumph.

The first thing she did was to baptize the child, and then she brought her up as her own daughter. The child was gifted with

a rare intelligence, and soon came to be remarked in the neighborhood. At last she was even recognized by her parents.

These people had learned meantime that the nurse had deluded them. Their daughter had not been killed, and still, far from any evil befalling their family, they were enjoying prosperity. Seeing on the other hand how beautiful and intelligent their daughter had become, they strove to win her back to their home. They began by bringing her sweetmeats and inviting her to dine with them and to come and play at their house. They gave her beautiful dresses, in a word, did everything they could to move and gain the heart of the child.

But grace was there. The child was well enough instructed to know the advantage of supernatural goods over those of this world. Though her adopted family was poor, she remained unshaken and would never consent to leave them.

The sacrifice was truly a meritorious one—to remain poor and deprive herself of the beautiful dresses and the thousand dainties which were offered her, to injure her prospects for life. It was hard indeed for a young girl. God, however, would recompense her amply.

After having made a very successful course of studies in the central orphanage, she has continued to live there in peace, where she is now beloved by all and esteemed even by the pagans. She in turn is teaching medicine to a certain number of young women who desire to consecrate themselves to the service of the mission.

She has even enjoyed the inexpressible happiness of gaining her mother to God, and of knowing that a little before her death she was baptized by a lady friend. Thus did she bring forth, in some measure, to the life of grace her by whom she herself had been brought forth to the life of the flesh, only, if the will of that parent had been done, to be deprived of it forthwith!

III.

Into this central orphanage, since the feast of St. Peter, we have received more than fourteen hundred and forty orphans. This year the number of *yamilons* (the name they give here to the orphans) has surpassed that of the preceding year—a fact which proves that the people are growing poorer every day.

All around this great orphanage lies the central parish of the

Sacred Heart of Jesus. Alas! how small and poor is its church to serve as the centre for a section which counts more than eight thousand inhabitants! Where can we accommodate the crowds which come unceasingly for the great festivals? how inspire them with a grand idea of our holy religion in this church which our Reverend Father Superior but lately called a barn?

At the visit of the Bishop, we distributed the Bread of Angels to more than eight hundred Christians. This figure, however, would have been greatly exceeded if we had had some corner in which to hear confessions before Mass in a becoming manner; but with the throng pressing us on all sides, where could we betake ourselves? And the throng itself, crowding around the church unable to enter, could draw small profit from the festival. Many of the Christians ended by returning home discouraged and disconsolate at having made their journey in vain.

The remedy is very simple. A large and beautiful church, dedicated to the Divine Heart, is not only desirable but almost seems imposed upon us as a duty. But our Superiors, who are aware of our needs, are not in a position to come to our aid.

May the Divine Heart deign to inspire some generous souls with the desire of erecting a new temple to Its glory in this island—the pearl of the Holy Childhood, but at the same time the poorest of the sections of Kiang-nan.

Once more I thank you, Reverend Father, for your great kindness, and beg you to express my gratitude to your charitable readers.

Your servant in Christ,

SPERANZA, S. J.

Acknowledgment is made of the following Mission contributions received since July 1st:

—For the Negro and Indian Missions, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Boff, V. G.

Cleveland, O., \$6.50

—For the Rocky Mountain Missions, Child of Mary, Long

Branch, N. J., 2.00

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

FACTORS OF SUCCESS.

What helps chiefly to success in the Sodality?

The observance of its rules by each and every Sodalist. When all the Sodalists make it a matter of conscientious duty individually to do their part in maintaining the rigorous observance of the rules, the whole Sodality will flourish. These rules have been approved again and again by the Church, and her blessing will attend the Sodality only so long as these are in vigor. Cut off the sunlight and dew from the lily—the emblem of our Lady's purity—and the blessing of growth will cease, the graceful curve and the fair whiteness of its petals will soon wrinkle and fade.

It is the same with all church societies. If their original aim is carried out through the prescribed regulations, they go on increasing and accomplishing their allotted good; but, as soon as they miss this, they come to an unhappy end. This is only in accordance with God's usual ways of giving His fostering grace to what is done in His name. Just so is it with the Sodality. If a different end is substituted—if, for instance, the Sodality is turned into a literary society or social organization, with the exercises of devotion as secondary and nominal—it will not, cannot last. The blessing of the Church that alone can give it permanence will be withdrawn, and another miserable failure to have a religious society in the parish must be recorded, not because it was a religious society, but because it was tried to transform it into a secular association.

All Sodalists, then, having at heart the Sodality's success, will regard as essential the rules relating to the weekly meetings for devotional exercises, the confession and Communion every month and on the greater festivals, the probation and reception of members, and the like.

Must the meetings be held weekly?

This is the rule followed by the Roman Primary, and ought properly to be observed by all Sodalities affiliated to it. This applies in particular to Sodalities in city parishes.

In country parishes, where the rule is hardly possible, the monthly meeting will suffice. This privilege was recently declared in an autograph letter of the Father General of the Society of Jesus to the Head Director of the League in this country. Yet it is desirable to have these meetings as often as practicable. In some parishes where Mass is said every Sunday, the custom obtains of having the Sodalists assemble some time before the Mass for the recitation of the office or other prayers instead of obliging them to return in the afternoon. This makes it possible to have several meetings every month, and the beneficial result is attested by constant growth and prosperity.

But whatever be the number of the meetings, let the Sodalists consider them a matter of prime importance and be ready to make sacrifices to attend them with regularity. The payment of monthly dues is praiseworthy, and may even be necessary, but it will never compensate for non-attendance.

What are further aids to the Sodality's prosperity?

Besides the recommendation of the Constitution made to individual members of reciting three times daily the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* in honor of the Holy Trinity, the *Apostles' Creed* and the *Hail, Holy Queen*, daily attendance at Mass, a quarter of an hour's examination of conscience every night before retiring, and of saying the *De Profundis* for the faithful departed, the practice of making the annual retreat and the six months' general confession is specially emphasized as of incalculable benefit to the whole Sodality. The value of the annual retreat cannot be estimated, and the same is true of the semi-annual general confession. During the retreat it is customary with some Sodalities, especially with those in convents, for the members to invite some of their friends to be present, with the result frequently of increasing the membership.

The annual Sodality reunions or celebrations, as they are often called, are particularly commendable when their object is to celebrate and honor with greater pomp and ceremony the titular or patronal feast of the Sodality. To make them, however, the only occasion throughout the year of admitting new members and receiving the Postulants into the body of the Sodality, is contrary to the regulations governing such receptions.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.**OR THE MISSION OF THE MARTYRS.***(From the London Month.—Concluded.)*

HE could hardly walk for the pain in his leg, and it was a rough path of more than half a mile down to the river.

What was his dismay when he got there, to find that the tide had ebbed and had left the boat high and dry on the shore! Day was breaking. To go back was certain death. He shouted to the distant vessel, but no one heard him. In despair he seized hold of the boat, and at last by pushing and dragging succeeded in getting it down into the water. Then he jumped in and rowed off to the ship.

The sailors received him kindly, and as they were not to start for a few days, they hid him in the bottom of the hold as the safest place and put a large box over the hatchway. The Indians meantime were furious at his escape. They searched all through the settlement, and even came on board the ship to look for him, but could not find him, as he crouched down in his stifling hiding-place.

At length they set sail. The voyage across the Atlantic was long and rough. Jogues had to sleep on deck on a coil of ropes, and was often drenched by a wave dashing over him. But he cared little for such small hardships as these. He was free! He was going to France! The days of torture he had gone through with those wild, uncouth savages must have seemed now almost like a hideous nightmare from which he was just awaking, until his eyes fell on his scars and wounds, and he thanked God it was no dream, but a glorious reality; these were trophies of victory, to be laid some day at the Feet of his Captain, who had Himself been made "perfect through suffering."

When they reached the coast of France, Jogues was landed in a small boat on the shores of Brittany, as the ship was going on farther.

It was late in the afternoon on Christmas Day, when he set foot on his native land again. As he looked around, how strangely peaceful it seemed, after the scenes he had left! No gloomy pathless forests, but green fields with quiet cattle grazing; no wild savages shouting round huge, flickering log fires, only blue

smoke curling softly up against the sunset sky from many a happy homestead.

Near the shore stood a peasant's cottage. The priest went up to it, and knocked at the door. A kindly-looking woman opened it, and asked what he wanted.

"Can you tell me the way to the nearest church?" She pointed it out to him; then, as he turned to go, her kind heart was struck with his pale weary look. "Are you ill?" she asked.

"No," answered Jogues, "only I have been a long journey, and am somewhat exhausted."

"Come in and share our supper before you go any further," said the woman kindly, thinking the poorly-dressed stranger was some wandering Irishman. "On this blessed Christmas night, no one shall go from our door hungry or tired."

"The Divine Babe of Bethlehem requite you for your goodness," answered the grateful priest. "I will first go into the church, and then come back and take you at your word."

With what rapture did he kneel before the altar in the lighted church, and pour out his soul in adoring love before Him Who had never forsaken him; Who had walked beside His toiling servant through all the weary days that had passed; Who would be with him always through the days that were still to come.

When he returned to the cottage, his hosts noticed his poor mutilated hands, and asked if he had met with some accident. As they sat and talked round the fire, he told them the story of what he had gone through. The good people's surprise and veneration knew no bounds. They touched his wounds with sacred reverence. They knelt before him exclaiming: "We have entertained an angel unawares! Give us your blessing, my Father!" And the two children ran off and fetched a handful of *sous*, which was all they had, and begged him to take them.

The next day he left the simple, friendly peasants, and went on to Rennes, where there was a Jesuit College. He reached it early in the morning, and knocked at the great gate.

"What do you want?" said the porter, roughly.

"I wish to speak with the Father Superior," answered Jogues.

"The Reverend Father is engaged. You can't see him," returned the porter, at the same time putting out his head to look

at the gentle-voiced stranger, who yet must surely be a beggar with such tattered clothes and coarse woollen cap.

"I can wait," continued Jogues in the same gentle tone as before, "but tell the Reverend Father that one who has come with news from Canada, asks to see him."

"From Canada! If you speak the truth, that's a different matter, indeed!" and as he spoke, the porter hastily unbarred the gate, and let him through.

All the Jesuits were intensely interested in the Canadian Mission, and an account of Jogues' capture by the Iroquois had already reached them from the Fathers at Quebec.

As soon as the Superior was at liberty, he sent for Jogues and began asking him about Canada. Then he said, "Did you know one of the Fathers named Isaac Jogues?"

"Yes, I knew him very well," was the answer.

"The Iroquois have taken him," the Father went on. "Is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," cried Jogues, "he is alive and at liberty, and—I am he!" Then he fell on his knees and asked his Superior's blessing.

We can fancy what rejoicing and thanksgiving followed throughout the College. How the Fathers crowded round to hear his story. What an honor they felt it to have the brave confessor beneath their roof. How they praised God for the faithful servant who had indeed, in the true spirit of their Order, lived such a life of martyrdom for "the greater glory of God."

They were not able, however, to keep him long there. The news of his coming soon spread, and he had to go to Paris to see his immediate Superior. The Queen, too, sent for him. When the once persecuted slave of the Mohawks was conducted into the great hall of Versailles where the majestic Anne of Austria sat, with her nobles and great ladies round her, she came forward to meet him; and before he could bend his knee in homage, she had taken his scarred hands in hers, and kissed them with tender reverence. All the members of the most splendid Court in Europe vied with each other in showing their respect and admiration for the gentle, saintly hero.

But the steadfast priest had no mind to spend his life amid courts and honors which only pained his humility. His heart was in Canada, and he was soon impatient to be back there at his

old work of going after those outcast sheep, and bringing them into Christ's fold. He only stayed six months in France. Then he set sail, as ready as before to suffer and die for his Lord.

While he had been away, the Mohawks and other Iroquois tribes had attacked the French, and then wanted to make a treaty with them. When Jogues reached Montreal, the French were trying to find some one to go as ambassador, and settle the terms of peace. No one knew the habits and character of the Mohawks so well as Jogues. But even his Superior hesitated to send him to a people who had treated him so cruelly, though the brave Father at once declared that he was ready to go.

At the first moment, indeed, he could not help shrinking in horror from the idea of again venturing into their power, but the next he was full of joy at having a chance of carrying the banner of the Cross into those savage homes. He felt sure, though, that much to suffer lay before him, probably death.

"I shall go," he said, "but I shall not return. This will be no mission of peace, but rather the 'mission of the martyrs.' Blessed be God whatever happens. His Holy Will be done."

So he set off with peace-offerings from the French Government, passing through the same gloomy forests where he had suffered so much, and came to the Mohawk village, where he had once been put to such savage torture.

The Mohawks were now anxious to be friends with the French, so they treated Jogues very differently this time, with the greatest respect, and agreed to all he said. They even allowed him to baptize several of their Huron prisoners, before he returned to Montreal.

After telling the French Governor the result of his treaty, he once more set out on his mission of love, at the command of his Superior, and accompanied by three or four Hurons, journeyed for the last time through those forests where he had formerly passed so many lonely nights, carving on the bark of many a giant tree the name of "Jesus."

On the way he was met by some Indians who urged him to turn back, as some other Iroquois tribes were very angry at the peace, and the fickle Mohawks were no longer friendly. He could hardly hope to escape death if he persisted in going on.

The brave priest thanked them for warning him, but he

could not listen to their advice. He was under orders to make another effort to win the Mohawks to the Christian faith, and though the terrified Hurons refused to go any further with him, he would not abandon his mission, and cherished the hope that the Indians had been misinformed. But as he drew near the first Mohawk village, a savage whoop, and the shoutings of wild war songs resounding through the forest, convinced him of the terrible truth of their report.

In another moment he was surrounded by a troop of Mohawks, who seized him and led him into the town in triumph. The old scenes he knew so well were repeated. He was beaten with fists and sticks, and one savage cut strips of flesh from his back and arms, crying: "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of an *oki*!"

"I am a man like yourselves," answered the priest, scarcely flinching at the horrible pain, "but I do not fear death or torture. I do not know why you would kill me. I come here to show you the way to heaven, and you treat me like a dog."

"You shall die to-morrow," yelled the crowd. "Take courage, we shall not burn you. We shall strike you with a hatchet, and place your head on the palisade, so that any other white men whom we may take prisoners can see it."

On the evening of the same day—St. Luke's day—Jogues was sitting before the fire in his hut, when an Indian came in and told him that one of the chiefs called the Bear Chief had invited him to supper.

The priest knew he must obey, so he rose at once and went with the savage, who led him to the Bear Chief's lodge. Perhaps, as he followed his silent guide, he felt that it was to no earthly feast he was summoned that night.

As he bent his head to enter the low doorway, an Indian who was standing hidden inside suddenly stepped forward, and struck him through the head with his hatchet. Without a sound, the priest fell lifeless at his murderer's feet. The Mohawks were rid of the man they hated because he tried to save them, and another recruit had gone to join "the noble army of martyrs."

A VISIT TO AURIESVILLE.

By Father Charles Warren Currier, C.S.S.R.

I HAD often heard of the martyr, Father Jogues, and his companion in captivity, René Goupil. With great interest I had listened to the recital of his sufferings when his life was read to me, but little did I think that the opportunity of praying upon the ground that had drunk his heroic blood would so soon be offered. I was spending a few weeks in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, at the old Knickerbocker city of Amsterdam, when I was told that Auriesville and the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs lay at the short distance of only seven miles away. My resolution was at once taken. I must pay the shrine a visit.

Friday, May 24th, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, was the time I had decided upon. The morning looked threatening, and dark clouds lowered above our heads. Notwithstanding these inauspicious circumstances, my friend, Professor Haberer, and myself, decided not to postpone our journey. As we started from home, a few drops of rain that fell around us seemed to warn us not to proceed, but heedless of an impending shower, we both raised our hearts to the Jesuit martyr, Father Jogues, and prayed him to use his influence to avert the threatened danger. Our prayer was heard, for the rain ceased at once to fall, and the day, as time went on, grew bright and sunny.

A short ride in the cars on the West Shore route brought us to the station of Auriesville. There before us, on the summit of the hill, stood the chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs. As we entered the enclosure we read the inscriptions on a large wooden cross that stood at the entrance. They informed us that we were on the site of an ancient Indian village and near the spot where Father Jogues had been murdered and René Goupil had died for "the Sign of the Cross." At a distance of a few yards further stood the chapel. We entered the small edifice and prostrated ourselves in prayer before the statue of the "Mater Dolorosa" that stood upon the altar. Our hearts went up in fervent prayer to Father Jogues, who we believe is with God in heaven.

After those short moments of prayer, when we felt as Jacob of yore that here was the house of God, and the sanctity of the place seemed to enter our very soul, we arose, and proceeded to examine the spot.

Before the chapel, in the centre of the enclosed lot stands a beautiful Crucifix, surrounded by fourteen wooden crosses, the *Via Crucis* or Way of the Cross. We are now here upon the exact site of the old Indian village of Ossernenon. Several elevations in the earth seem to mark the place where the palisades that enclosed the cabins stood. We had brought with us the *Life of Father Jogues*, by Rev. Felix Martin, S. J., translated by our historian Dr. John Gilmary Shea, and several copies of the *PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS*.¹ We read upon the spot the account of Father Jogues' sufferings and the death of René Goupil. . . .

After the murder of René, we are told in the *Life of Father Jogues*, the boys had dragged the body to the torrent that ran at the foot of the village. There Father Jogues found it. He laid it in a deep eddy of the torrent, and concealed it under stones, intending to bury it secretly the next day. When again he searched for it, he searched in vain. Some months after, he discovered all that remained of the saintly martyr in the woods near by, where he interred the bones.

In his life of René Goupil, Father Jogues writes that when seeking for the body of the martyr, he was told by a woman that it had been dragged to the river, which is a quarter of a league from there, and with which he was not acquainted. . . . We determined to descend toward the ravine at the foot of the hill on which the village had stood. From all appearances we followed the route, along which the body of René was dragged, and can relate our journey to it, in the identical words of Father Jogues. We climbed the hill, by the foot of which the torrent runs. We descended it. We went through the wood on the other side. As we were passing through the woods the sound of rushing waters fell upon our ears, we heard the torrent's gurgling sound as Father Jogues had heard it upon that very spot, two hundred and forty-seven years ago. And verily there it ran in the bottom of the ravine. We stood upon its banks and gazed through its limpid waters upon the rocks and stones beneath them. In a manuscript of 1652 it is said the precise spot where Father Jogues found René's body was at the union of a small water-course with a rivulet. Then this must be the spot we said,

¹ The *PILGRIM* for 1885 contained full details.

for into the rapid torrent that rushed before us, a serpentine rivulet, the course of which we afterward followed for a considerable distance, lost itself before our eyes and became one with the torrent. . . .

A few days after our journey to Auriesville, not feeling ourselves satisfied, my friend and myself returned once more to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. We again descended the ravine, crossed the torrent to which we had given the name of Goupil Creek, and plunged into the woods in the direction of Auries Creek. Instead of keeping a straight westerly course, as we had intended to do, not being provided with a compass, we deviated strongly toward the north. Our way, after emerging out of the woods, lay over hills and dales covered with pasture land. We were frequently obliged to spring over fences that barred our passage. Finally we arrived in sight of Auries Creek as it took its way over stones and pebbles toward the Mohawk. The water being very low, we easily crossed it by means of stepping-stones.

On the other side of the creek, not very far from the mouth, a steep hill towers above it, commanding a view of the Mohawk River and adjacent country. From the summit of this hill the chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs is distinctly visible. The hill is surmounted by a large plateau—a site that appeared to be most convenient for an Indian village. The scenery around this spot is even more beautiful than that around the old Ossernenon. Knowing that the inhabitants of Ossernenon had transferred their habitations to a hill above Auries Creek, we concluded that we stood on the spot and that we were treading on the ground where Catherine Tegakwita, the Iroquois Virgin, was born.

• Again we had, as we firmly believed, experienced the help of Father Jogues. During the whole morning we had been threatened with rain, and occasionally a drop would fall as though the shower were anxious to break away from the clouds. However, during the whole time of our explorations the rain fell not, but as soon as the object of our visit to Auriesville had been attained, we were forced to open our umbrellas, for the rain came down in torrents; but then it mattered not.

Thus ended our visit to Auriesville and the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. The chapel, the Way of the Cross, the beautiful country, the picturesque ravine, the romantic solitude have left

impressions and images upon our mind that will not easily be effaced.

From the spot where I now write, near Saratoga Springs, only a few yards distant on my left hand, the old Indian trail, over which Jogues, Goupil, Bressani, and so many other martyrs and confessors were dragged, takes its solitary way through a remnant of the ancient forest. The old trees that looked down silently upon the saintly martyr as he passed them, have long since fallen victims to the axe, and a new generation has taken their place, but here and there stands still an aged, moss-covered and decaying trunk upon which, in its days of life and vigor, the eyes of the martyr may have rested. The rocks worn by countless feet are still occasionally pressed by the foot of a solitary wanderer through the woods. This trail runs through the property of the Redemptorist Fathers and through that of Judge Hilton. It terminates on the north at a spring which was most probably a resting-place of the Indian, and where no doubt the missionaries stopped to quench their thirst.

The trail, I have been told, continues in its northerly course toward Lake George, at a short distance from here in the woods.

Thus is this State, from the city of New York to Lake Champlain, replete with souvenirs of the saintly Father Jogues.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since July 1st:

<i>Ave Maria</i> subscriber,	\$5.00
Loretta Rochester, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	1.00
Mrs. & Sarah Ferry, Phila., Pa.,	1.00

The Year's Pilgrimage.—Fifty young men—Promoters and Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart in Philadelphia—accompanied by the entire MESSENGER staff, go on a devout pilgrimage to Auriesville for the Sunday within the octave of the Assumption (August 18th). Masses will be said and Communion received at the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.

OUR LADY'S CALENDAR.

(*8th Sunday*)—*Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.* This is the sweet feast adopted by many holy shrines of our Lady for their own special celebration. It marks the coming into the world of her whom God chose to be the instrument of our salvation—the Mother of our Saviour. It is the dawn before the fulness of day.

15th (Sunday)—*The Name of Mary.* In the virtue of this holy name—a Mother's name, tender but strong as is her love—many wonders have been wrought, and the Christian world delivered from great evils.

22d (Sunday)—*The Seven Dolors of Mary.* This is properly the feast of Our Lady of Martyrs—the Sorrowful Mother of our crucified God. With it may be joined the following Sunday, St. Michael's feast (29th), when brave René Goupil smilingly accepted a martyr's death at her American shrine.

THE ASSUMPTION.

By Mary A. A. Conroy.

O Cherubim! O Seraphim!
 See, borne on clouds of dazzling light—
 Herself a thousand times more bright—
 See your ascending Queen!

O Holy Ones! we lowly ones
 Love her with love akin to yours:
 The good we need her love procures—
 Your spotless, blessed Queen!

In exile here, 'mid doubt and fear,
 Our hopes are all in Mary's prayers;
 Our joys, our griefs her pure heart shares,
 Our Mother, though your Queen.

Her children we, and surely she
 Will all our wandering footsteps guide
 Till, entering heaven's portals wide,
 We too behold our Queen.





DEATH AND THE LEAGUE.

A SINNER'S CONVERSION.—*Jersey City Heights, N. J.*—
The following story is related by the husband of a Promoter.

A man lived near me for thirteen years. During that time I saw him once, and often twice, every day, and from conversations with him I learned that he had been a Catholic in his early days, but had neglected his faith entirely when he grew up. If I passed his place on Sunday, I would often see him at his work. Many a time I wished that God, if it were His holy will, would bring something to happen that would stir up in him the faith of his youth. But the years rolled on without any change; some of his children had married and hope grew fainter and fainter.

About a year ago he was attacked by a lingering illness, during the last three months of which he was quite helpless. At this time I saw him every night and suggested many things to him, thinking he might ask for a priest. Many prayers were said for him; the Director of the League of a neighboring parish remembered him in his Masses; he was remembered also in the monthly Intentions.

He was growing gradually worse when one evening, in one of my talks with him, I asked him if he would like to see a priest, telling him I thought he would feel better if the priest visited him.

To my astonishment and joy he consented. I had always felt that if I asked him this, it would be an annoyance and I should be repulsed.

The priest was made acquainted with the facts in the case, and he called on the sick man. He called again and said he would hear the man's confession, telling him to prepare for it.

The poor man told me of it in the evening, and said he did not know how to do it, and *could* not do it. But with the aid of the priest he *did* do it, and received Holy Communion also.

When I saw him again he said he felt happy; his wife and son were pleased to see him so contented. He was given a crucifix to which was attached a Plenary Indulgence for the hour of death. This he grew quite fond of, wearing it around his neck, and he would not part with it on any account. Two pious books were given to him which he read with interest and, when unable to read himself, he had them read to him. He prayed considerably, seemed penitent for his past life, and said if he became better he "would attend to his church and duty regularly."

He wished to confess and communicate a second time, which he did; and after intense suffering, having received the full rites of the Church which he had hitherto neglected, he died with the blessed candle and his little crucifix that had become so dear to him in his hands.

A NUN'S PERSEVERANCE.—*Visitation Convent, St. Louis, Missouri.*—Since we last wrote, our beloved little Sister, Mary Fidelis, was taken from us by death. We all loved her because we understood so well how our Lord loved His young and gifted spouse. She was educated in our convent and graduated with all honors. She belonged to one of our wealthiest families in St. Louis, but she cared for nothing except God. Before entering our convent, she supplied the oratories and altar with costly gifts and brought the remaining part of her fortune to the community. When told she was dying, she exclaimed: "O my God, I wish to die in an act of perfect love. I love Thee with all my heart and soul, and I die because Thou wishest me to do so, and I place my heart in Thy Sacred Heart." Then she made a most beautiful and touching act of contrition. After that, she thanked all the Sisters for their kindness to her and promised to pray for each one's special intention, "and particularly," she added, "will I obtain for you the means to build your new convent." We feel we have a powerful intercessor with our Lord in this dear young soul, so filled with God's holy love. She had offered her life to God for her father's conversion and obtained it from our Lord.

AFTER EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS.—*New York.*—Some time ago, I was visited by a pious person who spends her life in good works. Among other charities, she goes several times each week to the Bellevue Hospital, New York. As I handed her some scapulars of the Sacred Heart for distribution, she said: "I do not pretend, any longer, to keep an account of the miracles of conversion wrought by this scapular; they are of such frequent recurrence." I thought you might care to publish this remark for general edification, and likewise the enclosed account of the conversion of an *old* sinner.

Heartfelt thanks are returned to the loving Heart of Jesus for the death-bed conversion of a French gentleman, ninety-eight years of age. Since his First Communion, *eighty-five* years before, he had not approached the Sacraments nor performed any religious duty. He had even forgotten the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*.

Until a few days before his death, Monsieur D—— had enjoyed uninterrupted health, but some weeks ago he became suddenly ill, and his friends prevailed upon him to go to the Hospital conducted by the good Franciscan Sisters in Jersey City. The Sisters, assured that their patient had but a short time to live, asked him to see the French chaplain of the Hospital, and to their surprise he consented. After a confession made with sentiments of contrition, Monsieur D—— received Extreme Unction, and died three days after, praying God to have mercy upon his poor soul.

Here lies, doubtless, the secret of this remarkable conversion.

Some years ago, a young friend of Monsieur D——'s entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Before leaving for the Novitiate, she gave him a scapular of the Sacred Heart and a rosary, begging him to keep them for her sake.

He promised to *keep* them, but he would not promise to say any prayer. Yet the sweet Sacred Heart and our dear Lady were not unmindful of even this slight tribute, and behold, at the eleventh hour, this poor laborer—who had been standing all the day idle, as far as his soul was concerned, with the weight of nearly a century of sins upon that soul—behold, he lays down his burden at the Master's feet, and receives, as did the first who came into the vineyard, *his penny*!

Why? Because he had worn in his vest-pocket the little safe-guard bearing the image of that Master's Heart, with the words: *Cease, the Heart of Jesus is with me!*

THE SACRED HEART'S CROWN.

Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, Mass., July 16, 1889.

Gratitude demands something more than silent, private prayers or Masses, for all the blessings which the Sacred Heart has showered on this parish. Our petitions have ever been graciously answered, if not as we hoped, surely in a manner evidently more salutary.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart we made a public act of thanksgiving, and tried to do it most solemnly. There were twelve clergymen in the Sanctuary for the ceremony and a large number of altar boys, all wearing the Badge.

The shrine and statue of the Sacred Heart were beautifully adorned with lights and flowers. A flight of steps richly carpeted was erected from the floor to the foot of the statue for the ceremony of coronation. On the altar platform at the gospel side, was a table covered with crimson plush and a cushion of the same material bound with gold cord and tassels, upon which rested a diadem of gold set with diamonds and amethysts, concealed by a white silk veil. At the epistle side a similar table held the Promoters' diplomas and crosses. The ceremony opened with the League hymn, "Form your ranks"; then followed the regular prayers of the Handbook, the reading of the monthly Intentions and Treasury list, an instruction on gratitude and love. After the sermon, the veil was removed from the crown and it was blessed. Then all knelt (the church being filled with devout Associates) and a prayer of offering was recited, to express the idea that the outward crowning symbolized the inward gratitude of the parish for the many favors and blessings given by the Sacred Heart. After the prayer a procession was formed, preceded by acolytes with lighted candles and burning incense. The crown was carried on the cushion by the Pastor, who was assisted by two other clergymen. Arrived at the shrine, the Pastor took the crown from the cushion and, mounting the steps, placed it

upon the head of the statue, while the choir sang a new hymn of thanksgiving, which hymn shall be sent to the MESSENGER for publication. When the crowning ended, the statue was incensed and the procession returned to the altar for the blessing of Promoters' crosses and regular distribution of them with diplomas to fifty new Promoters. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by Te Deum ended the ceremony. The Associates were deeply moved and impressed by the service and much edified and rejoiced.

May other crownings follow this in many a Centre of the League, and bring outward marks of love to the adorable Heart we all should love so much.

The crown is of massive metal, solid silver with triple gold plate, made by Feeley & Co., of Providence, R. I., after rich designs of imperial diadems, exquisitely chiseled and set with thirty-two beautiful Parisian diamonds, bought in Paris expressly for the purpose. The amethysts, twelve in number, are large and of the purest water. The diadem is lined with rich crimson plush and surmounted by a cross containing five large and very brilliant diamonds. It is considered a work of art, and has been photographed by the makers, as worthy of special attention.

We wish that every statue of the Sacred Heart throughout the land might be crowned with a diadem of vastly greater beauty. Nothing can be done too solemn or earnest, to express the gratitude we owe the Divine Heart for so many, many blessings.

Eternal thanks be given to the Sacred Heart!

Caution.—In an association of *mutual prayer* like the League, the life of the work depends entirely on *uniting in those intentions* which constitute our Apostleship of Prayer; and this has been made a condition of all its privileges and Indulgences, as granted by the Pope. Hence, neither Certificates of Admission, the distinctive Badges, Diplomas of Aggregation or of Local Directors, Promoters' Diplomas and Crosses, nor even the Handbooks and monthly Calendars can validly be issued by any other than the Central Director. Moreover, the Apostleship of Prayer is, *identically*, the League of the Sacred Heart, nor has either of these titles ever been lawfully applied to any confraternity or other association.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Oriental Churches.



AT Antioch—a city of the East—the disciples were first named Christians.¹ Then, as the faith went on spreading, to show that all the Christians of the different parts of the globe were united *in one body and one Spirit, in one Lord, one faith, one baptism,*² the Church was called *Catholic* or universal, and her children after her—*Catholics*. This title they have wonderfully kept, even in the midst of those who profess to be Christians and yet refuse to listen to the teachings of the Church.

The Eastern Churches grew up from the preaching of the Apostles or their immediate disciples; but in the process of time many of them broke away from the Roman See, which is the bond of unity of the Catholic Church of Christ. Sometimes this was because heresy concerning the nature of God or the Person of our Lord had spread among them; but often it scarcely had any other reason than a spirit of nationality or some political manœuvring. This latter state of schism is still the unhappy condition of over 70,000,000 Oriental Christians, who in the main believe with Catholics and even have a true priesthood, unlike the sects of the West.

It should seem easy to reunite these Oriental Churches to the centre of unity, and in point of fact attempts, sometimes with partial success, have been made to this end. But hitherto pride or political reasons have stood in the way. Of late years what are called the United Greeks and Orientals have greatly increased in number; and wherever devotion to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady of Lourdes has appeared, there have been notable conversions. It must be remembered that these separated Churches share with us in the warmest devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to our Lady. This should be a motive for us to pray earnestly for their return to the Catholic Church. In their welfare both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have shown a great interest. May there be *one fold* as there is *One Shepherd*!

¹ Acts, xi. 26.

² Ephesians, iv. 4, 5.

³ St. John, x. 16.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 10.

HOLY WOMEN OF OCTOBER.



THE peaceful and earnest face of the nun who was chosen in her cloister to spread abroad over the whole earth the fire of the love of the Sacred Heart—Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque—fitly introduces this month of the Holy Rosary (6th) and of the Guardian Angels (2d) to our notice. The Rosary is the sweet and easy commemoration of the mysteries of the love of our Lord's Sacred Heart and of the Pure Heart of His Blessed Mother for us, and the same love passes through the bright spirits of the Angels who ever keep watch and ward over us.

Blessed Margaret Mary deserves to be better known among us. How much the devotion to the Sacred Heart has done in these times of cold-heartedness in God's service! And it has all come through the voice of the unknown French nun in her solitary convent. Until the Church raises her name yet higher and declares her a Saint by canonizing her, her feast is celebrated only in the chapels of her own Sisters of the Visitation and certain other religious congregations, and in the public churches of the Society of Jesus. The day of this celebration varies from the 17th to the 25th of the month. In the public churches it is usually on the latter day.

There has of late been cheering news concerning the Process, as it is called, for the canonization of this blessed seer of God's visions, in which we have all been made blest. This intention has often been recommended to the pious prayers of the Holy League, along with the companion Process of her holy confessor—Father Claude de la Colombière of the Society of Jesus. At such a time, it is common for God to give His special blessings, for both body and soul, in favor of all those who ask through the merits and intercession of the servants of God, whose Process is under way. It is only by miracles thus obtained, that the Church comes to know the divine will concerning the public beatifying or canonizing of the holy men and women who have died in the odor of sanctity.

Thus all that we have said, in previous months, about the heroic virtue of the Saints is fulfilled also in regard to holy virgins and widows, or women in any state of life, before they can be set up before the Christian people as their examples and patrons in heaven. It must always be proved by human testimony, either that they lived for many years in the constant practice of truly heroic virtue, or that they died for the faith; and then God must add His witness by working miracles at their invocation.

Blessed Margaret Mary was the daughter of a country gentleman; and from her youth she received very special graces of prayer, such as God chooses to give to certain souls whom He foresees will be great servants of His love. She had also her severe trials from her very childhood; this too is the usual accompaniment of God's graces. Even the Saints have to be tried, and often much more harshly than sinners. The little Margaret saw herself and—what was worse—her widowed mother, ill-treated in the grossest manner; but she bore all patiently and prayed for her persecutors. So our Lord multiplied His graces toward her, and at last by wonderful ways led her into the convent of the Visitation, among the Sisters founded by the meek and gentle St. Francis de Sales. Indeed, the lesson of the Sacred Heart is to be *meek and humble of heart*.

Then began that series of private revelations to her, manifesting the astounding love and tender compassion of Jesus Christ for men. In spite of all opposition they made their way, until

now we enjoy their full fruit, seeing clearly that Christ is not dead but risen, actively to have mercy on us still. How many has this devotion led to the knowledge of the living Jesus Christ! In the last year of Blessed Margaret Mary's life—just two hundred years ago—the revelation, which has given rise to the *Consecration of Families* of this year, was granted her. She died in 1690.

St. Flora, Virgin, (5th) was born in 1309. She was one of seven sisters, of whom four became nuns. This shows the piety of her noble parents; yet they thought she, at least, should enter into the world, and so, after the custom of the great families of the time, they wished to betroth her advantageously when she was only fourteen years of age. But Christ had already knocked at the door of her heart, and she had given herself entirely to Him. When her good father was satisfied of this, by her prudent and patient opposition to all his plans for marriage, he at length allowed her to enter the monastery of the Hospitaller nuns of St. John. In fact, she is the only one of his children who made his name famous even in this world; so foolish is all worldliness!

The chief work of her new state of life was to attend to the wants of the poor and of pilgrims, and for the rest, to sanctify her own soul in solitude and contemplation. She had still many temptations, as have *all those who wish to live piously in Christ Jesus*; of them the Apostle says, *they shall suffer persecution*. She thought the lofty halls, the great crowds of strangers, and the liberal supplies with which the monastery abounded in their behalf, were not like the ideal she had formed of austerity and retirement. But she was shown that these were the necessary means of serving her neighbor in the life she had chosen, and that each one's austerity depends, not on what is without, but on the heart and good will within. So at last, after heroic strivings, she came to know that our Crucified Lord had been formed within her.

She died when she was thirty-eight years old; and for many hundreds of years her renown of sanctity spread abroad, as may be known from the popularity of her name given to girls in baptism. The wicked French Revolution in its hatred of virginity scattered her relics to the four winds; and but little remains of her ancient honor in the parish church of Issendolus, where once was the great monastery of St. John—called *Beaulieu* or the Hospital of Pleasance.

St. Bridget, Widow (8th), like her husband was of the royal house of Sweden. She too was of a pious family, whose virtues went on growing till they blossomed forth in Saints. Her father sought strength for his princely duties by approaching the Sacraments every Friday. When he was advanced in life, he left his office to younger hands, and went on pious pilgrimages to Rome and St. James of Compostella whither his daughter and her husband later followed him.

Our Lord chose out Bridget to manifest to men—to make real and living for them—the mysteries of His Passion. From a child she had visions of our Lord. At His bidding she married, and of her eight children all became an honor to the Christian name. Two boys died young, the other two went on the great crusades in defence of the Church. Two of the daughters married, yet another became a holy nun, while the last—the companion of her mother in her pious pilgrimages—is Saint Catharine of Sweden. When her children had grown up, her husband also applied himself entirely to holiness and died a Cistercian monk.

His widow lived thirty years longer as a penitent, during which she founded the religious order of St. Saviour, for women; the rule was also taken up by men, so wise and suited was it to the temper of the times. She was in Rome and in Jerusalem; and Popes eulogized her writings after death, as they listened to her counsels during her life. A little over two hundred years after her time, Sweden destroyed all her work with the faith which was the true glory of the country. From that dark day until a very few years since no Catholic was allowed to live peaceably in the land; and only now is the true faith again springing up where once were so many Saints.

Of St. Eusebia, Virgin and Martyr (11th), little is known except that she had to sacrifice her youth and beauty and life itself for the love of God. It should always be remembered that the trial of the martyrs was not free; they had either to sin, or else give up their lives. How paltry are our own temptations in comparison!

St. Teresa (15th), the reformer and second Founder of the great Carmelite Order of our Lady, shows what a mission woman may have in the Church of Christ. Her books have become the

glory of the Church, which declares, in the prayer of her feast, that they contain "heavenly doctrine"; in fact, there is a quaint Spanish picture in which she is represented with a Doctor's cap on her head. She has been the great Apostle of prayer to millions of souls, and she is fitly the monthly patron of the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. Her own heart had been wonderfully pierced by a seraph's dart, and the Church has allowed a special feast in memory of this. Her nuns are in our midst to shield us by their lives of prayer from God's wrath because of the sins of a sensual and careless generation.

St. Hedwige, Duchess of Poland and Widow (17th) was aunt to the "dear St. Elizabeth" of Hungary—holiness again running in families and not the least of the rewards of piety. Her own life was very wonderful in its charity for her neighbor, to whose service she gave herself up entirely during her widowhood; and not less wonderful were the great trials which she endured in her tenderest affections, as when the Tartars slew her beloved son Henry the Good. It is no wonder that her crushed people should hold her in everlasting remembrance.

St. Ursula (21st) brings back the memory of the thousands of tender maidens who gave up life rather than sin against the love of Christ Jesus; out of reverence to her St. Angela Merici gave the name of Ursulines to the teaching community she founded, and which so flourishes among ourselves. Thus we too are the children of the Saints' renown.

St. Mary Salome (22d) is one of the holy women who followed our Lord in the Way of the Cross, and who assisted at His burial in the Sepulchre. Thus she is enshrined in Christian devotion to His Passion and Death.



"MY FRIEND."

THE LITTLE SWEEP OF LOURDES.

By Mrs. Jane Cave.

I.

THEY were five in the poor cottage—five fatherless little children, the eldest barely twelve years of age.

Oh, the cold, the bareness, the misery of a poor home in a mountain village during the cold months! How bitterly the wind sweeps through the thin walls, how the rain finds its way through the miserable, badly joined boards. How little heat comes from the slender damp twigs and branches that, few in number, smoke sullenly in the wide fireplace! How gloomy, cold, drear and chill is the aspect of the poor room and the meagre, ill-clad little ones, who huddle together and keep out of the mother's way as much as possible, not to impede her work! Poverty, cold, loneliness, how powerful are ye singly, how fearful taken together!

But in the poor mountain cabin, where all these have taken up their home, there is yet something that keeps death at bay, that is stronger than despair—mother-love, fear of God, faith in His mercy to the very end.

Therefore, when the loaf was small or altogether wanting, the widow knelt and prayed; then setting bravely forth, found the wherewithal to keep life in the little ones.

It was a hard struggle, but the victory had been thus far with the patient praying woman. Her children had been fed by her toil, the little roof-tree was their own one winter more. Then, unless the rent could be paid, the very worst would come; they would be quite homeless. Kind neighbors, hardly less poor than themselves, had suggested various ways of providing for the poor widow and her little ones. All had been impossible or impracticable till now, all involved the breaking up of the home, the separation of the children; for boys and girls could not be admitted together into any charitable institution.

The poor mother clasped her youngest born, a little lass of three or four years of age, closely to her breast, as she thought that she might have to give her up struck a chill to her heart;

little Minette, the pretty, playful Minette, "the sweetest little sister that any brother ever had" declared Jacques, the eldest.

Jacques and his mother had had many a long and sad discussion over the ways and means by which the cabin might be still theirs. How they loved it; how they admired the black walls, the smoky ceiling, the huge dilapidated fireplace, before which they all gathered close when the wind howled, and the rain and snow and sleet beat against the dim casement.

"I am big enough to go out and work for them and you, Mother," said little Jacques.

"Where could you find work, *mon ami*?" answered the widow.

She had always called Jacques *mon ami* ("My Friend") since his father died. He was only seven or eight years of age then, and the mother in her desolation had more than once repeated aloud to herself, while thinking of her children—"Friendless, friendless."

And once little Jacques, overhearing the mournful words and noting the sorrowful look on her face, had come softly to her side and, putting his arms about her and laying his cheek against hers, had begged her "to weep no more, for that he would be her 'friend.'"

Often and often in the hard years that followed, had the child's heart swelled with pride at the name "My Friend," and it came to be bestowed upon him by all who knew him. "Friend" always meant Jacques, the neighbors knew. When the woodpile was unusually high, the widow said it was "her Friend" who had sought the materials, cut and piled them. "My Friend" brought the water, shovelled the snow, and kept the hearth swept. "Friend" put the children to bed, after hearing them recite their evening prayers. There was the Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory, and then a Hail Mary for "poor mother," one for "dear father's soul," and one for "Friend."

Friend's Hail Mary was the crowning one. It had never been omitted since one eventful evening when little sister Minette lay sick, and Jacques had had to go to the town for something from the druggist's. Though he had started at noon, when the sun was shining its best and brightest, yet when night fell he had not returned, and great fear was felt for Friend for many hours.

But he did come at last—thanks to the Hail Mary said many times over by all the family, beside the cot of little sister Minette. He came bringing with him a silver coin, the reward of valor. He had pulled a little girl out of a stream into which she had fallen, and where she was sinking to rise no more. With wet clothing he had then hurried on to fulfil his errand. He thought he had not been so long, he had hastened all he could; but the wet clothing, heavy with patches, had impeded him a little, and the chemist had kept him waiting too, and—and—

There was something else to tell, the mother saw; but she would not hear it till he had taken a little hot soup and a good big crust. She laid the silver coin beside his bowl as he ate his soup, saying, "After supper my friend will tell me all—when the little ones are asleep."

A tear fell into Friend's soup (it was thin enough without it). Mother saw but pretended not to, and hurried the children into bed with more haste than usual, though not without the evening prayers and even the last Hail Mary—Friend's own Hail Mary—without which they felt sure he could not sleep.

When Mother and Friend sat down at length before the great deep fireplace, there was a long silence. The silver coin still lay upon the table, forgotten it would seem by Jacques.

The mother waited patiently; she was a brave patient woman, you must know. When it became clear that Friend could not begin if left to himself, she drew her stool beside his, so that she could see his face while her own was hidden.

"Mother is waiting, *mon ami*."

"*Mon ami*" sighed deeply, then lifted his head with sudden courage. "Is our Minette better, Mother?"

"Better, my friend; she will be as well as ever by morning."

"How do you know that, Mother?"

"The Doctor passed this way, and stopped to ask if—"

"Yes, Mother?"

"If the place was to be sold."

"What did you tell him, Mother?"

"I asked him to wait yet a little."

"What did he say to that, Mother?"

"Nothing; he only looked about, and seeing Minette on the bed, came and looked at her and asked what ailed her."

"Did he ask kindly, Mother?"

"Yes, kindly; and he examined her, and said it was only a cold, and that after a good sleep she would be quite well."

Another long silence—then another sudden lifting of Friend's head: "Mother!"

"*Mon ami?*"

"If you will let me go away, I can have work and earn money for you."

"What work, my friend?"

"Well, Mother, while I was getting little Bobo out of the water, a man came up and stood looking at me; and when some one took Bobo from me, and while I was shaking the water out of my jacket, he stood looking at me still; and when I was going away he looked at me more and more; and when I had gone a little way he called after me. But I made signs that I could not stop; for I was afraid you would be impatient for the *tisane* for Minette, and I was running on when he began to whistle so loud and sharp after me, that I had to stop at last, and he came up to me."

There was silence again.

"What did he want, my friend?"

"He asked me who I was and where I lived, and a great many questions; and then he asked me if I wanted work, and he said that if I did and you would let me go, he would take care of me, and I could earn money for you."

"What work, my friend, did he offer you?"

"Mother, it is not hard at all. Little boys like me always do it, and it is very easy."

"What work, my friend?"

"And there is nothing heavy to lift or to carry, and one has a great deal of time to rest sometimes."

"What is this easy work, my friend?"

"And he says the black washes off very easily, and the boys often sing at their work—or going to their work, I forget which—and they can bathe in the streams when they get a chance—very often that happens—and very often they can pass through beautiful places and—"

"What is the work, good friend?"

"You may not think it very fine work, Mother; but I shall

not mind it a bit, not a *little, little* bit, if I can earn money for you, Mother. Look, Mother, he gave me this!" and Friend leaned over and took the piece of silver from the table that had been drawn near the fire for him. "I would like to work for him, Mother, he spoke so pleasantly and not harsh, as some men speak."

"What work, my friend, has he for you?" still gently urged the patient mother.

"Oh! very easy work, Mother. He teaches how to clean chimneys, and—"

The widow shut her lips tightly on the exclamation that almost escaped them. She spoke no word, but thought and thought, looking at the eager lad—so eager for her, so forgetful of himself.

"Mother, do speak," he pleaded; "do not look so grave. It is not hard at all—do not fear for me, do not grieve for me. I could do anything for you and our children—anything!"

"Our children!" The words sounded so droll on his young lips that the mother was fain to smile a little. He was a strange child always, this little "Friend" of hers.

After that there was struggle and hesitation in the mother's mind for days and even for weeks. Only when all other hope had failed was the unwilling consent given. Then little Jacques became an apprentice to the master-sweep.

II.

Oh! little Jack, you were much too proud as you walked away that morning, waving farewell to Mother and the children.

His father's prayer-book was in his pocket, his mother's blessing on his young head, his little sister's kisses on his lips, and Mother's kisses too on lips and cheeks and brow—"Good bye, Friend, good bye!"

He was a pretty boy, this Jacques. Every one who saw him remarked his beauty. His clear, bright, honest eyes, his loving and kindly glance on everything with which he came in contact, his ready smile, won him many a glance of sympathy. He was remarked by very many persons, more than once, on the steps of the parish church of Lourdes. Many and many a morning did his broom rest against the church door while the little sweep ran in

to say a prayer for Mother and the children. He hovered about that door a good deal, and the little lad's sweet face became known to many who frequented the church.

After a while the master-sweep who had hired him gave him over to another, less kind perhaps than himself. I did not know Jacques personally; perhaps he *had* a habit of loitering too much near the church. It had a fascination for him.

In many houses where he was sent to work he met with kind treatment, was well fed, and gently spoken to. People became interested in him at first sight. He was such a pretty little lad. Poor little Jacques! He enjoyed the kindness so much, treasuring it all up in his memory, to tell Mother and the children some day.

He found the wonderful old town of Lourdes so very full of attractions, that it was hard not to yield sometimes to them. Above all, it was hard not to be allowed to stay in the sweet solemn old church, so full of *familiar Saints*. Near the Grotto and the Fountain he dared not linger for an instant; for there were no chimneys in that neighborhood, and it was far from his work. But the parish church was heaven to him, and he loved to linger at the feet of his patron Saint Jacques. He was a glorious figure, all gold from head to feet, in a gilded Spanish hat and with a golden staff in his hand, a pilgrim setting out for Compostella. How different from little Jacques, in his sooty garments, with black broom and bag of soot, that were so often and so gladly unshouldered at the old church door!

Perhaps he loved to linger before the Tabernacle. I think he did, for he had only to lift his eyes from the little golden door, curtained so closely with soft silk, to behold the gentle Saviour Who wanted little children to come to Him. Little Jacques had much to ask of the Sacred Heart for the dear ones far away; for at Lourdes he was far from the poor mountain home, where dwelt his mother and little sisters and his crippled brother François. He no doubt knew—for his mother was a pious woman—that St. Joseph was the patron of a good death; the silver lilies on that altar, and the Infant sleeping so peacefully on His foster-father's breast were familiar to the mountain lad, and who shall say what his thoughts were as he looked upon them, those last days. One altar he certainly loved, and one name he often invoked—the name of his heavenly and his earthly

mother—*Marie*. Yes, surely, for the Hail Mary of the dear old days was still ringing in his ears.

I am sure he invoked Our Lady of Lourdes one morning early, when hurrying up the stone steps he placed the implements of his trade, for the last time, against the venerable wall of the old edifice, so plastered over with vulgar advertisements of lost dogs and acrobats and sales of houses and stock, that these articles of his own seemed in no way out of place there.

Jacques did not know it was the last time. But his heart was heavy and sore, and his poor little body could not have felt very light; for—he had been beaten that morning.

A beating is not the best stimulant for climbing up a smoky chimney. Little Jacques wanted better help, and so he ran instinctively to his good old friends—St. Joseph and St. James of Compostella—and I make no doubt they recommended his humble prayer to the dear Sacred Heart of Jesus, before Whom Friend knelt the last thing ere he left the church.

He did not know that he had said his last Hail Mary before the altar—forever privileged—of Our Lady of Lourdes, that eventful morning. Comfort and consolation he must have found there; for he came out with light step and bright aspect, and descended the old stone steps. Perhaps he looked across the narrow road that lay between him and his morning's work—that lay between him and eternity. Perhaps he looked around the little square. The market-place was full of people, buying and selling. There were things there that must have reminded him of his distant home: oxen and cows yoked together, bringing farm produce of all kinds to market; little dainty-stepping donkeys, laden with wood; peasant women of Bigorre, with huge baskets on their heads, walking about knitting and chatting, unconscious of their burden to all appearance. Little children, hurrying to the school of the Sisters of Notre Dame, may have reminded him of Minette, his sweet baby-sister, and of Jeanne and Marguerite, and of his lame brother François.

Perhaps he only looked up to the sky, high up above the lofty castle just in front of him; and thought of God and heaven and his dead father. Being a strange thoughtful child, he may have thought of these things and many more, but whether he did or not no one will ever know for sure now.

Anyhow he left the church, which he had entered to ask for courage, grace, and patience to work for his mother's sake; else why had he entered it so hastily this morning? He left the church, and shouldering his tools, crossed the narrow path to the house just opposite the church. His work was there, and he mounted to it. To the one who had pointed out the way, he called back that the chimney did not appear to be very strong. And he was right, it was not very strong. Not strong at all in fact; for he had hardly touched it when it fell with him, and a few minutes later from the roadside before the church they picked up the broken body of little Jacques. The Curé came instantly. He prayed for him, and buried him in the graveyard on the hill-side, opposite the Calvary, facing the mountain Peyramale and the blessed Rocks of Massabielle. It was all he could do. "Friend" never spoke after they picked him up, never opened his blue eyes.

Our tears can do him no good. The master-sweep may win the lawsuit he has begun against the owner of the fatal chimney; but mother and "our children" will see their "Friend" no more till they meet in heaven.

I think the good Curé sent the prayer-book that he found in Jacques' pocket, to the poor mother. Indeed, I am sure he did.

Oh! poor mother, poor mother!

AN APOSTLE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

ST. LOUIS BERTRAND, DOMINICAN, DIED OCTOBER 9th, 1581.

THE name of the unfortunate Caribbee Indians has become a mere thing of history. Not a single human being of their race remains. They dwelt on the Lesser Antilles, that long, crescent-shaped group of islands which protects the Caribbean Sea from the fury of the Atlantic Ocean, and when first discovered were a hardy and prolific race. But they were ferocious cannibals. Every man's hand was, therefore, against them, and British buccaneers and Spanish adventurers soon combined to destroy them from the face of the earth.

Their annihilation would have been prevented if their conquerors had hearkened to the piteous pleadings and indignant

protests of their apostle, the great Spanish Dominican, Saint Louis Bertrand. Like so many of his religious brethren in South America and Central America and Mexico, he strove to Christianize and save their race.

In those other countries his brethren largely succeeded, and to this day many of the Indian races remain highly civilized, living on a perfect equality with the whites, and preserving all the peculiar marks of their race. Our Saint's poor cannibals, on the other hand, met the fate of the Indians of North America who stood before the Anglo-Saxon. They were exterminated.

We shall not speak, at present, of the life of Saint Louis Bertrand in Spain, where he had shown himself a model of heroic virtue long before he set out for America. The fame of Saint Bertrand is doubly dear to Americans because of the seven hard and fruitful years, from 1562 to 1569, which he spent amongst the savages on our shores.

Our Saint landed at Carthagen, in what are now the United States of Colombia, in January, 1562, and very soon set out upon his first mission. This was amongst the savages who lived along the Magdalena and Cordillera rivers, wild creatures who till his arrival knew no gods but devils.

With the heavenly power accorded him, we are not surprised to learn that within three months, in the province of Tubara, he had converted to the faith of Christ ten thousand Indians.

Appointing other laborers to this vineyard, our Saint shortly set sail for the land of the man-eating Caribbees.

The chance was a desperate one. It was like descending alive into the tomb. In point of morals, these people were the most abandoned of all the South American tribes, and even zealous priests had shaken their heads sadly and said there was no hope. As St. Francis Xavier did when his friends implored him not to go to the cannibals of Moro Island, so did St. Louis Bertrand here.

"If the island abounded in gold," he said, "no fears could keep the traders back. Shall I be less courageous when human souls are at stake? It were heartless to give these people no opportunity to know the Church. If I die in the effort, what death is more to be coveted?"

Our Saint's success among the cannibals did not correspond to his sacrifices in their behalf.

Only God knows why, but the missionary's heart bled to see their brutal natures unmoved. He determined finally on a supreme effort to shake their belief in their false gods.

Among their gods they paid especial veneration to one of their former priests. They preserved his bones with the greatest care, and were persuaded that on the day when they should lose the bones the heavens would fall upon them. Saint Bertrand managed to carry off the bones.

He thought that when they found no ill befell them in consequence, their eyes would be opened. The very contrary happened. They determined to kill him for his audacity and one day mixed a deadly poison with his food. This, however, only brought on a burning fever which lasted five days. At the end of that time he suddenly cast up a number of worms and small snakes, and forthwith recovered his health.

The Caribbees were experts in poisoning and were dumfounded at the miracle. The Saint seized the occasion to preach more ardently than ever on the truths of the Gospel, but to his intense sorrow he could accomplish little more than the baptism of a few infants.

His failure forced him to turn to the neighboring islands, and there his former successes were renewed. In Santa Marta alone he converted five thousand, and in Mompox and Saint Thomas he was equally blessed.

On his return to the mainland, Saint Bertrand felt an irresistible call from heaven to return to Spain. It was the voice of God calling him both to seek redress from the Spanish sovereign for the wrongs of the Indians and to train up in the novitiates of his Order worthy recruits for the missions he knew so well. His superiors at first strongly opposed his return, but they soon recognized the will of God and consented.

Saint Louis Bertrand's subsequent life in Spain is rich with splendid achievements for the glory of God. He suffered much, but, as in the wilds of America, his favorite prayer, the key-note of his whole life, was that of Saint Augustine:

"Cut, burn, spare me not, O Lord, in this life, that I may find mercy in eternity!"

AN APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

STANDING on high ground in northwest Baltimore is a large, roomy building known far and wide as the Highland Park Hotel. From its cupola can be seen stretching out to the southeast the city of Baltimore, with the waters of the Patapsco, and in the far distance Fort Carroll and Chesapeake Bay. Little did its former wealthy patrons fancy that their beautiful summer resort would ever become a nursery to train youths to evangelize that race which was formerly debarred from crossing its portals, except as menials. A wealthy Catholic family bought it some time ago and gave it to be used as a Catholic missionary institution, entitled "The Epiphany Apostolic College," to prepare young aspirants for St. Joseph's Seminary for the colored missions. . . .

The writer appeals with confidence to his brother-priests to supply him with worthy subjects. The conditions for admission are:

1st. A sincere desire for the colored mission in preference to the priestly state among the whites.

2d. Recommendation from a priest.

3d. A sound preparatory course in a good school.

4th. Good health and not less than fifteen years of age.

5th. Besides supplying their own clothing and books, applicants are expected to pay as much as possible of the expenses of tuition.

There are certainly numbers of noble youths in our country ready to take up this work for their Master. It needs only to be known to fill their young hearts with zeal. . . . The new Apostolic College will open on the feast of St. Peter Claver, September 9, of this year. Thirty-seven students have been accepted for the opening, of whom three are colored. To foster vocations among our colored youth will be one of the especial objects of this institution.

J. R. SLATTERY.

Mission contribution since August 1st:

E. H. Allen, Frankford, Pa. (for Rocky Mts.), . . . \$1.00

Our Lady of Martyrs and The League.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

IN COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES.

The college is the home of the Sodality. Its birthplace and nursery were in the Roman College of the Society of Jesus, and its history of the past three hundred years records its greatest achievements of sodalist-students, whose piety and learning have been honored both of God and of man.

What was the object of the Sodality's founder?

Piety and learning formed the double aim of its founder and these were the test qualities regulating the admission of candidates on its roll of membership. This was the case not only with the Sodality of the Roman College—the present *Prima Primaria*, to which others must be affiliated to gain the Indulgences—but with others also existing at the time. The Sodality thus became in the college an active and potent force whose influence affected the heart and mind of the student and stimulated him to growth in virtue and progress in studies. Mary Immaculate became the ideal of his life and to her he appealed as the Seat of Wisdom—*Sedes Sapientiæ*—when the mind grew dark and dull. The famous literary and scientific *Academiæ*, to which none but sodalist-students from the classes of belles-lettres, rhetoric, and philosophy were admitted, were an outcome of the Sodality. In the history of the Jesuit college of Clermont, known later as Louis le Grand, it is said that in 1580 and the six years following, when St. Francis de Sales was the Prefect of the Sodality, the students, through the good example of the sodalists, had such reputation for piety and learning, that families sent thither more boys than it could receive. These were the same students that once elicited the remark from the King of France, Henry III., when visiting them one day after he had listened to the prayer said in honor of the Blessed Virgin at the end of class:

“Thank God, at least these will never be heretics!”

What the Sodality has accomplished in the past, that it can do at present in our colleges and academies, provided the same spirit and regulations be maintained. Where piety is alive all else lives, particularly the spirit of duty and goodwill. What is there more important to the youth or maiden in college or academy than the duty of study? What is more needed than Christian goodwill to follow out faithfully the school-day's toilsome and irksome routine? Yet what will so easily and effectively induce the student to apply himself bravely to his daily class-work as devotion to the Blessed Mother and the example of his fellow-students, sodalists like himself, bound together in the one common cause of honor to their heavenly Patroness and advancement in knowledge?

What is necessary for the establishment of the Sodality in a college, academy, or school?

What was said in former articles¹ of the requisite formalities to be observed for the Sodality's erection in churches, applies equally to colleges, academies, and schools. Unless the Sodality is duly affiliated to the Roman *Prima Primaria*, its members regularly cannot gain the Indulgences, and it is never anything more than a local society.

May there be more than one Sodality in the same college, academy, or school?

Yes: the number is not limited. Further, it is advisable to have at least two, one for the older pupils, and the other for the younger ones. This will enable the Director the more easily to adapt the devotional exercises and instructions to the capacity of the members.

Usually, the title, or primary patron, is the Immaculate Conception, with St. Aloysius as secondary patron for the senior Sodality, and St. Stanislaus, or St. John Berchmans, or the Holy Angels for the Sodality composed of the younger students. In academies these also seem to be the favorite patrons, though St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, or St. Rose of Lima are frequently chosen. The titular and patronal feasts are always specially honored by the respective Sodalities, all the members communicating—generally in a body—to gain the Plenary Indulgence attached to both days.

¹See PILGRIM for January and February of this year, pages 19 and 51.

THE FIRST PHILADELPHIA PILGRIMAGE TO OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

A. M. D. G.

MEMENTO OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE *MESSENGER STAFF* AND YOUNG
MEN OF PHILADELPHIA, ASSOCIATES OF THE LEAGUE OF
THE SACRED HEART, TO THE SHRINE OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

At Auriesville, N. Y., Sunday, August 18, 1889.

THE ORIGINAL STATUE IN THE MISSION OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, A.D. 1675-84.



VIRGIN MOST FAITHFUL,
QUEEN OF MARTYRS,

PRAY FOR US!

Fac-simile of Memorial card (obverse and reverse).

SATURDAY,

A.M., 8.20—Depart (Broad St. Station).

8.45—Chaplet said.

10.40—Jersey City, Lunch.

11.20— " " Depart.

12 M.—Litany sung.

P.M., 2.35—Chaplet.

4.00— " "

5.16—Amsterdam, arrive for the night, Hotel Warner.

Evening—Confessions in St. Mary's Church.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Albany has graciously given faculties to the Fathers of the pilgrimage, with his special blessing for the Pilgrims.

SUNDAY—Feast of St. Joachim, father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

A.M., 8.00—Meet at Church. Blessing of Pilgrims.

8.15—Coaches to Auriesville.

9.30—Mass of Communion.

10.00— " Thanksgiving.

10.30—Free Mass.

Breakfast, free time.

P.M., 1.00—Visit of Historic Sites with Guide.

3.30—Way of the Cross—discourse.

5.00—Coaches to Amsterdam. Dinner.

7.30—Benediction at St. Mary's.

MONDAY,

A.M., 8.53—Depart.

P.M., 6.00—Arrive, Philadelphia.

J. M. J.

[The acknowledgment of the month's contributions to the shrine, including those of the pilgrims for a chalice, is held over for our next.—EDITOR.]

I.

The hearts of many Catholics in America have been drawn during the last few years to their own native shrine where Our Lady of Martyrs looks down so lovingly upon them from the hill-top at Auriesville. The memories of the spot are as touching as they are tragic; and they are perfectly enshrined by the great natural beauty of the place.

Many local pilgrimages, from within a circle of fifty miles around, have been seen here, practically representing entire parishes. The banners of their pious societies, borne in solemn procession to the chant of multitudinous voices before the little oratory, with their hundreds and sometimes thousands of Communion at the Masses, would fitly adorn the devotion of the world-famed shrines of the Old World.

Individuals, from various and far-distant parts of the country, have also knelt in this solitude for consolation. The lack of a resident priest and religious facilities has proved a great drawback, but has by no means hindered these pious visits. Through the glass door of the oratory the statue of the *Mater Dolorosa*—Mary Mother of Sorrows and Queen of Martyrs, seated at the foot of the Cross with her dead Son laid in her lap—can be plainly seen; and, since the erection of the colossal Calvary on a central mound, with the stations of the Way of the Cross surrounding it, the devotion of the solitary visitor or of the family pilgrimage has something external to satisfy it.

Until the present year no distant pilgrimage had been organized to the shrine. There would be question of some days and nights, to be spent in great part on the road, with a certain amount of discomfort and an expense which, reduced to the utmost, would still represent a considerable excursion of mere pleasure. For many it would cut in on the vacation allotted to the summer season. How many would change off a week's trip to seashore or mountain for a pious pilgrimage to no matter how beautiful and interesting a part of the country? For pious pilgrimage, and not mere excursion, it was bound to be, with late Masses and Holy Communion in the open air, increasing by its bracing qualities the trial of the ordinary fast. Then, too, what arrangements could be made with the railroad companies, and what accommodations for rest and food could be obtained where this

world had not yet been taught the advantage it might expect from similar pilgrimages? To Lourdes every line of rail bears its crowded caravans yearly, and our own Canadian St. Anne has a village made up of hotels and refreshment houses for pilgrims. But American Auriesville—what good can come out of it or be found in it?

Such a question was once asked about Nazareth. Here it had so much foundation in truth that the conclusion was come to—Only the penitentially pious must be expected to share in this first venture; and it shall not be published far and wide, but suggested with prudence to those whom Providence may put in the way of the organizers of this first pilgrimage from Philadelphia—ten hours' journey by rail—to Auriesville.

It was already late in the season when a decision was come to. The great day of the shrine is the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin—the 15th of August—the anniversary of the first arrival and torture of the Christian missionaries and their native converts in the Mohawk Indian village that stood then (in 1642) where the oratory of Our Lady of Martyrs is placed. As the feast fell this year on a Thursday, and it was highly desirable to lessen the inconvenience of the pilgrimage as far as possible by sparing the week-days to those engaged in daily employment, the Sunday following—feast of St. Joachim Father of Mary—was chosen instead. This necessitated the departure on Saturday morning, to return by Monday evening.

The journey one way might have been made during the night, but it was thought the greater fatigue would be ill-compensated by the gain of time. It was ascertained at once that the railroad companies would furnish a car for the exclusive use of the pilgrims going and returning, without change or undue stop, while lodging for the two nights could be had in Amsterdam, a few miles distant from the shrine itself. From Amsterdam to Auriesville the pilgrims would be driven on the morning of Sunday, the day of the pilgrimage, thus giving an entire daytime to the exercises of piety and the visiting of the historic sites at the shrine itself. All this, with the exception of the single lunch to be taken on the train going and coming, could be had for \$12.00—equivalently the total expense of the trip to each separate pilgrim. To accomplish this not inconsiderable result, the pil-

grimage was greatly indebted to the generous spirit of the managers of the West Shore Railroad, on which Auriesville and Amsterdam are stations, and to the kind offices of Rev. Father Walsh of the latter place.

So far, so good. Now for the penitentially pious—those who would be likely to enjoy the light “roughing it” when sweetened by a piety not a little out of the ordinary run of things. Evidently, the young men who had gathered about the centre of the League of the Sacred Heart which one of the *Messenger* staff directs, would be the aptest for the purpose. So the word was passed round half-privately, as became a new and untried enterprise. After some difficulty, chiefly owing to the short notice given which did not allow of many to absent themselves from other engagements, the required number was obtained. This was thirty-five, including the three priests and the scholastic of the *Messenger* staff. These were joined at Amsterdam by the Rev. Redemptorist Father Currier—a distinguished friend of the shrine—and the *Messenger* agent from Syracuse, thus nearly making up the forty, which had been first settled on as the comfortable number for a single car for so long a distance. Another of the band, also, had been unfortunately left behind.

At the preliminary meeting much stress was laid on the penitential nature of the pious work, and allusion made to the pilgrims of old who went on foot and staff in hand for far greater distances. Also, that some of them had added to the hardships by putting peas in their shoes; let no one here first boil the peas according to the old tale! A little *Summary* of all the pious memories and of the devotion connected with the shrine was distributed; and one at least set off armed with the first volume of the *PILGRIM* (1885), which contains detailed accounts of events and places around the holy site.

II.

After dreary rains the summer long, sunshine came with the feast of the Assumption. Many prayers were offered that the fine weather might continue at least until after the pilgrimage; and the request was more than granted. Father Currier, in his letter in last month's *PILGRIM*, noted the good weather for his

visit to the shrine, obtained, as he believed, by Father Jognes who was martyred there; and for some years back farmers so far away as Kansas have with great confidence recommended their need of 'growing' weather to Our Lady of Martyrs in Auriesville. Perhaps this is one of the peculiar graces to be attached more and more as time goes on to this favored shrine. Certainly it is in the sunlight that all its beauty shines forth to the delighted and astonished pilgrim.

The pilgrims' car was duly awaiting them in the great station at Broad Street, and it moved off with its happy inmates at the appointed hour. The familiar streets of the city were whirled by, and the suburbs—Tacony with its unfinished church, and the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart amid the trees at Eden Hall, both places where the Blessed Sacrament was waiting to give a blessing to these young men setting out in Its service.

By this time the first tumult of the start was over, and it was time to think of the "Itinerary" which on all such occasions must begin and end with united prayer. So all the pilgrims came together into the middle of their roomy car, and there all together recited the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary—which was to be said entire during the journey. At the end of the five decades, Father Metcalf's *League Hymn*, which is now even whistled by boys and thus becoming classical, was sung.

Form your ranks, O all ye Leaguers of the Heart Divine!

At Jersey City there was a short delay, before drawing the car to the West Shore station at Weehawken, on which road the remainder, and by far the longer part, of the pilgrimage was to be made. The train was dusty, but this was taken simply as a part of the penance by the way. Soon beautiful stretches of the lower Hudson were constantly coming into sight, until at last the road entered among the outcropping hills of the Catskills. In the early afternoon the little party again came together in the middle of the car, to sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; with each invocation they could remember they were on their way to visit the shrine of the Queen and Mother on whom they were calling for aid.

Virgin most faithful, Queen of Martyrs, pray for us!

Shortly after, at Kingston, N. Y.—the lunch station—a slight accident occurred which ended in grateful hilarity. One of the pilgrims looked out over the beautiful scenery with such rapture of content that he no longer noted the flight of time, until suddenly aroused to find that the train with the pilgrims had moved away. Meanwhile the loss had not been noticed in the car of the pilgrims. After some time they came together for the second chaplet of the day—the Sorrowful Mysteries. Shortly it was found with dismay that their ranks were thinned. As all the pilgrims were quite able to travel by themselves, no inordinate anxiety was felt, but telegrams were sent back to make sure, and to see if the little party could not reach the goal with their complete number as they had started. “Less lunching, and more praying!” said one sententiously; and, in spite of his being frowned down, the beads were said on the spot—this time, the Glorious Mysteries. Was not everything sure to come right in such a journey? The missing pilgrim, meanwhile, found that by catching the boat for Albany and a train west from the latter city, he could still reach Amsterdam that night, and so be ready for the day of pilgrimage. This was done to the great relief and joy of the others.

The latter portion of the journey, along the road where it turns west from the Hudson to the Mohawk valley, gave a foretaste of the morrow in the tender pastoral beauty of the landscape. It has often been remarked that the scenery of this part of the State of New York, is not like typical American scenery, drawn in great sweeping outlines, but rather like that along the Meuse or Po in long-settled Europe. From the hills a carefully cultivated country is seen, through which winds in graceful curves a placid river. Our American poet Whittier thus sees in his verse

—along his valley gleam
The Mohawk’s gently winding stream.

In the late afternoon the pilgrims came to their resting-place for the night, a little wearied and much wayworn and dusty; but the air, already cool from the evening hastening down these inland hills, enlivened them, and the thought of the morrow—now so near—made their hearts beat with exultation.

Some curious eyes were naturally cast on them as they passed

down the long street of this flourishing manufacturing town of Amsterdam. They found excellent accommodations in their hotel, and were soon refreshed for the evening, when their confessions were heard by two of the pilgrim Fathers in St. Mary's Church.

The priests of the party were kindly entertained by Rev. Father McInerow, whose generous hospitality, at the price of much inconvenience to himself, cannot be too gratefully remembered. On their side, the pilgrims will not soon forget the imposing Catholic establishments which this Reverend pastor has known how to build up around him—the large church and spacious school, with a handsome convent for the Sisters, and last of all, when everything else had been finished, a neat and roomy priest's house. All of these buildings occupy a square together, separated only by well-kept lawns, and present an appearance not often seen in connection with our Catholic churches in this country. The school comprises a High School, and is built for 800 children. For the boys in the higher grades there are Latin classes, from which several seminarians have already graduated. The love of the sanctuary does not end here; and Professor Haberer—the author of the first *Pilgrims' Chorus*—has a fine sanctuary choir from among the young boys. Above the tower of the school, conspicuous from the whole city and along both lines of rail—the West Shore and the N. Y. Central—stands Our Lady of Lourdes. Under the blessing of her hands folded in prayer, the pilgrims were to begin the solemn exercises of their pilgrimage the next morning.

For a pilgrimage, once again, is pious and penitential, if it is anything. It has always been against the wishes of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whom Providence has put in charge of this shrine, that large delegations should come to visit it under the name of pilgrimages, unless they are to have Mass and receive Holy Communion at the shrine. The least that can be admitted is that, because of threatening weather or for other grave reasons, the Communion should be made in the parish church in a body, just before leaving. A pilgrimage to the shrine without Mass on the holy spot, and without a Communion for the occasion, is not really an organized pilgrimage at all, and would soon degenerate into little else than a picnic, however innocent it might be made.

For this reason the rule has been from the beginning that no pilgrimage should be formally made to this spot without the previous permission, not only of the Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, but also of the Fathers in charge. In our own case, along with the necessary faculties for the priests of the pilgrimage, we had received the following note of encouragement :

—I hope that your trip may be a pleasant one, and that the pilgrims may bring home from the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs all the blessings that they desire.

Very sincerely,
FRANCIS,
Bishop of Albany.

Aug. 13th, 1889.

III.

On Sunday morning Father Currier, who devoted himself earnestly to the welfare of the pilgrims, set off in advance for the shrine—some seven miles distant from Amsterdam—to prepare the altar and say an early Mass. At eight o'clock, the pilgrims formed in ranks and marched with the League Badge displayed upon their breasts, from the hotel to the church. Here they knelt around the altar-rail, the priests in cassock in their midst, to receive the ritual *Blessing of the Pilgrims*. This was given by the Reverend pastor, and then the pilgrims filed down the aisle to the three large carry-alls waiting for them at the door. The church was filled, for it was just before one of the chief Masses, and the Catholics of Amsterdam are a church-going people. It was no ordinary sight they saw—a body of young men from so far away, coming on grave religious duty in the name of the Sacred Heart and of our Blessed Lady. So the sympathetic organist played his most solemn march.

The hour's drive was along the towpath of the great Erie Canal that runs beside the river. It was varied, very beautiful and solitary, helping to the religious impressions of the day. Meanwhile, the keen pure air made the fasting body a useful reminder of the high mission of the soul on which all were bound.

When the pilgrims arrived at Auriesville station—there is properly no village—they alighted to walk in procession up the hill. A gravelled walk, wide enough for two abreast, has been made along one side of the highway, which follows closely the old Indian trail from the river below. On the other side is a row

of willows. The walk turns to mount up the steps leading to the high cross, erected as a memorial of the old Mission of the Martyrs from its founding in Christian blood to its extinction forty-two years later (1642-84) through the wretched political quarrelling of France and England. The Memorial Cross occupies a little plateau formed near the brow of the hill and not far from where the trail must have entered the old village. By this gate, looking over toward the colony of his people, the head of Father Jogues was set up on the palisades.

From here the path leads a few rods further on to the middle line of the hilltop, where the oratory has been placed. A crowd of people from the country round, including several hundred Catholics from a neighboring parish, had already monopolized the seats in the open field before the shrine; but the pilgrims, faithful to their spirit of penance, knelt contentedly at the long communion-rail, immediately before the altar, during all the time of the Masses.

The special intentions, which each one had written out and placed in a sealed envelope, were now gathered and put on the altar during Mass, which was begun at once. The mountain breezes smoothed from every brow all anxiety and care except that of offering pleasing service to our Blessed Lady and her Divine Son.

An awning had been stretched to guard against the rays of the August sun, but before the eyes of the worshippers stretched far and wide in the glorious light the beautiful valley. At the Gospel, a single word was said by way of immediate preparation for the Holy Communion shortly to be received. It reminded the pilgrims that the greatest of the privations of the captive missionaries martyred here was to be without the Sacraments, in life and in death. This lesson alone—the appreciation of the religious benefits we now enjoy—should be well worth the trouble of the whole pilgrimage. The pilgrims advanced two by two to the altar-step inside the oratory to receive our Lord. Then followed a Mass of thanksgiving; and then another—the fourth of this happy and hallowed day.

At the conclusion of all, the Reverend pastor of the people who had gathered together from farther up the river, asked that some spiritual bread might be broken in favor of the crowd,

which now amounted to many more than a thousand, most of whom had been hearing their Sunday's Mass along with the pilgrims. Father Currier, with his usual devotedness, mounted the little pulpit, which is always ready for such a purpose, and addressed them on the reasons why this spot should be hallowed, and the lessons which the Christians of our day should draw from the white-robed army of martyrs, from the days of the early Christians down to those who here bedewed the ground with their blood. It was greatly to be regretted that these good Catholic people had not been previously prepared for the reception of the Bread of Life. Many of them would doubtless have received Holy Communion along with the pilgrims, to whose spiritual advantages they were heartily welcome. As it was, their devout behavior at this time and during the Stations in the afternoon was most edifying, and made it the more regretted that they had not a full share in the hallowing of the day.

At noon the breakfast of the pilgrims was served at the Putman House—a well conducted country hotel at the foot of the hill, and able to provide for expeditions of this kind as well as for individuals who come hither outside of the organized pilgrimages.

Early in the afternoon all were on foot again, for a detailed visit to the sites of the old mission. The extent of the Indian village and its platform of torture in the midst, the Hill of Prayer whither the captive missionaries retired to seek consolation from God alone, the continuation of the old Indian trail, still existing over toward the Schoharie River, into the village—for at the gate by which it entered, the young novice René Goupil was killed by the tomahawk—all were pointed out to the eager crowds, now considerably swelled by the addition of afternoon visitors.

From the bold bluff to the east of the shrine, beyond the break in the hill where the spring—sure to be found near an Indian village—still feebly gives forth its crystal waters, there is an altogether splendid view of the shrine and the great Calvary in the field before it. It was now alive with the parti-colored groups of visitors. How beautiful, many said regretfully, would not these sightly bluffs be for the residences of wealthy Catholics; how fitted the warm meadow land below for some religious

house that desires a secluded place for the training of its younger members, or for the exercise of the industry of its inmates!

The sight-seeing was brought to a close by a visit to the solitary and romantic ravine where Father Jôgues found and buried the mutilated remains of his dear companion, of whom he did not fear to say that he was "a true martyr for the sign of the Cross." This visit, across grain stubble and barbed fences, needed not a little clambering down the steep hillside; but even the ladies present went on valiantly, in spite of a snake killed in the marshy ground below—type of our Lady's victory over the old serpent of sin. On mounting up once more, the distant hill was pointed out where the Iroquois virgin—the good Catherine Tegakwita—was baptized and instructed in the way of holiness near one of the later mission churches. She was the bright flower sprung from the seed of the martyrs' blood.

After a short rest, the Stations of the Way of the Cross were begun in the enclosure which separates off the Calvary from the rest of the field.

The priests in their black cassocks, followed by the young men in ranks, and then the hundreds of Catholic families who had gathered here, the men with bared head and all kneeling devoutly at each cross, while the solemn notes of the *Stabat Mater*—the hymn of Our Lady of Martyrs—arose from the long procession, made up another impressive scene. The large number of non-Catholics who looked on from without the enclosure were deeply respectful as they heard the sweet, touching prayers read out in honor of our Lord's Passion, and many a head was uncovered. The Act of Contrition was pronounced by the priest—far above the heads of the people—from the top of the mound above which rises the crucifix, thirty feet high, with life-size statues of the Blessed Mother and St. John at its feet.

At the close of these last prayers of the day on this holy spot, the pilgrims were addressed by Father Buckley, S. J., one of the *Messenger* staff. His words of remembrance and of hope fitly closed the exercises at the shrine. But before leaving, all the young men gathered close around the altar where the statue of the Mother of Sorrows looked down upon them, and again in manly voices ringing out over hill and dale sang the glorious Hymn of the League of the Sacred Heart:

Christian men and Christian maidens and ye faithful all,
 Come and worship the sweet Heart of Christ our King;
 See how Jesus has repaired the guilt of Adam's fall—
 And the glory of such love we'll grateful sing:
Heart of Jesus, with love for us burning,
Make us love Thee more and more with every day!

After the refreshing drive back to Amsterdam in the cool of the late afternoon, and a little time for refreshment, the pilgrims once more assembled in St. Mary's Church, for Vespers and Benediction. If they made a good impression by their sincerely pious demeanor and the League badges of the Sacred Heart worn gloringly on each manly breast, they were in turn more than edified by the crowded audience that had assembled to hear one of the *Messenger* Fathers speak on what was well known to themselves—the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Philadelphia pilgrims were glad to hear once again of that which united them in one body. One of them remarked contentedly as the day was done: "I don't think I ever telescoped quite so much piety into one single day before; but it was well worth while—for such an occasion."

The pilgrims, before separating for the night, begged leave to thank the Reverend pastor, Father McIncrow, and his two assistants, Rev. Fathers Walsh and White, for all the kindness and attention shown them; and they were received for this purpose in the pastoral residence. As an earnest of their sincerity, though the pilgrimage was now practically over, they arranged to come to the early Mass at six o'clock the next morning.

The way home passed pleasantly. All bade each other good-bye enthusiastically at the station, and they retain in their minds what Father Jogues had in his dreams of this holy place two centuries and a half ago.

"—It seemed to me that I followed my very dear companion (the martyred young René), who was already received into bliss. I ran after him by ways and windings that hid me from his sight; and again pursuing him, I came upon lofty temples into which I rushed drawn by their beauty, and while I prayed and the sweetness of the voices which I heard in these noble edifices held me charmed, I was consoled for his absence. But as soon as this sweetness was over, I came back to my desires of following him!"

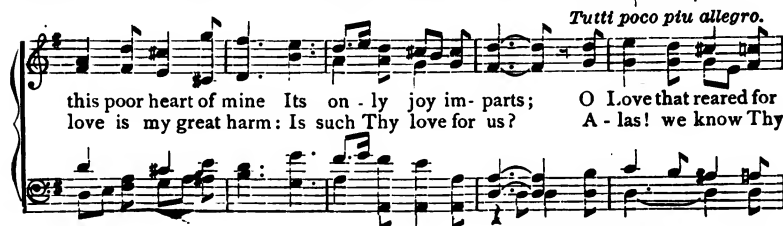
Blessed Margaret Mary's Hymn.

Words from original French.
Andantino Cantabile.

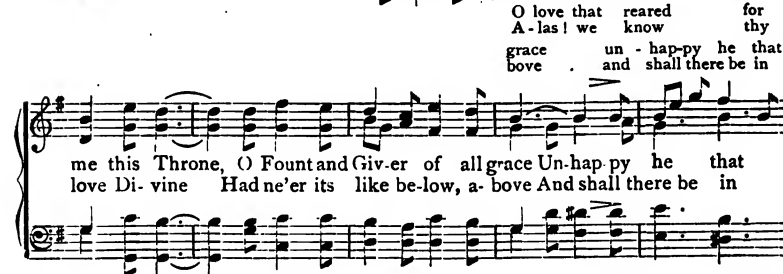
Music by Rev. R. HOLAIND, S. J.



1. My Saviour's Heart Di - vine — The loveliest of all Hearts—To
2. O Heart Whose every charm Makes me to love Thee thus; Weak

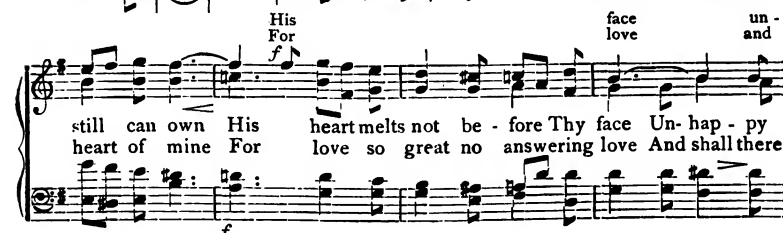


Tutti poco ptu allegro.
this poor heart of mine Its on - ly joy im - parts; O Love that reared for
love is my great harm: Is such Thy love for us? A - las! we know Thy



O love that reared for thy
A - las! we know thy
grace un - happy he that
bove and shall there be in

me this Throne, O Fount and Giv - er of all grace Un - hap - py he that
love Di - vine Had ne'er its like be - low, a - bove And shall there be in



His face un -
For love and
still can own His heart melts not be - fore Thy face Un - hap - py
heart of mine For love so great no answering love And shall there



hap - py he that shall there be in His For
he that still can own His heart melts not be - fore thy face.
be in heart of mine For love so great no answering love?

N. B.—If above key is too high, transpose, for choir, to Gb (six flats); for unison, to E \sharp (four sharps).

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1889.

Imperated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Humiliation of the Church's Enemies.



THE Catholic Church is still a great power in the world—perhaps greater than ever before—in spite of the efforts of many widespread religious sects and entire nations.

The enmity of nations, in the modern universal mingling of all sorts and conditions of people has well-nigh ceased, except in the case of nations like Russia, which are built on schism, or such apostate governments as that of Italy, which have robbed the Church of her possessions and can see in friendliness only an obligation to restitution. Religious sects, also, properly so-called, no longer have the power over minds which they had at their origin; they are human and of the earth, and like all things of earth they have their day and pass. They are unlike the great and mighty Church which is the Bride of Christ come down from heaven and eternal, living amid all the changes of time until taken up once more as the New Jerusalem.

But in place of sects and heresies and hostile nations, there has arisen a spirit, embodied in a secret sect, which is worse than false religion because it is like a foul breath paralyzing the hearts of men. This we can best call by the name which most commonly represents it to us—Freemasonry. The power of the Church is over the hearts of men, whose inmost needs she satisfies and whose consciences she reproaches when they turn aside to evil. So this new spirit of evil aims at the hearts of men, breathing into them the spirit of irreligion and a mere naturalism, as though this world were all. And then, as a necessary consequence, follows hatred of the Church which teaches with authority how another world of judgment, of punishment or reward, is coming apace to all, no matter what they are willing to believe about it.

That these enemies of the Church may be brought low—that their secret organizations may be defeated, that their individual members may be humbled interiorly to see the truth, that the nations which strive against the rights of the Christian family and the Church may utterly fail—is this month's intention for our united prayer to the Sacred Heart.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS (LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 11.

HIGH PRIESTS OF NOVEMBER.



ALL Saints and All Souls, the feasts that usher in this month, call upon the members of the Church Militant to rejoice with the Church Triumphant, and to grieve with the Church Suffering. On the feast of all Saints, heaven's portals are thrown open to our expectant gaze and we catch a glimpse of the *many mansions* already tenanted and of those that still await their occupants. We rejoice with our brethren who are in glory, and give thanks to our God Who is *wonderful in His Saints*.

Then we turn away to contemplate that silent land of pain where are purified, in cleansing fires, the souls of our dear departed—departed, indeed, from our sight, but still linked to us by every tie of affection, and sharing with us in the communion of Saints.

Sweet indeed is it to gaze up into heaven and to contemplate the glory of God's Saints, but more blessed is it to turn to those poor souls in suffering to whom we can give help in their sore need. Almsdeeds, fasting and prayer, and, above all, the holy sacrifice of the Mass, are the treasures with which our hands are filled to ransom our brethren in affliction.

Fitly then do we seek aid from those who while wayfarers on earth possessed the fulness of the sacerdotal power, the plenitude of the priesthood, the power of offering the Spotless Victim, and the right to confer that power on others. These are the true

high priests of the New Law, of whom the high priest of old was but the type and the figure, as his sacrifice was only the shadow of theirs. We beg these holy prelates to aid us in helping our suffering brethren and we recall to them their own solicitude for the dead when they themselves stood at God's altar.

St. Malachy (3d)—Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, zealous for the repose of his sister's soul, said Mass for her after her death. Some time afterward he heard, in a vision, a voice telling him that his sister stood outside at the door of his house, and that she had eaten nothing for thirty days. He awoke and could not at first make out what food she needed. At last, counting up, he found it was just thirty days since he had offered for her the *Living Bread that came down from heaven*. He began again to say Mass for her and, in a short time saw her, clothed in black, standing at the church door unable to enter. He continued to offer the holy sacrifice for her and saw her again, in semi-mourning garb, within the church but not able to approach the altar. Redoubling his fervor in offering Christ's Body and Blood, he had at last the consolation of seeing his sister clad in white and in the company of the blessed Saints of God. St. Bernard relates this incident in the life of his friend, St. Malachy.

St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal, Archbishop of Milan (4th), the great restorer of ecclesiastical discipline and devoted pastor, when the plague raged at Milan, cared lovingly for his flock. When poverty came to increase their misery he sold his silverware and furniture to provide for their needs, and gave up even his own clothing and his bed for their use.

St. Florence (7th), Bishop of Strasburg and founder of the Abbey of Haslach, was born in Ireland of an illustrious family, and was from his birth a child of benediction. Leaving his father's home and his native land to serve God in freedom from all earthly ties, he was led by Divine Providence to a solitude in Alsace, where he lived as a hermit. Forced from his retirement to govern the church of Strasburg, the renown of the marvels he wrought penetrated even to his native land, and drew many of his countrymen to follow him into exile. He built for them a refuge which became in aftertimes a nursery of bishops for Strasburg. He knew by revelation the day of his death. Having

instructed his clergy and given them his parting blessing he peacefully expired. His relics are still cherished with great veneration in the church of the monastery at Haslach near Strasburg.

St. Martin, Bishop of Tours (11th), was at first a soldier, then, after his baptism, a monk, and was finally carried by force from his monastery to be consecrated Bishop of Tours. He built a monastery where St. Patrick, his kinsman, was afterward educated. His charity to the poor and his zeal for the extirpation of idolatry were blessed by Almighty God with a great gift of miracles. While yet a soldier and a catechumen he cut his military cloak in two and gave half of it to a beggar who had asked an alms of him. When bishop he healed a leper of his malady by kissing him and giving him his blessing.

St. Martin, Pope and Martyr (12th), was an earnest opponent of the Monothelite heresy, and had much to suffer from the Emperor Constans who was its strenuous upholder. While sick at St. John Lateran's in Rome, he was dragged away by this emperor's minions and sent into exile to the Island of Naxos. After that he was thrown into prison at Constantinople, and kept in a loathsome dungeon for three months, then he was dragged through the city in chains, with an iron collar around his neck. The public executioner carrying a drawn sword went before him to show that he was condemned to death. His life was spared but he was banished to the Tauric Chersonesus, where he died of the harsh treatment inflicted upon him.

The glorious St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin (14th), was the son of Maurice O'Toole, king of Leinster. When he was carried to St. Brigid's Church to be baptized, a man who was generally known as a prophet stopped the christening party, and told them in Irish verse that the child would be great on earth and glorious in heaven, that he should one day have many both rich and poor under his guidance, and that the name to be given him in baptism was Lawrence or Lorcan.

Lawrence was the Benjamin of his family and the darling of his father's heart. Given as a hostage to Diarmid with whom his father was at war, he had much to suffer while he remained in Diarmid's power. While Abbot of Glendalough and

Archbishop of Dublin, he was in very deed the father of his people, protecting them from plundering and rapacious lords, and, in time of famine, feeding the hungry and solacing their many afflictions. St. Lawrence was tenderly devout to the Blessed Mother of God and much beloved by our Lady in return. He was the light and the model of the Fathers of the Third Council of Lateran, and at the end of it was appointed apostolic legate to Ireland.

The latter part of his life was passed in the troubled days of Strongbow's invasion and rule. He was harshly treated by Henry II. and forbidden to return home from England whither he had gone on an errand of peace. Journeying into Normandy where Henry was, he fell ill at the monastery of Eu. When his last hour approached, he was asked to make his will and answered: "Why should I make a will? I thank God I have not one penny in the world to dispose of." His last words were: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me, for my soul hath confided in Thee"! He died on November 14th, 1181. His precious relics are kept in the parish church at Eu in Normandy.

St. Lawrence vigorously opposed the English invasion and, strange to say, his name is the last one enrolled among the canonized children of Erin.

St. Gregory, Wonder-worker (17th), was Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea and received his title from the multitude of marvellous deeds he wrought.

St. Clement, Pope and Martyr (23d), *whose name*, according to St. Paul, *is written in the Book of Life*, was a disciple of St. Peter, and the third to succeed him in the Roman Pontificate. Through researches made in our own days by the Irish Dominicans who possess the modern basilica of St. Clement's, his relics, with those of St. Ignatius of Antioch, were found in a subterranean basilica dedicated to his honor, where they had lain unknown for over a thousand years.

St. Peter, Patriarch of Alexandria, Martyr (26th), governed that church during the persecution of Diocletian and was put to death by Maximinus. St. Gregory III., Pope (28th), defended the honor paid to holy images against the Iconoclasts, and excommunicated their chief, Leo the Isaurian.

A KINGDOM WON.

By E. Carmel Hendry.

SISTER EUSEBIUS had finished her daily duties in the hospital ward and was free to pass in the chapel that half hour, which to her devout soul was sweetness, and rest, and peace, and consolation. But the gentle little religious was an adept in the art of "leaving God for God"; so without even the lightest sigh, she relinquished her stroll through Paradise, and seated herself at the bedside of the patient under her charge whose case was most serious; for there, the flame of a malignant fever was quickly consuming all that toil and privation had left of the poor frame in which its fire had been enkindled.

The sufferer awakened from a fitful slumber a few moments later and, gazing into the beautiful face that beamed upon him from under the *cornette*, said feebly:

"I'm not in the kingdom yet, Sister; and I'm so uncertain about it: but the priest promised, sure, and he knew, God bless him; and he said it so solemn-like, there was no doubting him."

"There is great hope, Fenny, for every Christian that has loved and wavered not; so keep up your heart!" she answered, though her tone was slightly troubled because her experienced eye detected, in his flushed face, a sudden change for the worse. It was the fear of such a change that had led her to take this station beside him, and its realization caused her to arise and confer with an attendant who was passing.

"There's no need sending for Father Duane, Sister; he's on the stairs now saying a few words to Jimmy Shea."

"Oh, I'm very glad. If you see him as you go out, tell him not to overlook Fenny, who needs him sorely."

"There he is now, Sister," and as he spoke a young clergyman approached them.

"Your coming is most opportune, Father," said the Sister. "Poor Fenny has but a very short time, I fear. It would be a great satisfaction to me if you would administer Extreme Unction as soon as possible. He received Holy Communion this morning."

"I will anoint him at once, if you say so, Sister. You are the better judge of his condition. You can be making the neces-

sary preparations while I speak with him. I shall be sorry to lose Fenny. To me the poor dear soul is 'a mirror of life and a book of holy teaching,' as the author of the *Imitation* says."

The Sister's face glowed with pleasure. The priest's words were manna to the soul of one who carried out in her life St. Paul's exalted idea of the virtue of charity; and she went about her pious task with a light step.

When Father Duane reached the invalid's side, and laid his hand upon his burning forehead, the sufferer grasped it, and held it between his own, looking the while into the compassionate eyes that met his own with an almost filial tenderness.

"You're so like him, Father," he murmured. "If he could get out of his cold grave—God be good to him!—and become young and active again, I wouldn't know you apart. It seems, too, as if you were sent to renew the promise he made me. It won't bother you, sure, seeing you're so patient, if I tell you again what he said the last time I saw him at all. I was going away from the old sod with a heavy heart, and never a cent about me but my passage money; and speaking with him I says mighty uneasily: 'It's a poor start I'm taking, your Reverence, for a strange land, with a broken back, and no way to set myself up when I get there; for neither a trade nor a farthing have I.' Says he then—poor soul, he was hungry at times, they told me, and hadn't a second coat to his back, through dividing his wee bit of substance with the poor about him; and when they, you know, that have only words to give, bestow them with a good will, and from the heart, you prize them above jewels—so as I was remarking, says he: 'Fenny, my boy, when you're without comfort in this life, remember the crown of gold and the royal robe that wait for you in the kingdom beyond the stars. Unless you forfeit them yourself there's no one can deprive you of them, as they might of the honors and riches of this world; and you know all the rules that are laid down whereby you may gain them.' I never forgot those words, Father. I've been hungry and thirsty and cold and wretched many a time, but never a 'drop of the creature,' no matter how enticing the idea of it might be, did I once let pass my lips for fear it might lead me to ways that would cause me to be kept out of the kingdom.

"I never cheated either, by the same token, though there

was lots of temptation in the faking business I followed. If I sold penknives or razors for steel, I was sure they were made of the genuine article before I called them as such; and I never tacked on a penny over my rightful profit, though many a greenhorn bought lead-pencils or collar-buttons or something of the sort off my stand in the street, that I might have charged double prices, and they would have paid it willingly in their ignorance. At first it was only the reward in the next life I had in my mind; but through thinking on it, I grew to reflect on the goodness of the great King up beyond, That was longing with all the love of His Divine Heart to get me, a poor, broken-backed, ignorant fakir, that the quality would hardly walk beside on the pavement, up into His happy land with Him; and then the feeling grew on me that seeing how loving and generous He was I would be a contemptible spalpeen to *fash* Him by bad conduct. So I observed the ways I was speaking of, besides doing a turn for those that was poorer than myself when I got the chance, and hoped and prayed and went to the priest every Saturday night, and forward at the Mass next morning, with his leave. For all that, though, I'm mighty uneasy and I feel sure I didn't do half I should have done for His sake. What are you thinking of my chances, your Reverence?"

There were tears in the priest's eyes as they met the eager gaze that searched his face.

"Be brave, Fenny," he said; "have great courage, my son; and let me tell you now for your consolation that I found out that the priest that sent you from the old country to this land with the hope to which you have clung so faithfully, was my mother's only brother; and that is why I so resemble him: so let this new claim we have on each other make you very attentive to what I am going to say. It won't be very long, my dear son, before you will be called to the kingdom you have striven for by fidelity and self-denial. Maybe it may please the just Judge before Whom you must first appear, to consign you to purifying fires for a time; but you will be sure of the blessed goal of your desires, and that knowledge lightens the expiatory sufferings of purgatory. There uncertainty can no longer vex or terrify you. Every moment will be leading you nearer to perfect bliss."

"Oh, I don't begrudge a stay in purgatory, your Reverence. I've looked for that all along. I don't ask to get in the gates all at once; only, as you're saying, to be sure of an entrance one day. Ah, how queer it is I'm feeling! Sister, you're there with the blest candle, are you? Well, glory be to God, I'm going now!"

He fell back speechless. Father Duane whispered a word in his ear; and was answered by a reassuring pressure of the hand. He, then, amid a silence broken only by a faint sob from Sister Eusebius as she prayed, administered the last anointing; and when the final word of the rite was uttered, "Fenny the fakir," as he had been familiarly called, finished his course with a sigh of relief, and a peaceful smile.

The shades of twilight were gathering as the priest walked homeward. Glancing upward, he saw a beauteous star floating in the darkening sky; and by a mental process he could not account for, it brought to his mind a vivid memory of the soul he had just sped on its way heavenward, and its pathetic story.

"*Sic itur ad astra*," he murmured in reverent tones. "Oh, Fenny, loyal heart, from yonder heights serene of the Kingdom you have won, stretch forth your hand and help me to follow you thither!"

AN INTERESTING CONVERSION.

From the Notes of Father de Smet.

[As nearly 40 years have elapsed since this conversion, the American Catholics of this generation may read it with profit and pleasure. A notice of it was sent to the *Freeman's Journal* of that date (1852). In 1862, Father de Smet asked to have some translating done; it was given to me, and I did the best I could—but the Rev. Father's Notes were very desultory. In this paper, I have arranged and written anew, keeping closely to his details. E. V. N.]

Randolph Benton was the only son of the Hon. Thomas Benton, one of the eminent statesmen of our great Republic, who during thirty years served his country as Senator from Missouri. The talented young Randolph, while yet in his boyhood, had been difficult to manage, and caused his aged father, who had formed great hopes for him, a deal of anxiety. His excellent mother, a

pious Presbyterian, shared in the paternal fears, but yet trusted to the good principles which had been early instilled into her son's mind and heart. A mother never loses hope.

At the age of fourteen young Benton accompanied his brother-in-law, the celebrated Colonel Fremont, in the exploration of the "Great Western Desert." Though only twenty-two years and four months old when he died, he had rambled over the greater part of the United States, including Oregon, California, and New Mexico. On returning from New Mexico, he resided for some time in Westphalia, Missouri, in which town the Reverend Jesuit Fathers had a residence, and there, under the instruction of one of the Fathers, the young man pursued the study of German. It is probably owing to this circumstance that he conceived the respect that he entertained for the Catholic Faith, and his confidence in the learning and piety of its pastors.

Four years later, he spent some time with his family at St. Louis. He conceived the idea of devoting himself to the acquisition of the ancient languages and sciences, and of not sparing himself in the task. His father advised him to apply to the president of the University of St. Louis for admission and, if his age should prove an objection to his entrance as a boarder, to ask to be admitted as an extern. The arrangements for his admission had all been settled, when a few days later he was attacked with a bilious diarrhœa, so fatal in that region, which quickly prostrated him.

"It was at that moment," says Father de Smet, "that meeting the honored Senator, I was informed by himself of his son's dangerous illness. At his request I visited the invalid, and found him in a condition truly alarming. Young Randolph expressed great pleasure at seeing me, and thanked me warmly for my visit. I took a seat by his couch of illness, and exhorted him to rely upon Divine Providence and trust in the mercy of the Redeemer. He listened to me with marked attention, and exhibited both piety and resignation, should this sickness be his last.

"'Yes, O my God,' he cried, 'what Thou sendest is best for us!'

"Then I spoke to him of the essential points of our religion, and to all of them Randolph expressed his assent, in terms replete with fervent piety. The illustrious Senator was present during

the interview, and seeing his son in such Christian sentiments, clasped me by the hand affectionately, and leading me away from the bed a short distance, exclaimed with transport—"How consoling! Despite the grief that is rending my heart, my son's words are a comfort to me. Blessed be God! if he dies, he will die a Christian."

"The venerable father left the room to conceal an outburst of tears that he could not control. I returned to the bedside of Randolph, and he told me that he wished to be a Catholic.

"'With my whole heart,' said he, 'I wish to be baptized. My father will certainly not deny me this heaven-sent boon.'

"Directly I repaired to the apartment into which his father had retired, to console him with the account of his son's religious views, and to communicate to him his son's dying wish. I also spoke of the urgency and of the necessity of baptism. The Senator cheerfully consented. He would have liked that the ceremony be postponed until the opiates the invalid had taken should have procured him a little refreshing sleep. But the physician said there was danger in thus delaying. I remarked, therefore, to the Senator that the ceremony could not in any manner hinder the forced sleep, except for a very few moments; it might also have a beneficial effect upon the patient by tranquillizing his mind.

"Then the venerable father asked me affectionately to perform for his dear son the duties of my holy ministry.

"Randolph heard of the parental consent with joy and gratitude, and immediately prepared himself to receive the regenerating waters of baptism. While I was administering the holy Sacrament, he devoutly crossed his arms over his breast, and with eyes upturned to heaven, prayed fervently, thanking God for the signal grace bestowed on him. I then left him to procure the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils, urging him to try and take some sleep. An hour later I received the following note from Col. Benton :

11.30 o'clock, March 16, 1852.

MY DEAR FATHER DE SMET: I went into Randolph's room the moment you left me. He said to me immediately :

"Are you content with what I have done?"

I said, "I am : but now I want you to yield to the opiates you have taken, and get some sleep."

He said, "Father, excitement and happiness have done more for me than the best sleep could do." Then with his eyes heavenward, as he lay on his back, the head raised on the pillow, he continued in a clear, calm, modulated voice, with a radiant look, "Thank God, I am happy!" and turning his face to mine with the same voice and look, he reiterated those same words to me, adding: "I intended to do this long ago, but was uncertain whether you would like it!" I assured him that he had made me happy. And certainly it is the first feeling of relief that I have had during these five terrible days and nights. So, dear Father, all is now in your hands; you are giving peace to me, in giving it to Randolph. Affectionately,

THOS. H. BENTON.

"Young Randolph received the last Sacraments with great fervor of sentiments; and about sunrise of the 17th of March, 1852, slept in the Lord, with a confident hope that he exchanged this mortal life for a happier and eternal one in heaven.

"During his last hours the only son of his noble-minded father was surrounded by many of his near relatives and friends. In his lucid moments he manifested the deepest gratitude for the divine goodness that had led him into the fold of Christ. On the day after his son's death, Col. Benton addressed a second letter to the famous missionary:

DEAR FATHER DE SMET: This is to introduce to you a school comrade and friend of my poor child, years ago. I wish you to talk with him. He will show you that it was indeed long (in his so short life) that he meditated the step he took, even four years since. He will give you gratifying details, as he has to me, and will prove (what you and I well knew from himself and from our observation) that it was not the sickbed and the near approach of death that brought him to this solemn act, but his own heart when in the most flourishing health and in the happiest state of mind.

THOS. H. BENTON.

"The funeral services of the new convert were performed at the cathedral. The Most Reverend Archbishop officiated in person and pronounced a most beautiful discourse, well suited to the mournful, yet happy, occasion.

"These circumstances, with the edifying scenes of the last moments of Randolph, cannot fail to have left a deep and favorable impression upon the mind and the heart of the illustrious Senator; for he shared in the good sentiments of his son, expressed with such tender piety, both before and after the latter had been so happy as to receive the grace of baptism."

ONE SAINT'S TRIALS.

ST. COLUMBAN, IRISH APOSTLE IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

Born in Leinster, A. D. 543, died in Bobbio, Italy, November 21, 615.

WHEN Saint Columban and his twelve companions, amongst whom was the famous Saint Gall, had labored but a little while amongst the Franks and Burgundians, of northern France, Gontran the king heard of the prodigies of good they accomplished and besought them to remain amongst his people. He allotted them the castle of Annegray as their residence, and from it as their headquarters the missionary band went forth in every direction and changed the face of the country.

Where only impurity, lawlessness, and idolatry had ruled, chastity was soon held in the highest esteem, rapine and cruelty were well-nigh abolished, and the idols were dethroned and burned to ashes.

So many even of the nobility applied to our Saint to be received as his spiritual children that he was obliged to found two other monasteries, one at Luxeuil and the other at a place which, from its many springs, he called Fontaine. The life which he and his monks led therein was one of ceaseless austerity. Of course all this was more than the devil could brook, and soon Columban's great trials began.

He was first violently accused before Pope Saint Gregory the Great of many irregularities in church discipline. He stood up against his accusers like a grand old lion, and one after another their charges fell to the ground and he remained more honored than before. But still the enemy of human souls raged against him.

The series of persecutions which he next began to suffer came from the royal family itself.

The two sons of Childebert II., the nephew of King Gontran, had since become kings—Theodebert of Austrasia and Thierry of Burgundy. The latter was completely under the influence of his grandmother, the once pious but now infamous Brunehault. This wretched woman had forced him to repudiate one wife, had had his counsellor, St. Didier, bishop of Vienna, murdered, and had plunged the weak prince into many profligate excesses.

Nevertheless Thierry retained a warm affection for Saint Columban, and the Saint sought to withdraw him from his sins, going so far as to visit the queen herself and expose to her the enormity of her crimes. Bruneault was furious at his rebukes, and fearing their future effect on her grandson determined to ruin Columban.

Into the monastery of Luxeuil it was a rigid rule not to admit women, and this rule the Saint refused to violate for the sake of her majesty. She needed no further excuse to begin her evil work, but at once forbade the monks to leave the monastery and forbade the people to receive or assist them.

Indignant at the outrage, Columban went in solemn protest as far as the royal palace. He refused, however, to enter, and when Thierry sent him a rich banquet he spurned the viands, and the vessels which held them were miraculously broken to pieces.

Shortly afterward, Thierry, little moved by the miracle, came in person to Luxeuil to demand an explanation of Columban's conduct.

"Columban," he said in an insolent tone, "if you wish to profit by our bounty, you must throw open your house to every comer."

"Sire," was Columban's intrepid response, "know that rather than have you violate our rules, we will do without your gifts; and know furthermore that if you destroy our monastery, you and all your kingdom shall be destroyed."

"Indeed!" sneered the king. "I suppose you hope to provoke me to give you a martyr's crown, but I am not such a fool. Yet, since you resist me and desire to live apart from secular people, I command you to return to Ireland."

"Your command is sinful," said the brave priest. "It was God Who called me here, and I shall quit here only when driven away by force."

"Then," said the king, with an oath, "force shall be used!—Here, men, off with this monk to Bésançon till I give you further orders, and put a guard about this monastery, and let no one leave it."

Columban was immediately carried off in the greatest ignominy, and a strong line of soldiery surrounded the monastery.

One of the monks, however, a son of Gontran's prime

minister, left the place to plead with the king. An officer of the guard aimed a deadly blow at him with his sword, but his sword fell from his grasp and his arm dropped withered to his side.

Moved by this second miracle, the king and his grandmother seemed to repent, and ordered the guard to be removed from the monastery.

Columban, thinking that their repentance covered his case as well, returned thereupon to Luxeuil, but Brunehault flew into a fearful passion and had him dragged away forcibly through Besançon, Autun, Avalon, and Auxerre, where he was put aboard a vessel for Nantes, there to be transferred to another vessel and transported to Ireland.

Arrived at Nantes, Clotaire, king of the twelve counties between the Seine and the Loire, invited the Saint and his companions to his court and treated them with every mark of distinction.

The impious Thierry, he told them, was about to wage war against his brother Theodebert, and he, Clotaire, was anxious to assist the latter.

"Be patient," said Columban, "the curse of God is on these people. Within three years Thierry and his children shall be destroyed, and his and his brother's kingdoms shall be yours."

A feeling of delicacy prevented the Saint from remaining long with Clotaire, lest he should embroil that monarch in his troubles. Setting out therefore once more on his missionary labors, he soon arrived at Metz. Here King Theodebert besought him to remain, but for the present he had determined to push on to the wild tribes of Switzerland. After he had established a vigorous mission there and placed Saint Gall in charge, he returned to Theodebert and warned him to desist from his war with his brother. Otherwise he would certainly meet an early and violent death.

Theodebert rejected his counsel and was captured and slain by order of Brunehault.

Brunehault then determined on nothing less than the death of Saint Columban. He was warned, however, of her intrigues and retired into Italy. The King of the Lombards received him handsomely, and gave him a place at Bobbio to build a church and a monastery.

Meantime his prophecy was being fulfilled. Thierry died a miserable death, and Clotaire ordered Brunehault for her scandals and crimes to be tied by the hair to wild horses and torn asunder between them. Thus both Thierry's and Theodebert's dominions fell into the hands of Clotaire.

When peace was restored, Clotaire sent ambassadors to Saint Columban to ask him to return to his realm and continue his good work. But Columban was old and exhausted with his toils and persecutions and could not accede. He did not fail, however, to rebuke the king firmly on his unnecessary severity to the miserable Brunehault.

The shadows of death were now closing in upon the holy man. He sought his cell in a rock on the banks of the Trebia, just across from Bobbio, and there lay down on his bed of stone to die. He was utterly worn out, but it was in the service of the Master.

Saint Columban was called to his eternal reward in the year 615, at the age of seventy-two, and to-day the name of this Irish apostle is borne by one of the prettiest towns in northern Italy, San Colombano on the Lambro.

From the *Indian Advocate*, Sacred Heart Mission, Indian Territory, of which Father Ignatius, O. S. B., is editor, we extract the following invocations for the conversion and Christian civilization of the Indians, especially of the Indian Territory.

Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray for the Indians. *We beseech Thee to hear us.*

Queen of the Holy Rosary, pray

For the Apaches,	For the Kaws,	For the Potowatomies,
For the Arapahoes,	For the Kickapoos,	For the Quapaws,
For the Caddoes,	For the Kiowas,	For the Sac and Fox,
For the Cherokees,	For the Miamis,	For the Seminoles,
For the Cheyennes,	For the Missourias,	For the Senecas,
For the Chickasaws,	For the Orias,	For the Shawnees,
For the Choctaws,	For the Osages,	For the Tonkawas,
For the Comanches,	For the Otoes,	For the Wichitas,
For the Creeks,	For the Ottawas,	For the Wyandottes,
For the Iowas,	For the Pawnees,	For all the Indians.
	For the Poncas,	

We beseech Thee to hear us.

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

What does the Sodality offer young men?

It offers to make them loyal and devoted Catholics. It is a great work to make men practical Christians, and this is the special work the Sodality aims at accomplishing. Its object is to train them to be true Catholics, to make their conduct conform to the principles of their divine religion, and to form in them habits of virtue.

How does the Sodality accomplish this?

By supplying young men with the helps which they most need at their time of life. Young men are social and imitative, and seek each other's company and are apt to do what their fellow-men do. Let them be in the company of the good, and they will be good too; but if their companions are bad, they will be like them. "Tell me your companions, and I'll tell you what you are," is a saying as true as it is common.

What a young man needs most of all is the hallowed influence of good companionship and the wise guidance of one whom he can look upon with respect and love. Where will he have better companions than in the Sodality? Where will he find wiser guidance than from its zealous Director? Where can his generosity exercise itself with greater play than in the work of the Sodality? What nobler or worthier object can appeal more strongly to his chivalrous nature than the honor of the Mother of Christ and his own Mother and the Sodality's Patroness?

He will find in the Sodality encouragement to piety in the example of his fellow-members; the monthly Communion and the protection of our Lady will make him strong against the temptations that will surely beset him; the counsel and instruction of the Director will develop a character based on principles; and his devotion to religion will be firm and loyal, not mawkish and sentimental.

What method may be adopted in forming a young men's Sodality?

The suggestions given in a previous paper¹ in the series of articles on the Sodality refer especially to the formation of the Sodality of young men.

If there is a literary or beneficial society attached to the church, the nucleus of the new Sodality can be had from this. Let it be told the members beforehand that it is proposed to start it, and have them invite the priest to attend their meeting and explain the nature, object and advantages of the Sodality. Let it be insisted upon that the Sodality is for them—the young men—that it is to be *their* work, that *they* are the ones to be benefited, that *they* must take it in hand themselves, begin it, continue it, and bring it to success. Will any young man hesitate to enlist in the cause when appealed to for aid in a work that is to result in such profit to himself and his young companions?

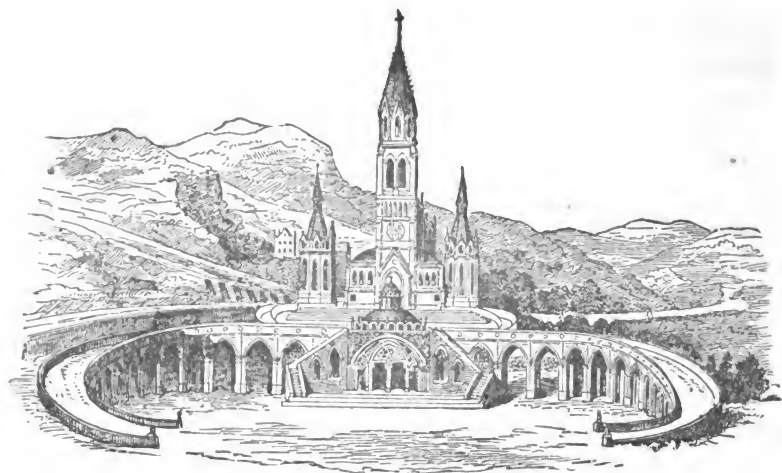
Where there is no society belonging to the church, an effective means of securing a good attendance at the preliminary meeting is to have the better known and more active young men of the parish go among their companions and notify them personally of the intended Sodality.

Is it better to have a Sodality exclusively for young men?

In small parishes where there is only one priest, it is hardly possible to have separate Sodalities for various classes of persons. In large city parishes, however, to have a Sodality exclusively for young men is well-nigh the only inducement that can lead them to enter it. It is the common complaint of Directors that the young men hold aloof, but the complaint invariably comes from quarters where mixed Sodalities only exist. This is lodging an unfair charge against them, for the glory of the Sodality in the past belongs rightfully to the young men. Was not the Sodality founded by young men? Was not its extensive spread due to young men? Were not its saintliest and most distinguished members young men? The days of young men have not gone by; rather these are the days of young men. Nor has the Sodality lost any of its elements to mould young men's hearts and fill them with high thoughts and noble aspirations.

The past should be, and *is*, a reason why Sodalities of young men in the present and future must succeed.

¹ See PILGRIM for March 1889, page 82.



LOURDES AND THE ROSARY.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW CHURCH AND NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE.

By Mrs. Jane Cave.

“**L**OURDES will be deserted this year” was the oft-repeated prophecy of a great number of journals and of individuals. The cry was repeated triumphantly by a great many, regretfully by not a few, and for many months it was the prevailing opinion even at Lourdes. For why? “The Exposition,” “the Eiffel Tower,” “the Elections,” “the troubled state of France,” reasons enough, and more than enough, you will acknowledge!

But the inauguration of the Church of the Most Holy Rosary had long been announced and, confident in the protection of the Blessed Mother of God, Mgr. Billère, Bishop of Tarbes, decided that the ceremony should not be postponed.

His confidence was well rewarded. On the first day of August we were busy putting the last touches to rose crowns and garlands, very busy indeed adorning the temporary altars of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. When all was done and we looked upon the work of love, we could only be grateful and happy at the success of our efforts.

The five altars of the Joyful Mysteries were ornamented with white roses. Arches of evergreens and roses surmounted them, vases holding bushes of white roses in bud and blossom

stood beside and upon the altars, and covered the plainness of the walls which were not yet quite dry or finished. The effect was beautiful, however. The altars of the Sorrowful Mysteries were embellished in the same manner, save that, over the central altar of the fifteen, a crown of roses was suspended low, and rich fringe and foliage formed the arch above. The color here was red. The altars of the Glorious Mysteries were yellow of a beautiful shade that mingled well with the green of vines and fringe and moss. Garlands and wreaths of roses were everywhere encircling the rose-windows that shed such soft light on the interior of the beautiful Rosary Church, twining around columns and almost wholly hiding the temporary pulpit.

Busy as we were, however, we found time to make some visits for the purpose of gaining the Indulgence of the Portiuncula. Numbers of people, from vespers on the 1st till sunset on the 2d, were to be seen before the doors of the Basilica and Crypt, the Convent of the Poor Clares, and the "Patronage" of St. Joseph. It was good to see them paying reverent homage before the Tabernacle in the solemn silence of the darkened Crypt. It was edifying to see the long procession in the broad aisle of the magnificent Basilica, slowly pacing—chaplet in hand—in regular and quiet order. It was touching to see the faithful at the quiet convent, so loved by everyone, where the spirit of St. Francis himself lives again in the sisterhood within these walls. Above all it was pleasant to see the throng at the parish church—the church of Bernadette and the Curé Peyramale. It would have touched the heart of anyone to see these prayerful poor people; and for my own part I saw in many a childish face what seemed to me the promise of another Bernadette or a Sister Marie Bernard.

After the 2d, Lourdes began to fill with strangers, and before the 6th there were many thousand strangers here. On the 6th twenty thousand persons were worshipping before the Grotto or walking in procession, carrying in triumph the Most Blessed Sacrament, and chanting, as nowhere else, those glorious hymns which really seem to call back sweet echoes from the mountains.

The last touches had been put to the decorations; the altars were furnished with everything necessary, but the throng was too great to be contained within walls. So the silver altar of the Grotto was placed upon the portico of the new church for the

High Pontifical Mass to be said on the second day of the celebration. This beautiful altar was the gift of the Bishop of Séez and his diocese to Our Lady of Lourdes. It is of exquisite workmanship, embossed with silver lilies and roses and bordered with turquoise stones. In several small panels there are mosaics of red roses beautifully shaded on a blue ground. All the altar furniture, candlesticks, vases, etc., are of the same metal and design.

The first day of the inaugural ceremonies began by solemn Vespers, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and a sermon by Mgr. Berchiulla, Archbishop of Cagliari and Primate of Sardinia. We then had strong proof that Lourdes was not to be deserted for the Exposition, the Eiffel Tower, or for any other reason whatsoever. The proof of this was in the torch-light procession which extended in double lines from the Grotto, up the *lacets* or zigzag paths, around the Basilica, down the viaduct on the right hand to the crowned statue of our Lady, thence along the right boulevard to the Breton Cross, around the cross returning by the left boulevard back to the crowned statue once more and into the esplanade before the new church. Here the ranks were formed, line upon line, until the space within the horseshoe or arms of the viaduct, was more than half-full, and yet the last of the procession had not yet left the starting-point, which was, as I said before, the Grotto. Nor was this all; for the viaducts were thronged with people, as were the flights of stone steps leading from the Esplanade du Rosaire to the Basilica, the paths in all directions, the hillsides as far up as the Calvary; thronged in fact with people was every available inch of ground within sight of the Grotto grounds.

It is impossible to describe the picture thus presented, or its aspect under the influence of the million lights. A moving, sparkling sea of gold it seemed, looking down from the Basilica portico; and looking up from the boulevard the picture was still more beautiful. Two streams of golden light led up to the Church of the Rosary which was illuminated by jets of gas, and to the Basilica which was ablaze with light. Its grand portal, towers, spire, every part of its fairy-like outlines giving forth sparks of radiance. There was a continual murmur of admiration, of gratitude, of joy unfeigned on the part of the faithful, and when all that could be gathered within the esplanade¹ before

¹ The space I refer to above can hold 20,000 persons, it is said.

the new church were gathered there, and the last hymn of the march had been sung, and a speaker mounted the temporary stand to address the multitude, you might have heard a pin drop, so silent and so hushed did the throng become.

I believe it was the Bishop of Arras who addressed the throng. He was applauded till the hills rang again, and it was electrifying to hear the applause. "Long live France!" was three times shouted, then a voice like a trumpet-call rang out "*Vive la France Catholique!*"

If there had been enthusiasm before, what name shall I give to the echo that followed these words, repeated over and over again with a vehemence and insistence that transported every one? On every hand there were sobs and tears of joy; and people, on the viaducts and on the boulevards and on the hill-sides, knelt, as did those before the church, when the final blessing was given. Who was there of all that host who did not remember to have heard or read that *Notre Dame de Lourdes* said to Bernadette—"I wish to see people come here in procession"?

Those who had never heard it before heard it on this occasion, for it was repeated over and over again in many a form and in many an accent, but always with the same meaning—*Marie le Veut*—"Our Lady has her wish"—"It is what the Blessed Mother wished," and so on.

Although Masses began at midnight and continued steadily without intermission at forty altars, at noon there were yet priests waiting for their turn to offer up the holy sacrifice. Masses in the open air under the arches of the viaducts, Masses at all the convents, at the parish churches, at the hospitals—and still strangers were pouring in from all directions. Perpetual adoration was at the Basilica, and the Blessed Sacrament was carried in triumph, followed by hundreds of priests in rich vestments, in surplices, in poor cassocks travel-stained. It was carried among the sick, who cried out in agony of prayer—"Jesus, Son of David, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole." Ah, to many a one the answer came quickly as of old. "I will, be thou whole," and many a one arose from what appeared to be their death-bed and followed the Sacred Host, shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

It was an imposing sight, a thing to be seen nowhere else under the sun to-day—the Primate of Sardinia thus carrying the Host among the throng of sick and miserable beings who had come or been brought to our Lady's shrine.

But how did the Grotto look during these joyful days? The whole place from the Breton Cross to the extremity of the grounds was planted thick with white masts, from which floated long flags of white and blue (our Lady's colors) and white and yellow (the Pope's colors) alternately. Before the Basilica and Grotto these masts were united by ropes of evergreen, thick set with roses of the three colors. Before the Grotto, moreover, hundreds of blue and white lamps were hung on invisible wire or cord, in fanciful design, that gave them the appearance of being hung in air and produced a most beautiful effect. The great star bearing the monogram of our Lady was above the Grotto, as usual on such occasions, and glowed resplendent. The rock beneath our Lady's feet was quite covered with bouquets of fresh and fragrant flowers. As to the candles they could not be numbered.

There were eight pilgrimages here too at this time. I learned what it is to be a real pilgrim, for I made acquaintance with some of their habits at least. Many had come from distant parts of France, walked miles upon miles to the nearest station, spent a night or two in the cars (third class, with bare boards for seats), and then lodged under the open sky when here, or took repose on the altar-steps or in the shadow of the columns. What a great blessing to them is this new church! Within its walls they can have protection from sun and rain at least. Hundreds of them on this occasion spent three nights in this way.

To think that it is lack of pity or hospitality on the part of anyone would be unjust. The priests of the Grotto gave up their rooms and beds, one and all, to strangers, and every house was full, and still in spite of the great number of hotels and inns, the multitude could not be all housed. There were no complaints. The time seemed short to them. They came to pray, to ask much from Mary, not only for themselves but for those who could not come. Here they prayed as never any other where, with arms extended, aloud, and in unison with thousands.

"We need more prayers," said a priest, "more prayers, a great sum of prayer to place in Mary's hands, that she therewith

may purchase our ransom. Let us give to her freely, for by prayer only can we avert the justice of the Lord, the punishment we merit for the outrage we have offered to His Sacred Heart."

"The French are generous," he continued; "they give milliards without a murmur when needful even for temporal things, let us not be niggardly for things eternal; give prayers many and heartfelt to Mary that she may have wherewithal to negotiate our ransom."

The appeal was irresistible, and no one thought for a moment of leaving the precincts of the Grotto or piscinas while the sick were being bathed or while they lay before the shrine on their sick-beds. There have been many cures, many conversions. There have been visitors of every class, princes of France and other countries, but in the union of prayer all were alike.

From these days of great joy till the arrival of the great National Pilgrimage, Lourdes will hardly have time to breathe freely. Every man, woman, and child is preparing to give up personal ease and comfort to make room for the pilgrims whose coming is announced for the 19th. The prophecy 'of Lourdes being deserted,' is again defeated, for there will be more visitors than ever this year. Already (10th) there is not a room to be had. August 15th, the feast of the Assumption, is always a great day here, but especially this year on account of the new church. Angels only could count the Communion that took place.

August 19th: Eleven trains have reached here. The National Pilgrimage conducted by the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption is once more at the feet of Notre Dame de Lourdes. They have brought *eleven hundred sick*. *Brancardiers*, or litter-bearers, have come from all directions to help in carrying the sick, in tending them, in lifting them in and out of the piscinas. What helpless beings some of these sick are! Many, very many, are still young; men in the prime of life, paralyzed and utterly helpless, many victims of cancer; most painful objects to look upon. The priests are admirable, I must say. See them staggering under the weight of heavy burdens! How tenderly they handle the helpless limbs! How carefully they guide the little carriages through the surging crowd! How perseveringly they kneel with outstretched arms and pray aloud and excite others to pray, and kiss the ground as our Lady desired, for poor sinners.

There is a mattress with two children upon it; a girl of nine or ten, palsied of limb but lovely to look upon, with a most sweet and patient face; beside her a little fellow of five or six with useless limbs. A priest carried him to the piscinas, where he was bathed several times, I believe, and, when the Blessed Sacrament was being carried among the ranks of the sick, carried him again, and the little fellow cried out with all his might "Jesus, Son of David, *if You will*, You can cure me!" It sounded so innocent and sweet, the *You* instead of *Thou*. The little one was quite cured, I am glad to say, and many, very many, others.

There were thirty-two physicians here to certify to the cures; the official account will be published before long.

One man was pointed out to me in the crowd, a man about forty years of age, I should say. He was quite helpless, from the effects of a fall, I think. When he was being taken from his home, his little children, five in number, were all gathered around him, full of joy at the thought that he was going to Lourdes *to be cured*. "Come home *quite* well, father," they called after him again and again, "come home quite strong, come home walking!" and I think he did, and I only wish I could have seen the children's faces on his arrival.

I assure you one can only weep and pray here. It is sacred history lived over again—Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and the throng calling upon Him and trying to approach Him. When the Blessed Sacrament was carried among them, they (the sick) would struggle to rise, and many did, and followed the procession—many who had not walked for years. One young blind girl said to her companion, "Tell me the moment that the Blessed Sacrament is beside me." She was told, and she arose, stretched out her hands, and called softly upon Jesus to help her. The Archbishop of Cagliari, who carried the Sacred Host, turned toward her and touched her with the ostensorium. It was an instant of intoxication for the poor girl. She was led away, but she could have gone alone, for her eyes opened and she saw. It is one of the most wonderful cures that have taken place this year. There have been cures of tumors and cancers and paralysis—but the list will be given later.

There was Mass every day from midnight till noon, nocturnal adoration from ten p. m. till five a. m., to which all were

admitted ; there was the recitation of the Rosary going on uninterruptedly for the whole time of their stay, that is five days.

To anyone who would be convinced from actual observation that the age of miracles *is not over*, as some declare, let him come to Lourdes during the octave of the Assumption, that is, for the National Pilgrimage. He will go away convinced, or, being convinced, pitch here his tent forever, as many have done for the love of this favored spot, Mary's own chosen ground.

Needless to say that during this time there are processions most wonderful to behold ; the sick follow the Blessed Sacrament or are carried after It, and as near the Sacred Host as possible, then the clergy, and then follow the faithful. The lookers-on line the viaducts, the hillsides, the stairs of the Basilica, etc. All the month of September, pilgrims continue to arrive by thousands. The most touching group is that of the pilgrims of Alsace-Lorraine. Their banner is draped with crape. They sorrow still for the dear land of France whose children they no longer are, except in heart. It is said that there must have been at least thirty thousand strangers here for this pilgrimage, a proof that in this land of France the old faith still burns, and burns brightly in some hearts at least.

Nothing can give an idea of the beauty and solemnity of the religious ceremonies that take place at Lourdes. Here fifteen or twenty thousand voices chanting the high praises of God, or the Blessed Virgin, or calling humbly for mercy in the *Parce Domine !* *parce Domine !* must be heard, not read of. Here indeed one feels that man gains nothing in gaining the whole world, but gains all in working for his immortal soul.

ST. LOUIS BERTRAND'S CHILDLIKE FAITH.

On arriving amongst the Indians, though he did not know their language, St. Louis Bertrand never doubted for a moment, confident as he was that God would not fail to make His word understood by his mouth.

He knew that the work was not his, but Christ's. He was but an instrument in the hands of his God.

His childlike faith was rewarded by a literal fulfilment of the divine promise. Whenever he preached to a new tribe, he

learned their language with the greatest facility. Numberless snares were laid against his virtue by abandoned people, and against his life by the officials whose tyrannical administration he strove to reform; but everyone of them proved harmless. He healed the sick by his blessing, averted storms and freed the possessed from their demoniacal enemy, not to mention his extraordinary skill in confronting the most furious savages and leaving them as gentle as children.

His labors once opened with a striking miracle. The land was suffering from a drought which threatened to plunge the people into the horrors of famine. On seeing our Saint, of whose extraordinary gifts they had heard, they besought him to come to their aid, to invoke his God to send down rain.

"On one condition only," said Saint Bertrand, "can you expect this favor. Come to this place with me to-morrow and join me in praying to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, that He will spare you this affliction."

The savages but too gladly complied, and their united prayer was not ended when a refreshing rain poured down over all the country. With their temporal, their eternal lives were saved. They could not resist such a prodigy, and the whole tribe renounced their idols and embraced the true faith.

Contributions to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., received since August 1st:

Scammonville, Kansas,	\$3.00
Mrs. Phips, Chicago, Ill.,	1.00
Friend, Phila., Pa.,	1.00
Philadelphia Pilgrims (for chalice),	31.25
Three Friends, Phila., Pa.,	3.00
Mrs. H. J. Bradley, Phila., Pa.,	1.00
Friend, Jersey City, N. J.,	2.00
C. P. DuRoss, Allegheny, Pa.,	1.00
Kate Tucker, New York,	1.00
M. A. H., Phila., Pa.,	1.00
A Promoter (Gesù), Philadelphia,50

For the Rocky Mountain Missions, \$2.00

Toward a fund for erecting a new temple in honor of the

Sacred Heart of Jesus, to be sent to Fr. Speranza, S.J., 3.00

\$5.00

From *A Child of Mary.*



THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES OF 1889.

Notice of Closing of Lists.

The Consecration of Christian Families to the Sacred Heart in memory of the anniversaries of this present year has met with a far greater response than had been expected. It is now time to close the Lists of names of families consecrated, in order that they may be bound up into the Golden Books and deposited in the sanctuary at Paray-le-Monial before the great feast of Christmas. The preparing of a suitable album has been confided to the Ladies of the Tabernacle Society connected with the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, in Philadelphia. When complete it will be fully described for the benefit of the many readers whose names are thus to be deposited beside the body of Blessed Margaret Mary, there where she had the divine visions of the love of Jesus, two hundred years ago. A detailed Index of parishes, communities, and dioceses where the Lists have been signed will also be published. All the Lists should be received at the *Messenger* office by the first week of November, as a considerable labor is involved in classifying and putting them in order for the Golden Books of these families thus consecrated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus through the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

A few extracts taken at random from some of the many letters which have reached us will show the spirit in which the devotion has been taken.

From the lowlands of Harlem, New York, a good lady sends one full list of families to be inscribed in the Golden Books, and then sends an order for a hundred leaflets more, and a special

list, for thirty families. Think of all the apostolic work this one letter implies! How many families visited! How many conversations on the Sacred Heart!

Right across East River, out of Brooklyn, another energetic lady writes: "I hope to get as many as possible to embrace the good work. I have given lists around among influential friends, and do hope they will take an interest in disposing of them."

From a distant town in Missouri a mother writes that she and her husband are anxious to consecrate themselves and their seven little ones to the Sacred Heart, that especially the children may be saved from the many perils which she sees besetting their lives. She, too, extends her zeal to others, and asks for *Consecration Leaflets* to distribute among the few Catholic families that live in her town.

A clergyman in the backwoods of Old Virginia has already enrolled one hundred and twenty representatives of families for the Golden Books. A convent in St. Louis and another in Vicksburgh order each one hundred of the Acts of Consecration, for distribution through their Promoters.

Other letters we give as written.

Frederick, Maryland.—Please send us 100 engravings of the Sacred Heart and 100 Acts of Consecration.

At the risk of consuming some of your valuable moments, we yield to our pressing desire of assuring you how amply have been rewarded our efforts to spread the pious practices and salutary devotions of the League of the Sacred Heart. Our friends and former pupils vie with one another in procuring *Handbooks* and *Certificates of Admission* for persons living at a distance from established Centres; and in one little town in our old Catholic Maryland there is scarcely a family where the image of the Divine Heart has not been introduced through the zeal of one of our Children of Mary. From all parts come requests for engravings. 200 were disposed of before we realized that we might venture to recommend them; and everyone seems to have been gained by the beautiful prayer extracted from the Act of Consecration.

Immaculate Conception Mission, Dakota.—I have the happiness of being an Associate of the League and a reader of the *Messenger*. When I read the affirmative answer to the question

in the PILGRIM as to whether religious might sign the special Lists for the *Consecration of Families*, I felt a great desire to make this consecration. I spoke to others engaged in the mission here, and one and all were glad to join me.

As our Right Reverend Bishop Marty just happened to be here to give confirmation, I took the opportunity of asking his lordship to take the consecration of the Sisters here as chief representatives of their families. This he very willingly did. In the evening after the devotions to the Sacred Heart, we Sisters approached the altar, and the Bishop himself read aloud the Act of Consecration, and all the Sisters solemnly repeated the words after him.

I will send you a list of the Sisters' names to be placed in the Golden Books of the Sacred Heart and deposited in the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial.

Grand Coteau, Louisiana.—I need more of the memorial engravings. They are very devotional and much sought after. The *Consecration of Families* to the Divine Heart will do much good. It is a happy and beautiful idea to have each family consecrate itself specially to the Sacred Heart and to keep a picture commemorative of this pious act.

Nauvoo, Illinois.—Accept my most sincere thanks for your favor and the Acts and Lists of the *Consecration of Families*. When time permits, I will do all I can to spread the *Consecration of Families*. It seems to me like the extending of the Holy Hands of our dear Saviour Himself, inviting all families to His own Kingdom of eternal joy and happiness. May all who are yet unwilling become willing to correspond to so loving an invitation.

NOTABLE THANKSGIVINGS.

I.—BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Please have special thanks returned to the Sacred Heart through the *Messenger* for the following remarkable favor granted:

A clergyman of this city was so deprived of the use of his voice through some throat trouble, that for six months he could neither preach nor sing Mass. Physicians had failed to give relief

and there seemed no prospect of recovery, when it was suggested to make a solemn triduum in honor of the Sacred Heart for a cure.

Three days before the feast of the Sacred Heart, the triduum was begun. Each day petitions were made after the 8 o'clock Mass, and in the evening prayers were offered, followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The church was thronged at these devotions and many went to Communion.

The day following the feast this priest, on rising in the morning, cast up a quantity of clotted blood from his throat, followed by a sensation of general relief. The next day (Sunday), he said Mass and preached for twenty minutes; also in the afternoon he sang Vespers and recited the Rosary aloud with the congregation, his voice sounding louder and clearer than ever before. One week from that day, he sang high Mass. Ever since his throat has been well, his voice clear; no fatigue or pain follows the use of it; he feels completely cured.

This extraordinary favor of the Sacred Heart has much edified our Centre of the League, and we desire to have all Associates join with us in praising and thanking the Adorable Heart. So soon after our coronation of the statue comes this blessing, that we realize how gratitude for favors is sure to pave the way for greater ones.

Next week we are to make a triduum of reparation to the Sacred Heart for all our sins and coldness and for the sins of the world, especially for the dreadful scandals done in Rome on June 9th, against religion and the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. We hope many will follow in the same effort to make reparation and obtain grace and mercy.

Gratefully,

A LEAGUER.

II.—WASHINGTON, INDIANA.

A little Jewish girl about ten years of age, who lives near the convent, was dangerously ill. The doctor had little or no hopes of her recovery. One of our Sisters gave her a scapular of the Sacred Heart, and although the poor mother said: "We do not believe in Christ," yet when Sister told her to put it on the child and that we would have our school children pray for her, she con-

sented. The child got better from that day and is now perfectly well. We hope this favor will convert the family.

One still more remarkable occurred last September. A wealthy young married lady, who had been received into the Church about a year ago, became ill. The doctor gave her case up as hopeless, but her husband who is a good Catholic placed his hopes in prayer. They both joined the Holy League. She put on the Badge, and they promised if she should recover to present a handsome statue of the Sacred Heart to the church. She recovered slowly, it is true, but surely. On the first Sunday in March, she was able to be at Mass for the first time since last September. She will get the statue as soon as she is strong enough to go with her husband to Cincinnati to select it. She will also make the novena of the nine first Fridays.

Our third thanksgiving is for a sick Protestant lady who after putting on a scapular of the Sacred Heart asked to see a priest, was baptized and died a beautiful death. Her husband is a Catholic but had not gone to his duties since their marriage by the squire. He has now returned to his duties and has had his two children baptized.

III.—MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI.

We wish to record the first death among our members of the Holy League. It was that of a beautiful and most intelligent child about eleven years of age. She made her first Holy Communion last April, and on the first Friday of January had finished her novena of the nine Fridays. Her death was indeed precious in the sight of God's Angels and Saints. It came after short but most excruciating sufferings. Her little lips moved constantly in prayer, the *Morning Offering* being the one oftenest repeated. She made her confession with the most edifying sentiments. She yearned for Holy Communion with all the earnestness of her pure young heart, but this happiness had to be denied on account of the condition of her throat. Her patience and prayerfulness touched the Protestant physicians who attended her. She breathed forth her soul while uttering the sweet names of Jesus and Mary. Her death has made quite a wholesome impression on the other children, and it is not a little consoling to us to see that the first of our band to lead the way to "the better life" was this truly exemplary and much beloved child.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Atoning Governments of South America.



THE nations of Spanish America, which are universally Catholic, have suffered much, during the present century, from the spread of false principles and the pernicious influence of secret societies. The decay of piety among the people and the want of zeal among the clergy have been, at once, a cause and an effect of the frequent outbreak of revolutions which wrought grievous ruin to the interests of the Church. The result has been that countries once noted for the enthusiasm of devotion seemed to have sunk into a hopeless lethargy of indifference.

But, thanks to the mercy and love of the Sacred Heart, a new era seems now to be opening for them; there is a manifest awakening of the spirit of Christian piety. What the heroic President Garcia Moreno did for Ecuador, another intrepid Catholic statesman is striving to do for New Granada—encouraging and leading his countrymen to make atonement for their past infidelities and scandals by a vigorous awakening of true social piety. The work is as difficult as it is noble; and the prayers of all our Associates should be offered earnestly to the Sacred Heart, asking aid and blessings for the statesmen who are zealously striving to make it a splendid success.

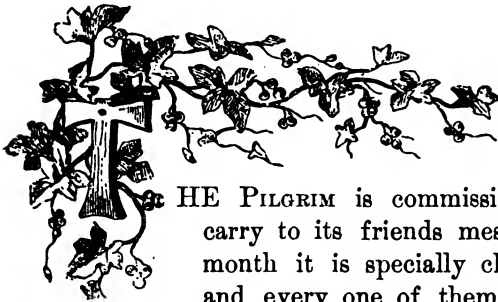
When Garcia Moreno began his great work he said: "We will march to the combat under the guidance of Divine Providence. If, like the Hebrews, we must pass through the Red Sea, God will open a passage to His chosen people, and on the other shore we will intone a song of triumph." . . . "After my death Ecuador will fall again into the hands of her enemies. But the Heart of Jesus, to Which I have consecrated my country, will deliver it once more from their yoke, to make it live free and honored, under the grand safeguard of Catholic principles." May the prophecy so confidently uttered find its fulfilment not only in Ecuador, but in the other States of South America!

THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS
(LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART).

FIFTH YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 12.



THE PILGRIM is commissioned every month to carry to its friends messages of joy, but this month it is specially charged to say to each and every one of them a cheery and hearty "Merry Christmas," praying the Christ-Child to bestow upon one and all abundant blessings.

This issue completes its sixth year as THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, and its fifth year as *The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

In both these capacities its success is now beyond question.

Though young in years, it is old by experience. It has already travelled extensively and its friends, who imperatively demand its monthly communications, are making its course of travel still more extensive. For the PILGRIM has friends in all the States and Territories, Canada and the far cold Northwest, and crosses the ocean to England, Ireland, and the Continent, and makes its way, journeying many a night and day, to South Africa and even antipodal Australia—China and its multitudinous motherless babies included.

Dressed in the delicate color consecrated to the Immaculate Virgin, whose eyes, tradition tells us, reflected the clearest and purest blue of heaven, the PILGRIM has often borne on its pages the history of the shrine of our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, New York State, and narrated to its readers the story of the heroic deeds of those who were martyred there.

As a *Little Messenger*, it has become a necessity to the Associates practising the Three Degrees of the League of the Sacred Heart—called the Apostleship of Prayer—for it conveys to them each month the General Intention of the Pope and the Particular Intentions of their fellow-Associates, telling them of the Indulgences, Promoters' Patrons, and keeping before their eyes the interests of the Sacred Heart, thus binding all together in a *leagued* union.

Besides this double office, it has been charged to give its readers a glimpse of the beautiful and rich treasures locked up in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and this it has done each month, while it promises a fuller view the coming year, as well as an explanation of another association which St. Joseph has taken under his special care—the *Bona Mors*.

But the PILGRIM has done more.

It is the helpmate of the large illustrated MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART—going mid-monthly to all subscribers to the *full* MESSENGER—and, as such, participates in the honor and merit of spreading good Catholic devotional literature that is at once instructive and entertaining. Sketches, stories, anecdotes, pious incidents, Promoters' letters, holy lives, heroic deeds, explanation of the feasts of the month and of the Church's festivals, have appeared month by month. That these were worth the cost, time, toil, and trouble given to their preparation, is conclusively evidenced by their appropriation into exchanges whose managers are not usually led by their business instincts to empty their treasury of its coin and substitute unreadable matter.

But why does the PILGRIM give this account of itself? That it may thank its friends for enabling it to do what it has done, and to ask of them—that it may be enabled to do still more—these three favors:

- 1st. As many as can, to subscribe to the *full* MESSENGER, which includes the PILGRIM, making **1344** pages, *illustrated*, at \$2.00 a year.
- 2d. That each one will obtain for us one new subscriber to the *full* MESSENGER.
- 3d. That one new subscriber to the PILGRIM itself be secured.

Its friends will thus insure success to the PILGRIM's mission.

CROWNED VIRGINS OF DECEMBER.

VIRGINITY is the flower upon the plant of the Church. It is the image of God reflecting the holiness of the Lord. Virginity is the joy of holy mother Church, the rich blossom of her glorious fruitfulness, the brightest portion of the flock of Christ. Virginity is a reflection on earth of a glory whose home is in heaven.

These words of praise from the *Office of Virgins* show in what esteem the Church holds virginity. Imitating on earth the life led by the angels in heaven, virginity is rewarded even here with the special beatitude of the angels who see the face of God. *Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God.*¹ This privilege of virgins on earth is to be theirs by a stronger claim in heaven, where besides the aureola of virginity, given as their right, they are, among all the saints of God, especially favored by Him Who is the Spouse of Virgins. *These are they who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. These were purchased from among men, the first fruits to God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth there was found no lie: for they are without spot before the throne of God.*²

Of the Virgins commemorated in December, several bear the Martyr's palm and thus are doubly crowned. In the beautiful hymn of a Virgin-Martyr, the Church sings:

Double the palm of triumph which she beareth,
Strove she to vanquish woman's fear of death:
Quelled now the hand of death and hell appeareth
Her feet beneath.

Death won no conquest, nor the thousand terrors,
Kindred of death—fierce torments bravely borne:
Gave she her blood: that blood the radiance mirrors
Of life's new morn.

St. Bibiana (2d) was a Roman maiden who, to the nobility of illustrious birth, added the crowns of virginity and martyrdom. In the reign of the foul tyrant Julian the Apostate, her father, St. Flavian (22d), although he had been Prefect of Rome, was branded as a slave and banished. He died in banishment a

¹ St. Matthew, v. 8.

² Apocalypse xiv. 4, 5.

martyr for his faith. St. Dafrosa, Bibiana's mother, and St. Demetria, her sister, both gave their lives in testimony for Christ. St. Bibiana was tried by hunger and stripes, but she was steadfast in her holy resolution. Her persecutor at last, maddened with rage, ordered her to be tied to a pillar and scourged with whips weighted with lead. Under the blows of these scourges she went to her Spouse. Her body was cast out to be devoured by dogs. It lay two days in the forum, but Providence watched over it and preserved it unharmed, until the Christians were able to bury it. A church was built on the site of Flavian's house and dedicated in the name of his virgin daughter, St. Bibiana.

St. Barbara (4th) also wears the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. She is the patron of those who are in danger of dying without the Sacraments. St. Stanislas invoked her when he was ill in the Lutheran's house and she obtained for him the help he needed, the Blessed Eucharist in Holy Communion. Barbara's father, a pagan, built a strong tower and furnishing it sumptuously, gave it to Barbara as her residence, providing her at the same time with teachers who should instruct her in every branch of human learning. In the course of her studies, her clear mind penetrated through the shallowness of paganism and discerned the primitive truth that lay beneath it, obscured and dimmed by the errors which encompassed it. Aided by a brighter light of grace, she became more worthy of the gift of Faith. During her father's absence from home she destroyed all the idols which he had gathered about her. She confessed herself a Christian, and his love, once so great, was changed into the bitterest hatred. Finding that harsh and cruel treatment could not shake her constancy, he delivered her up to the president Marcian by whom she was most cruelly tortured. She was scourged and torn with iron claws, then stretched upon a rack and had heated plates of metal applied to her sides. All her wounds were twice miraculously healed. She was at length beheaded by her own unnatural father.

St. Leocadia (9th) was born in Toledo, Spain. From her earliest years she was looked upon as a model of innocence and piety. Denounced as a Christian to Dacian, who had been sent into Spain to root out Christianity, she was summoned before his

tribunal. She was reproached with belonging to a religion which had nothing lofty or noble about it. Leocadia, well knowing in what true nobility consisted, answered firmly that she esteemed herself happy in being a servant of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, and that nothing could make her give up her faith even if it cost her suffering and a cruel and ignominious death. Dacian enraged by this answer, commanded her to be beaten in his presence, and then ordered her to be thrown into a foul dungeon. On the way to this prison she rejoiced as a bride led to a magnificent palace, and seeing the Christians bewailing her pitiable condition, she consoled them bidding them rejoice with her that she had been deemed worthy to suffer for Christ. She died in her prison.

St. Lucy (13th) is the patron of Syracuse in Sicily, her native town. Her mother Eutychia being afflicted in body went with her to pray at the shrine of St. Agatha. While Lucy prayed the Blessed Agatha appeared to her and thus addressed her: "Maiden Lucy, my sister, why seekest thou of me that which thou thyself canst give thy mother? For thy faith hath helped her, and behold she is made whole because thou hast made in thy virginity a pleasant dwelling-place for thy God. Even as Christ hath by me glorified Catania, so by thee shall He glorify Syracuse." Returning with her mother, now restored to health, she prevailed upon her to distribute her vast possessions to the poor. A former suitor of Lucy's, seeing the wealth he coveted thus dispersed, accused her of being a Christian. Dragged before the civil tribunal and threatened with scourging, she made answer that her faith would be firm, for the Holy Ghost dwelt in her heart.

After many other trials she was at last killed by the sword. St. Lucy is especially invoked by those who are troubled with sore eyes, and those who are threatened with or suffering from hæmorrhages. St. Christina (15th) was the lowly slave who in God's Providence was called to bring a whole nation to the Faith, and to receive the Apostle's crown. The story of her life is told in another place in this number of the PILGRIM. Sts. Victoria (23d) and Irmine (24th) close our catalogue of Crowned Virgins of December, and bring us whither their lives and deaths should lead, to the feet of Christ our King.

A WANDERER.

By M. E. Bitner.

HE was one of those gaunt, hollow-eyed members of society known to all as tramps. The world's waywardness, and of course his own, was plainly stamped on his haggard face, in his tattered clothing through which the wind played hide-and-seek, and in the sodden apologies for shoes on his numb feet.

He stood on the street-crossing gazing aimlessly at the passers-by, heedless of the fury of the storm, or perhaps only too well inured to its freezing gusts of wind and sleet.

The lamp-lighter came along, made a pretense of illuminating the foggy twilight, looked for a moment curiously at the shivering being, and went on his way; but the tramp stared into the rolling sea of mist undisturbed. Then a burly policeman, clad in rubber armor, stopped at this corner of his beat and shouted at the lounging and a neighboring newsboy:

"Get a move on ye, Johnnies! You've soaked the day out, I guess. See to crawling in some hole this God-forsaken night."

The newsboy, with his wet *Stars* and dripping *Suns*, shuffled off, and the tramp regained his animation. Casting a dogged look at the Cerberus of the law, he pulled the soaking cap from his head, wrung the water from it, settled it in its place, and hastened across the crowded thoroughfare to a large dry-goods house, where the clerks were busy closing up their week's accounts. Here he stopped a while in hesitation, then walked in timidly and up to one of the counters.

"Boss in?" he asked of a faultlessly-attired clerk.

"Like to see him on business? These are business hours, you know," said the clerk, with a smile of contempt.

"That's my business, and none of your'n; can I see him?"

There was a fire in the tramp's eye, and a red flush appeared on his thin face at the mocking reply.

"Well, suppose he's not in at present, what'll you do?" said the young man, intent on having a little fun at the expense of the sorry-looking tramp. "Perhaps you will honor me with that important transaction you mention?"

"S'pose I can go out," muttered the man; "s'pose I can go out and go to the dogs; but before I do I'd like to give you a good sound thrashing, you"—but with these words the fury seemed spent, and the gloomy, hunted expression of the professional beggar settled on his face. Suddenly he heard another voice.

"Here, you fellow, what do you want? What do you mean? What do you want?"

A low-sized, chubby man hustled toward him. He was undoubtedly the proprietor of the place, if a profusion of diamonds, blustering manners, assumption of authority, and the cringing attitude of the salesmen were reliable testimony.

"Want a job o' work," said the tramp, turning his blood-shot, half-hopeful eyes on the stout little man.

"Oh, you do, do you? What you really mean is you want money for a supper and a night's lodging, or five cents for beer. Oh, I know you fellows, I know you," and the little man laughed heartily, the clerks echoing as in duty bound.

"It's the eating and the place to sleep I want." The man's husky voice was now loud and distinct and shook again with his former passion. "But they can't be got without the money, and when you have no money you've got to work for it!"

"You might steal?" suggested the jovial little man, while the clerks tittered.

"Ay, I might, but I never did; yet there's no knowing what hunger would drive a poor devil to," retorted the tramp.

"Of course, one mustn't take a book by its cover, but judging by appearances I wouldn't like to trust you in my—here, you scamp," for the man had turned to go, "here, you, if I were to give you a five-cent piece with a red cross marked on it, and five minutes afterward would look over the till of the nearest grog-shop, would I find it there, or are you too much of a gentleman?" This was followed by a chorus of ecstatic howls from the salesmen.

"No, you wouldn't find it there or anywhere. A poor but honest man would spurn a copper or a fortune from such hounds as you, who would trifle with his miseries, insult him for the sake of a laugh from a pack of senseless curs like these."

With this, the angered man strode out into the cold, wet

night. The dry-goods man whistled softly. The tramp's voice and language showed that he had seen better days, but he had fallen low indeed.

It is just six o'clock and the pavements are crowded with returning work-people. The din of steam whistles, the shrill cries of cartmen and hucksters, and all the noise and confusion of the city streets ring in the tramp's ears unheeded.

Yet he is no longer the torpid, dreaming man of the crossing. He is thinking of his better days, when he was well-dressed and respected. Look at him to-night, the victim of strong drink. The hot blood is burning in his brain; his heart is beating to suffocation; every dash of the blinding sleet in his face adds strength to the fire of his anger and the bitterness of his self-reproach. The wind that penetrates his ragged clothes is like the cutting words of those who call themselves men—his neighbors, his brothers.

God! his thoughts are maddening. Stopping in his flight—he dares not picture its end—he strikes his forehead and his breast, and curses them one and all, curses them for their insults, curses himself for the intense agony of remorse he suffers this night. Faster and more furious than the storm, the wild words burst from his lips, when, all at once, God in His infinite mercy saw fit to check his blasphemy.

Out of the fog, comes a mumbling of words.

"Pray for us sinners now and—Mother of God, save us!—what's this?" as a sudden gust clears the space about him and reveals his distorted face. The blasphemy and the prayer come to an end together. "Man alive! was that you takin' the name o' God in vain this minute?"

The tramp looked down. It was a little shriveled-up old woman, a bundle of shawls she seems, whose streaming white hair and rain-spattered face appear almost unearthly in the flickering gas-light.

"Yes, 'twas me. But in heaven's name, what is taking you out this beastly night? It's not fit for a dog to be out."

He thought of his own old mother, dead these many years, and how her heart would have ached for him, did she but know his present degradation.

"It's into the church I'm goin', to say my beads; and sure,

man, I'll pray that you'll be forgiven for standin' in front of it, with those black words on your lips and maybe blacker ones in your heart," and the good old soul turned to go up a broad flight of steps.

"Say, mother," he called after her, "is this the church? is it open?"

"Ay, this is the church," she answered, stopping on the top step, "and I'm thinkin' 'twould do you more good to come in and warm yourself and say a few prayers, instid of standin' out there in the bleak night and cursin' the good God Who made us all and knows what's best for us all. Amin!"

Then the doors shut her in from his sight.

He hesitated. An army of demons were about to crush the good impulse. They were urging him down to the river, for one mad plunge. But the old woman looked like his mother. Anyway, it would be a half-hour's warmth; and the church doors again shut out the night and the tempest.

Once inside, the tramp found the warmth he had sought—a silence disturbed only by the rattling of someone's beads, a dim, soothing light, and that trembling star before the altar, the beacon-fire of the Saviour's watch.

For a while he stood at the foot of the church. Indecision and a strange fear kept him from venturing further; but the influence of the place, the quietness and peace, triumphed over his troubled soul. He feels a numbness creeping over him, and with a half-suppressed cry he falls on his knees and buries his head in his arms.

The tinkling of a little handbell soon roused him from his troubled sleep and drew his attention to the altar. With almost childish curiosity, he watched the priest prepare the Bread of Life for some soul about to depart for another land, watched the candle's glimmer disappear into the sacristy, and with it the tall, noble form of the priest.

In fancy the man goes out with the priest into the storm, into one of the wretched homes of the city's poor, to someone like himself no doubt, who time and again has forgotten who Jesus Christ is and what He came on earth for. Perhaps the Father will be too late, and the soul will disappear into the darkness, as the candle did. This thought of death overcame the

poor outcast. Suppose he had rushed on to the river a few moments ago, bent on the terrible work of destruction! But God had been good; and with a sudden determination he hastens from the church, finds the priest's house, enters and awaits his return, trembling like a leaf.

Into the Father's willing ears he tells the story of his wayward life. It was the same sad story that has been told ten thousand times.

The tramp spoke in a husky, unnatural tone.

He had been an honest workingman in a neighboring country town, attentive to his spiritual duties and with a fair prospect ahead of him. He had always earned good wages until alas! in bad company he had learned to spend them in the bar-room Saturday nights. Drunk repeatedly at his work, he was finally discharged. His bad reputation forbade him to hope for other employment in that town. He drifted to the city and earned a little at odd jobs, but he was now a slave to drink, and even these few jobs were soon wanting. He begged a pittance from passers-by and spent it for whisky, till he reached the lowest level of shame.

He had been stricken down a month ago by a fever while in the street, brought on by constant exposure and the lack of proper nourishment. Only yesterday he had been dismissed from the hospital. He had eaten nothing since. His application at the dry-goods store had been made in good faith, but the answer he had received had crushed the last spark of good-will, and he had determined, in the depth of his misery, to drown himself.

The prayer of the good old woman had checked him. The sight of the altar he had so long neglected had aroused his sleeping piety. He knew that Christ would forgive him.

"But, Father, Father!" he suddenly gasped, reeling from his chair, "what is the matter?—I am growing blind! I am freezing!—O God, pity me! Mary, my Mother, save me!"

The priest lifted the poor ragged fellow to the sofa.

"You are dying," he said, "make an act of contrition, and in the name of God I will give you absolution."

The tramp lay perfectly still. Then opening his haggard eyes, he whispered: "Oh, Father, I detest my sins.—Give me your blessing! Quick!—There, now, I am going!—God—God, bless the dear old lady who—who said her beads for me!"

THE SACRED HEART ALMANAC FOR 1890.

Our *Sacred Heart Almanac* for 1890 has been ready since November. This is the second year of its publication, and what was last year a venture is this year a necessity. The custom of referring to it, not merely as to a calendar of dates but as to an authentic guide in pointing out the Indulgences of the Church's feasts for the various religious associations, has become a fixed habit in many, and requires that we should continue what was so successfully begun.

One great object of the *Almanac* is to let the Associates of the League, sodalists, members of the *Bona Mors* Association, Sacred Heart Archconfraternity, and Holy Childhood, know on what days of each month they may gain the Plenary Indulgences which the Church has granted. Many Indulgences are lost, and many a poor soul is kept suffering in Purgatory in consequence, because our Associates or sodalists did not know and could not learn the days of Plenary Indulgence, though willing, and desirous even, of giving to the Holy Souls such a generous alms as a Plenary Indulgence. The *Rosary Tickets*—issued only for the Associates, to communicate to them the monthly Intentions, patrons, and the like—have the Indulgences of the League alone marked, so that the Associates of the League who are sodalists will find the *Almanac* a faithful and ready reminder of their privileged days.

It will also tell the movable feasts of the year, the ember days and the indulgenced months of devotion, while a short, crisp, and pointed story, or historical sketch, or some striking fact, with some pretty thoughts in verse, will furnish mental entertainment along with solid and useful information. Moreover, it contains a full-page illustration of *Gagliardi's* famous painting—The Sacred Heart of Jesus Pleading—the Shrine at Auriesville, with an account of this holy place, Paray-le-Monial, and the Tomb of Blessed Margaret Mary, along with the hymn now popularly known as “The League Hymn.”

Its price is such that it is within the reach of everyone.

PRAY FOR THEM!

By Mrs. Jane Cave.

AMONG the requests for prayers presented at 'the sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes' a few days ago, was one "for a family in great sorrow."

The request had come from a distant land, and no one in the Basilica could know the nature of the "great sorrow" for which prayers were asked. Sickness, death, dishonor, are names so common in our day, that they make little impression on the multitude. Alas! for how much of his own misfortune is man accountable! How often do his hasty deeds and angry words come home to confound him, to blight his life!

"I would rather see my son a thief, than a Catholic priest!"

The man who proudly and angrily pronounced these words, was what would be called a "fine gentleman." Handsome in person, haughty in manner, pride was visible in his every word and gesture. Pride of family, pride of intellect, pride of purse, he had them all.

The superb gentleman was, of all things, proud of the boy of whom he spoke these words—"I would rather see him a thief" (he repeated the degrading word more than once), "than a Catholic priest!" It was the lowest and vilest epithet he could use, yet he preferred it to that other alternative.

Any father might have been justly proud of such a son as he had *then*, a boy of remarkable beauty, high-spirited, fond of learning, and very pious. He was a remarkable lad in many ways; for his gentle spirit toward his school-fellows, for his manliness, but above all for his piety, his love of God and of his parents. He was a boy who loved his prayers fully as well as his studies, who prepared himself for Holy Communion as others prepare for great festivities, a boy who seemed born for great things.

This was the secret of his father's pride in him. Born for great things he indeed seemed to be. Admiration, praise, love, were already freely bestowed upon him, and he merited them all. But in the piety of the boy, the un-Christian father seemed to see the one obstacle to all his plans and hopes of greatness for

¹ This is one of the shrines where the Intentions of the League are recommended for prayers.

him, yet great *he must be*. His professors loved him, praised him, prophesied great things for him already. Nothing seemed too difficult for him to learn, no study frightened him. His bright spirit leaped up to meet difficulties that others, older than he, shrank from terrified. Was his piety the source of his wonderful success in the class-room and play-ground, as well as in his intercourse with all? Judge for yourself.

Almost from his cradle he had had a great love of God. It had not been instilled into him, for his father was a declared infidel and his mother no better. How the lad came by it no one knew, but there it was—the deep, sweet, holy love of God. By and by the ambition to belong wholly to Him, to devote his life to His service, took possession of his spirit and made it all-beautiful. His teachers and professors let him pray too much, perhaps; or their example was so powerful a contrast to all that he had seen and heard in his ungodly home, that he seized it and made it his own. In no other way could his religious feelings be accounted for.

When the father heard of his son's piety and praying he laughed. When he could not ridicule him out of his pious practices he swore, and when the boy declared that he wished to study for the priesthood he spoke the fearful words quoted above—spoke them with foaming lips and angry imprecations, and hardly could he be restrained from laying violent hands upon the youth whose talent, spirit, and beauty had been till then the pride of his life.

He had his will. He *would* have it. He found other teachers for his son, other scenes, other occupations than prayer. He spared no pains to make him a man of the world like himself.

It took a good while to break the boy's will and turn him from the path of his own choosing. But when he did turn, he never looked back. He could not, alas! When the proud father saw at length that he had conquered, and that the world had set its hold upon the young man, he rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

Rich, he gave him money freely, never asking how or where it went. Before long the young man thought himself wise enough to judge in all things for himself. He chose a wife.

The parents were scandalized, horrified, would not see the "plebeian" who had "ensnared" their son.

The father consoled himself with the thought that *money* could and would break the marriage. Before he had time to set about it, claims were presented by tradesmen and usurers that, rich as he was, made him turn pale. He began to look into his son's manner of life. He found reckless expenditure. He spoke to him, but the young man was rebellious. There were scenes, many and bitter, till at length, in a moment of passion, the father drove his son from his house with words of bitter scorn.

The young man turned homeward. He declared that never again would he enter his father's door. He and his wife and two little children lived as they could for a time, selling one thing after another. Troubles followed—troubles of many kinds—sickness, debts that pressed and harassed, poverty, misery, despair, crime. He, the boy of so much promise, fell lower and lower.

A short time ago his sentence of condemnation was pronounced: "Ten years at hard labor—for *theft*!"

It was not forgery, not embezzlement, not misappropriation, nor any other fine name for polished crime. The undisguised and degrading name of "thief" was that by which the judge addressed him.

One thing this sad, true tale must tell.

The worldly and un-Christian mother tried to save the boy, but only when it was too late. Still, in *striving* to save him, she found her own salvation, little by little. The boy's early teachers too, full of sympathy for their well-loved pupil, had done what they could from the very beginning, to avert his ruin. But their every effort was met and repulsed by the proud father, who would allow no influence but his own to direct his son. "Ten years' hard labor for theft" was the result.

The first year is not yet finished. The young widow and her little ones have become the care of the mother, who is now striving to save them, her unhappy husband and herself. She has asked for prayers at Lourdes. Please recommend her to the League. I hear on good authority that the little son of the unhappy criminal is to be given up entirely to his father's early teachers—the Jesuit Fathers—with the consent of his grandfather.

Pray for them all!

Our Lady of Martyrs.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

ITS PROGRESS DURING 1889.

The year just ending is notable for the increased growth in the number of Sodality established here in America.

Up to date of this issue of the PILGRIM, our record shows that ninety-five new Sodality have been founded. This means that the MESSENGER has received this number of applications for diplomas of erection and affiliation to the *Prima Primaria* of the Roman College, which were then transmitted to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus. The Father General answered in each case by erecting and affiliating the Sodality petitioned for by the various applicants, and sending the canonical diplomas that place all Sodality, thus affiliated, on an equal footing with the Head and Mother Sodality, erected in the Chapel of the Annunciation of the Roman College.

This makes the number of Sodality erected and affiliated to the Roman Primary since the year 1886—when the MESSENGER began its new series—up to the present date three hundred and forty-three. This is a wonderfully gratifying increase and dissipates any possible tendency to entertain gloomy views of the present state of devotion to our Blessed Lady in this country.

The reason of the increase is due, partly to the rapid spread of Catholicity and the consequent formation of new parishes, partly to the growing congregations of old ones which call for separate Sodality for the different classes of both sexes, partly also to the reconstruction of local associations in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

But the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been the chief cause of awakening in the hearts of the people a practical love of the Virgin Mother, and starting up the desire of honoring her outwardly by membership in her Sodality. Thus, the League has often been the first religious association to make its entrance into a parish, and for some months, perhaps for a year even, it would be the only one to unite in closer bonds the members of the congregation, when the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, with its stricter regulations, would follow after to do its beneficent work.

This is not to be wondered at, for it is the very spirit of the League, by its simple duties, to Christianize a man and supernaturalize his everyday life, and gradually to lead him from the *Morning Offering* (1st Degree), to adopt the practices of the other Degrees—the saying of the daily decade of the Rosary (2d Degree), and the Communion of Reparation (3d Degree). Thus habituated to practices of virtue, it is a short step for him to enter into a Sodality or a confraternity.

The greater portion of the Sodalities established chose for their title, or primary patron, the Immaculate Conception. This prerogative of our Blessed Lady has won the love of her American clients, and it is noticeable that, in the majority of cases, the annual celebrations of the Sodalities are held on this day. The secondary patron divides honors with St. Aloysius, St. Stanislas, St. John Berchmans, and our American St. Rose of Lima and the Roman Virgin-Martyr, St. Agnes, though other favorite Saints are also chosen. Our colored Sodalities—and there is quite a number of them—invariably have taken St. Peter Claver. All Sodalists are aware that both the titular and patronal feasts are days of Plenary Indulgence.

What is especially gratifying is the growing practice of having separate Sodalities for the different sexes, ages, and classes in a parish, and what is still more gratifying is the number of Sodalities for the young, particularly the young men, that have sprung up. The young men are second only to the young ladies in forming new Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin.

The series of articles that has appeared in the *PILGRIM* during the current year, explaining the principles, nature, object, advantages, and practical workings of the Sodality, has borne good fruit. One of the aims of the *PILGRIM* is to foster devotion to the Blessed Virgin by membership in her Sodality, which, Blessed De Montfort tells us, is the second of the three degrees of honoring our Lady.

The kind and encouraging words of correspondents, particularly of priests who are giving the best energies of their devoted lives to the work of the Sodalities among their people and who have circulated the *PILGRIM* among the Sodalists, have helped us more than we can say. But God knows, and His reward will be proportionate.

SLAVE AND APOSTLE.

SAINT CHRISTINA, APOSTLE OF THE IBERIANS.

By George O'Connell, S.J.

CHRISTINA was a slave. She had been captured in war, and her captor had carried her off to do the menial work of his household. Who were her parents or what was her nation has not been recorded: This lowly maiden, however, God Almighty chose to be his instrument in bringing to the bosom of the Church the Iberian nation that dwelt beyond the Black Sea, in what is now the land of Grusia or Georgia.

It was when Constantine the Great was seated on his throne in the city named in his own honor, Constantinople, that the Iberian soldiers bore down on the home of Christina and made her a captive.

Constantine had years before seen a luminous cross in the sky which carried the divine admonition: "IN THIS SIGN CONQUER!" The scales of idolatry had gradually fallen from his eyes, and at last he had exerted his imperial power to spread the doctrine of Christ in all his dominions.

Christina's native land had thus heard the voice of the Gospel and had hearkened to it with docility. She herself was already a saintly Christian when borne away into captivity. Christina—the name by which we know her—was not indeed her baptismal name, which has been lost to us, but it was given her by the common consent of historians to mark her sacred mission.

Our Saint did not erect a church nor did she preach the faith from the pulpit. This she knew Christ had forbidden her sex through the Apostle of the Gentiles. *Let women keep silence in the churches, says St. Paul, for it is not permitted them to speak. . . . It is a shame for a woman to speak in the church.*¹

No; Saint Christina did the great work allotted to her by God almost unconsciously. Her good example spoke more loudly than all the polish of rhetoric could ever have enabled her to do.

Amidst the pagans she lived a life of such extraordinary innocence and purity that those benighted people were amazed.

¹ I. Corinthians, xiv. 34, 35.

How was this possible to one endowed with a human body like their own?

She obeyed her master with a docility and exactness that he had never before beheld in a slave; and when the needs of the household did not require her presence, he saw that she stole away to kneel in prayer for hours at a time. She often rose during the night to continue her prayers, and would shed floods of tears at the thought of how little God was known by these unhappy souls for whom He had become Man and had poured out the last drop of His precious Blood.

She shunned with horror the evil pleasures in which the pagans so much delighted, and, lest some day she might yield to their allurements, she armed herself against temptation by frequent fasts and other austerities.

The pagans at first reproached her, and bade her take her part in the enjoyments of life.

"Ah!" she answered sweetly, "these are but false enjoyments. They last only for a time and always leave the heart bitter and unsatisfied. They are directly opposed to the nature of the God Who made us, for He is infinitely pure. The highest, the noblest kind of enjoyment is to endeavor to imitate Him.

"Jesus Christ, His Son, became Man and lived and died in this world to save us. His life was full of suffering, and He taught us, by His word and by His example, that penance and mortification are of the highest value. This is why I dread the least impurity, why I fast and deny myself so many pleasures."

Such little conversations as these, and many pious counsels to the sick and the poor, soon taught the pagans that there was something more than human in her ways of life. They began to respect her profoundly; but it was long before they yielded to the full tide of grace—not till what would seem a mere chance led to their conversion.

The Iberians had a custom that when a child was sick, its mother would carry it to the houses of her different neighbors and ask them whether they knew what would cure it. One of them thus brought her child to Saint Christina.

"I know of no natural means of curing the child," said the Saint, "but Christ, our Lord and God, can do it, and I hope He will not refuse us this grace."

So saying, she laid the child on her bed of sackcloth and made a fervent prayer for its recovery. Her prayer was granted almost immediately. The child was restored to perfect health. Saint Christina had served God well as an instrument in preparing the Iberians for conversion, and now by a miracle He was to consummate the work. The fame of the miracle spread abroad and produced a profound sensation.

The queen herself, who lay sick, begged the Saint to come and cure her likewise. The Saint through modesty asked to be excused, but the queen would not be disappointed and so had herself carried to the Saint's room and laid upon the bed where the child was cured. Christina prayed at her side, and a like miraculous recovery followed.

"Now, your Majesty," said Christina respectfully, "as Christ has cured you, I hope you will embrace His sacred religion."

The queen needed no exhortation to such a step. She became a devout Christian and strove to win over her husband, the king. His only answer was to send some magnificent presents to Christina, but she declined them, saying that she cherished holy poverty too much and desired only the king's conversion.

This step, however, he kept delaying till one day when out hunting he found himself in imminent danger of death.

"O God of the Christians!" he cried, "if Thou wilt save me, I swear to Thee that I will embrace Thy religion and spread it among my people."

He was promptly delivered from his danger, and kept his vow faithfully. He sent for Christina and bade her instruct himself and all his court in her faith. This she did so modestly and skilfully that none could resist her piety and wisdom.

She thereupon advised his Majesty to send ambassadors to Constantine to obtain from that emperor a bishop and a number of priests to strengthen and continue the good work. Constantine acceded gladly to the request, and, through the humble slave-girl, the king of Iberia and all his people became Christians.

Christina lived for many years afterward. She always refused to quit her lowly station, but when her soul departed for heaven to receive the reward of her mission so faithfully fulfilled, the whole country revered her as a Saint. Her feast is kept December 15th.

THE FIRST JAPANESE NUN.

[We take this account from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. It supplements the historical sketch of St. James Kisai, the Japanese Jesuit lay brother, published in the April PILGRIM of this year, page 106.]

THE following letter was addressed from Nagasaki to the Superior-General of the Nuns of the Holy Infant Jesus, at Chauffailles. It was written by a young Japanese, Tokou Mats'djiro, admitted lately, under the name of Sister Mary Bernard, into the Congregation of the Sisters of Chauffailles:

"I was born on the 23d February, 1863, in a little village of the Goto Islands, about forty leagues distant from Nagasaki. At that moment, the Missioners who were at Japan were not yet known to the old Christians. I had the honor of being regenerated in the waters of baptism by the oldest in the village. He was the prayer teacher, and every week he called together the heads of families to inform them of the festivals, the fasting days, and the pious exercises.

"In the month of May, 1865, we heard that some persons, who had gone to Nagasaki in the month of March, saw and spoke to two priests who came from France to teach the same religion that St. Francis Xavier had formerly taught in Japan. Desiring to know the truth, my father embarked on board the first boat that sailed in the month of July for Nagasaki, and took up his abode a league from the city with an acquaintance of his, living in the valley of Ourakami. Arriving at the village, he found the inhabitants in a state of extraordinary delight. He asked the chief what was the reason of this, and the latter led him to a retired apartment, telling him to return heartfelt thanks to the good God Who had sent to Japan French priests to teach the true religion. Furthermore, he said that he had himself spoken to them, and received from their hands a crucifix and rosary, which objects he drew forth from a piece of silk in which he had folded them. At the sight of the crucifix my father no longer doubted; and he asked his friend to obtain for him an interview with the chief man of prayer.

"Next day my father was conducted to Nagasaki. Father Bernard Petitjean conversed with him all night on the truths of religion, and asked him several questions about the Christians of

his village. My father could not tear himself away from the man of God, but came to him every evening to state his doubts and receive instruction. After a month's instruction he was again regenerated in the waters of baptism, because he had his doubts as to the formula employed on the occasion of his first baptism.

"In 1869, the persecution breaking out, he was one of the first denounced. Having heard that they would come next day and lead us away to prison, my father took us by night to Oyama in the mountains, and we spent three days in the woods. During four years we had no fixed abode, but wandered from one island to another, sometimes in the forests, sometimes in the villages, subsisting on the roots of trees and of other plants that we found.

"In 1872, when the Christians came back from exile, we were able to take up our residence in a little island about a league from Nagasaki; and then my father repaired to Mgr. Petitjean to work at the translation of the books of the Catholic religion, spending only the Sunday with us. That same year, the good God had another trial in store for us. While we were wandering up and down in a state of destitution, my mother, in consequence of the privations she imposed on herself for our sake, contracted an affection of the lungs, which speedily brought her to the grave. She departed on the 26th January, 1873, commending us to the protection of the Blessed Virgin.

"That same year, the mother of one of the Missioners came from France and took up her abode at Nagasaki, in a large house only a few minutes from the church. She brought together a number of young girls and taught them sewing and the catechism. The following year we were taken into that house, my three sisters and myself. There it was that I had the happiness of hearing the religious congregations spoken of by the Missioners who came twice a day to teach us the catechism.

"From that moment I had an idea of consecrating myself entirely to God. Daily I prayed and besought the Lord to send nuns, that I might see what they were like and become the same. In 1877, my prayers were to some extent heard when Mgr. Petitjean brought from France Mother Justina, Mother St. Elias, Mother Bernardine, and Mother Borgia. During the visit they

paid us, I was so delighted that I got as close to them as possible, thinking that I might become a nun by touching them. I asked Mgr. Petitjean to allow me to go with them to Kobe, but he would not permit it. After their departure, I cried for several days, and was always thinking of them. Many times I wrote to Monseigneur at Osaka, begging him to give me leave to become a nun, and every time he came to Nagasaki I repeated the request. However, he always refused, and sent me as school-mistress to Ourakami, where I taught for two years and a half.

"The last time I reiterated my demand, Mgr. Bernard Petitjean replied that he did not offer any opposition, but that I should wait and pray much in the meantime. Alas! five months later the good God called my saintly protector to Himself. I thought that it was all over with me now; still I never ceased to ask him daily for what I had so many times petitioned him while he was as yet in the world. He heard me, and inspired our Mother to receive me as a postulant in the month of January, 1886, and to the clothing on the 23d October last."

PEACE.

By Marie Regina Colgan.



THOUGHT of the poets it was,
That when the sea would swell,
A little bird could calm it soon,
Through magic of a spell.
For when the storm with madness raged,
And billows dashed along,
The sea would cease its angry noise
To hearken to its song.

So when our hearts are tossed about,
Down-pressed with worldly care,
If we the Heart of Jesus seek,
We'll find our refuge there.
With eyes serene and deep, the Lord
Looks from the shrine above,
And soothes the spirit's inward storm
With His sweet smile of love.





The League.

THE HEART THAT HAS SO LOVED MEN.

By an American Lawyer.

DEVOTION to the Sacred Heart is, if we may so speak, a translation into human language of the language of heaven. It is an apprenticeship in the celestial tongue which we are called to speak forever.

Nor is this an empty symbolism. The symbolisms of God are facts—real things, not mere images. The language spoken above in a supernatural and inexpressible way is the language of Infinite Love—of the love so intense that it brought us forth from nothingness into being. The same love redeemed us from a deeper abyss still, watches over us and follows us everywhere, so that as we are assured *the very hairs of our head are numbered.*

It extends to all and yet it is intimately, really, actively and in fulness bestowed upon each. To the eyes of the mother lying in a hut almost abandoned of men, the little babe beside her is a precious thing. Take courage, poor creature, in other eyes thy babe is more precious still. As dear as the proudest monarch is the humblest and meanest of us in the eyes of Him in the palm of Whose hand the whole world lies. It is not the love of the philosopher, vague and indefinite, unknowing and ineffectual, to whom “nothing human is foreign.”

It attended at our birth, it hung upon the Cross for us, it lives upon the Altar to-day, it is beside our hearts this moment, resting within or knocking at the door. And so it was from the beginning since the generations of men began, with every human being that came into the world; and so will it be in the ages still to come and with the millions yet unborn.

Can man conceive such love? Can he speak its language in its Divine Infinity and Omnipresence? Alas! miserable atoms that we are! God is too great, too infinite, too different from ourselves. Our tongues simply beat the air when we try to speak of such things, we who, of ourselves, can only apply to them the measure of our little loves.

And so God took upon Himself the very form and reality of man that we might see and touch, that we might see and feel after our own fashion the pulsations of His love; that we might speak the words He speaks in some manner like Himself.

And so He made Himself present among us forever in the Tabernacle, where, kneeling in prayer, we could reassure ourselves of that love.

But this was not enough, it seems. Alas! how many failed to visit it, how many forgot it after, how many failed to understand its language even there! Could any thought, could any representation, could any human image recall humanity to love, tell it the love God bears it, teach it the syllables of that sweet language of its final home where naught else is heard or spoken?

Behold the Sacred Heart—"the Heart That has so loved men!"

Behold a heart beating with human pulsations, filled with a tenderness human as well as divine; a heart that feels as we feel, that bleeds as we bleed, that loves in some sort as we love—divine love in a human heart, that our hearts may expand to receive it too.

As if the Tabernacle were not near enough to each of us, here is the memory of the Sacred Presence brought to our very homes. Here is the vivid reminder of the Incarnation and its inmost meaning, kept, if we choose, before our eyes forever and everywhere.

Oh, where is the man with any remnant of faith who can upon bended knees look at that Heart and not feel something of all It feels, and not hear something of all It tells! Let the humble of mind and the poor in spirit, the bruised of heart and the heavily-laden, draw near, for they will know Who loves them, they will understand its language—its cross, its crown of thorns, its dropping blood, its flames. Its whole history will be before them, and the presence of which it speaks.

It is the Heart of God made man, it is the Love of God made flesh.

Behold the Sacred Heart! At the words, I see millions kneeling this day, this hour, this moment, in churches and cloisters, in houses and hovels, in the highways and byways around the world; high-born and lowly, the strong and the weak, the cultured and the uncultured, in many lands, under every sky; for all necessities, in all thanksgiving, appealing and praising. And their voices say: *Hosanna! in the highest: Blessed is He Who was, and is, and is to come!* "Behold the Heart That has so loved men!"

Let our voices mingle with theirs and let us murmur: *Hallowed be Thy Name: THY KINGDOM COME!*

A PROMOTER'S LETTER.

[The following letter, which has come to our hands, tells of the fruits reaped in a Centre of several years' existence. What is specially noticeable is the fact that the writer, who is a Promoter, has followed with intelligent interest the growth of the League and is acquainted with the details of its daily progress, and has regarded it as a pleasure to write a full explanation to a friend. EDITOR.]

YOUR ever-welcome letter has come. I like individual, chatty letters, and yours are always truly so. You ask about our League and want to know its workings, "so as to be able to return something to the Sacred Heart for the great gift of faith."

Since you ask for all, I must, as the children say, begin at the very beginning. I have looked over old MESSENGERS and find but very little relative to the establishment of the League in the Gesù. So you will have to be content with my account of it.

The Fathers came to us in the summer of '86. The whole business or, to employ a much used phrase, the entire "plant" was transferred from Woodstock, Maryland, to the City of "Brotherly Love." Could any place be more suitable for a central point? But I will not moralize.

On the opening of Sunday School in September, the Director called a meeting of the teachers. He explained to them the League, its mission, nature, object, duties, advantages, organization, etc., and asked their co-operation. He met with a hearty

response; about one hundred and fifty went forward to offer their services as Promoters and returned with all the League's machinery—Certificates of Admission, Enrolment Lists, Handbooks, Intention Blanks, and so on. These were our first apostles.

The work only commenced in the Sunday School. It was contagious and spread in every direction, and in a few days there was not a corner in the parish that had not its delegate as Promoter.

"Have you joined the League?" became a watchword.

A new spirit had come upon the people. Truly, the League Director was kept busy. Questions were to be asked, burning doubts were to be settled, and everything in the interest of the Sacred Heart.

It was a joyous day when the Badges were first distributed. The Associates came up to the altar-railing and received from the Director this little outward sign of membership, showing enrolment among those who pray that the "Kingdom may come." A nice little pin had been inserted in each, sharply suggesting to many that it was to be worn publicly. It is truly edifying to see how exact the majority are on this point, and how anxious to gain the special Indulgence.

Our first Promoters to receive the Official Diploma and Indulged Cross were the two Superintendents of the Sunday School, with their aides—four in all. This privilege was conferred on them in their School Chapel. It was a simple, impressive ceremony. The six months of probation having expired, grand preparations were made for our first reception on the feast of the Sacred Heart, when two hundred and seven candidates were sent forth as full-fledged Promoters in the good work. Besides the official insignia, each one received a copy of the "Promises" and an oleograph of the Sacred Heart as a souvenir. Since then we have had five receptions. One description will suffice for all. On one occasion—our first in the new church—we were addressed by a distinguished Father, who likened us to the Apostles as "fishers of men"; on another, by a Father from Baltimore, who treated the Three Degrees in a striking manner by comparing them to the hearts held by the Angels in the great vision of Blessed Margaret Mary. Other Fathers have also spoken on

these occasions. But I must hurry on. We have now six hundred Promoters, all active, earnest men and women.

Many of our Promoters have been transferred to their own parishes since the League has been established in them, some few have been called to their reward, others to the quiet of the cloister or seminary. I have read that "Vocation is a blossom to be found only in the Garden of the Precious Blood." Our League has been prolific in this way. We have semi-annual reports, showing the increase and total. Last June our Director told us that our membership was about 25,000. Nearly 16,000 of these have promised the Second Degree. We have 8,000 monthly and about 800 weekly Communions. The men are doing their share in this good work.

We have a Promoters' Council every third Sunday. An instruction is given, words of caution or encouragement are spoken, and methods of advancing the interests of the Sacred Heart are suggested. We always go away from these Councils determined on renewed efforts. We often have visiting Promoters from our own and other cities. The Promoters hand in their *Reports* and receive their Rosary Tickets for the coming month. *Certificates of Admission*, *Badges* and all supplies are to be had at the Council. It is a half-social, half-business, but an *essentially* League gathering of Sacred Heart clients and is productive of much good. We have an instruction and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every Friday evening, and on the first Friday an explanation of the *General Intention* is given, the particular Intentions are read, and the notable "special" ones—and some of them are very touching—are recommended to the prayers of the League. The music is quite a feature of these occasions. We have an efficient organist and volunteer choir—all Promoters. Some one of Miss Donnelly's beautiful Sacred Heart hymns is sung, ending with Father Metcalf's *League Hymn*. It has a martial swing and makes a spirited closing chorus.

I have given you much, but it is only the superficial part of the work. I must not forget to tell you of our treat last April. Rev. Father Pardow, S. J., delighted us with an illustrated lecture on Paray-le-Monial. He showed us more than one hundred views of that favorite shrine of the Sacred Heart. I would like to tell it to you in detail, but some one is even now

waiting down-stairs to see me. He promised us one on Lourdes. I hope he will remember, and I shall give you the benefit.

I cannot close without saying something about our shrine to be erected in the new church. It is to be the shrine of miracles. I am sure it will not be long before many an ex-voto will be placed there in testimony of the power of the Heart of Jesus Pleading. It is the Promoters' work and they are interested in it. Now, I think I have told you enough.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

By S. A. P.

WITH all its prayers—Thou knowest, Lord, that they
 Half dreams are, at the best—
 With all the toil that fills our narrow way,
 With all the heart's unrest;
 With all the pain or sorrow Thou may'st send,
 The smart of wounded pride,
 The shame of failure, doubtings without end,
 By which our souls are tried;
 We beg of Thee, dear Lord, to take this day,
 And make it all Thy own;
 The prayers, the toil, the sorrows too we lay
 Humbly before Thy throne.
 O Heart Divine! with love for us aflame,
 Hear us for Love's sweet sake!
 For Thy intentions, through sweet Mary's name,
 This offering we make.
 Through Mary's heart, hear Thou our humble pray'r;
 —Mother Immaculate!
 We place our day's endeavors in Thy care,
 And are content to wait—
 Our Mother's love will purify our gift,
 That it may worthy be;
 Will cleanse earth-stains and tear-blots, and will lift
 Our wavering hearts to Thee.
 Some day will be the last. Far down the West,
 The sunset's golden light
 Will fade and die,—and then will come sweet rest
 And the glad calm of night.
 O Love Divine! touch with Thy grace each day
 We offer Thee: that when
 Life's sunset falls, Thy Light may guide our way,
 And Morning dawn again!

PRAYERS THAT WERE ANSWERED.

I.—THE NINTH PROMISE.

MRS. X—— an earnest Catholic had occasion to spend a few weeks in P——, one of the great cities of our noble state of Pennsylvania. Having obtained a desirable temporary home in a family, said to profess her own creed, she was a little surprised to find that her landlady only seldom approached the Sacraments, and that her husband had been a sad delinquent, having firmly resisted all her persuasions to accompany her to the Holy Table since their wedding-day.

"Have you a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the house?" inquired Mrs. X——.

"No," answered Mrs. V——; "but why?"

Mrs. X—— then recounted to her the promises that our Lord had made to Blessed Margaret Mary, and in fine gave her an account of that privileged soul and the wonderful favors of which she had been the highly favored recipient. "Now," added Mrs. X——, "you must get a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at once. Let it be suspended in the dining-room, and each day we will pray before it, and you will soon see that our Lord has the heart of the tenderest of fathers."

The picture was procured, a novena to our Lord under the invocation of His Heart begun, and Mrs. X——, who is a Promoter, also induced Mrs. V—— very easily to join the Holy League and practise the Second Degree in addition to the *Morning Offering*.

On a Saturday, as Mrs. X—— was leaving her keys with the landlady while going to the church for confession, she found Mr. V—— sitting with his wife, and, dissembling, playfully invited him to go over to the chapel, and to confession too.

"Ah! my good woman, it is a long time since I have forsaken that practice," he replied.

"Never too late to recommence," added Mrs. X——.

"I have not the slightest intention of doing so, as my good wife can testify," rejoined Mr. V——, as Mrs. X—— withdrew.

The two ladies redoubled their prayers, and in the meantime Mrs. X——, deeming that the confession of many years would be difficult and might be the chief obstacle to Mr. V——'s

approaching the holy tribunal, procured a booklet entitled *An Easy Way to make a General Confession*, and left it where she thought his good Angel would lead him to pick it up and read it. This he did.

On the following Saturday, Mrs. X— once more entered the dining-room, and said gaily: "Well, Mr. V—, still in the same mood? I dare say you will not go with me to church?"

"On the contrary, I am quite ready to go, and shall be grateful, Mrs. X—, if you will kindly lead the way. I really do not know where to find the confessional."

Judge of the holy joy of our two humble petitioners! Mrs. X— did indeed lead the penitent to the feet of our Lord's representative, and found the full hour that she prayed for him, during his long and candid confession, too short for her devotion.

"Oh, Mrs. X—, have you indeed accomplished what all my petitions for Mr. V— could not obtain?" said Mrs. V— while shedding tears of emotion.

"Not I, dear friend," said Mrs. X—, "to the Divine Heart of Jesus be all the honor—it is He that has given to your excellent husband that peace which he just now declared to me he would not exchange for a thousand worlds!" E. V. N.

II.—TWO CONVERTS OF THE SACRED HEART.

Lavinia was placed at a convent of the Sacred Heart while still very young—she was only seven—by her Protestant widowed mother. The child soon conceived a deep and fervent love for the Divine Heart of our Lord, and was often seen kneeling before a statue that represented Him as manifesting His burning love for ungrateful men.

"I obtain all I ask of our Saviour through His Sacred Heart," she frequently repeated to the teacher of Christian Doctrine, "and now I am going to implore for myself the favor of receiving holy Baptism."

The fervent child did obtain this unspeakable grace and was so happy to feel herself belonging to the household of faith, that she constantly implored her mother to become a Catholic. One day, as holding the hand of the mistress she entered the study-hall in which stood a life-size statue of Jesus pointing to His wounded Heart, she suddenly stopped short, and after gazing reverently at the pious image said:

“Madame, why does not our Lord *wear* His Heart like other men?”

“What do you mean, Lavinia?”

“All other men wear their hearts inside, and Jesus wears His outside. Oh! I know, I think,” she said with profound respect, “other men keep theirs inside because they only love themselves, and our blessed Lord has His outside because His love is for all of us.”

After a while her confidence in the Divine Heart was recompensed by the conversion of her mother, to whom she gave her own “Little Catechism” to study, saying: “Dear mamma, that is all truth! Do not fear to trust in God: if you only implore His Sacred Heart, He will give you the grace to make every sacrifice, even should our relatives forsake us. Do you love me, mamma?” the fervent anxious child would say, winding her arms lovingly about her neck. “If you do, oh! be a Catholic.”

At length the day of First Communion dawned, and the two interesting neophytes were made supremely happy by the reception of Him Whom they vowed to serve. When the first communicants had gathered around their teacher to select a holy patron for the Sacrament of Confirmation—while one was choosing Aloysia, another Cecilia or Wilhelmina—our little convert whispered—

“When my turn comes, I shall select the dearest, sweetest of all names—the Sacred Heart of Jesus”—and she bowed most reverently at the Holy Name.

Very soon after the conversion of Lavinia’s mother, adverse fortune presented itself, and the new Catholic was sorely tempted to think that her great losses were a punishment for having abjured Protestantism. Here again the faith and tender devotion of Lavinia to the Divine Heart upheld Mrs. L——, and evident answers to the little girl’s prayers banished the snares of the tempter. Providence came to their aid in unexpected and very efficient ways, offering well-founded hopes for future prosperity.

L. F.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

Preachers of the Gospel.



THE relationship between the General Intentions for the last three months is not only very close but, also, very full of significance. In October we were urged to pray for the humiliation of the enemies who harass the Church; in November, for the civil governments which befriend her; and now we are to close the year by an earnest appeal for God's blessing upon those whose exalted duty it is to act as her trusted agents in carrying on her great work—the saving of human souls.

This work, as one of the ancient Fathers styled it, is “of all divine things the most divine” and, for that very reason, most likely to be barred by many obstacles and beset with manifold difficulty.

From whatever source the hindrance may spring it is, at all times, a direct hostility to the interests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. All, therefore, who have chosen those interests as their own, should pray fervently for the Preachers of the Gospel. They are to carry God's own messages to His children; they are to explain their meaning and to foster the growth of those sentiments which start to life at their sounding.

Wherefore we pray that those upon whom a responsibility so sublime is laid may have light and strength, wisdom and zeal; that they may always regard themselves as God's ambassadors, and that in the matter, the manner and the results of their preaching, it may be entirely plain that it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and not their own fame which is the one object of their solicitude and the one aim of their endeavor. Animated by such a spirit and working with single-minded earnestness, their labors will be blessed with success, since they offer themselves as fitting instruments in the hands of Him on Whom depends the final triumph of the preacher's work—the conversion of the sinner and the progress of the saint.

19524





APR 29 1938



